



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

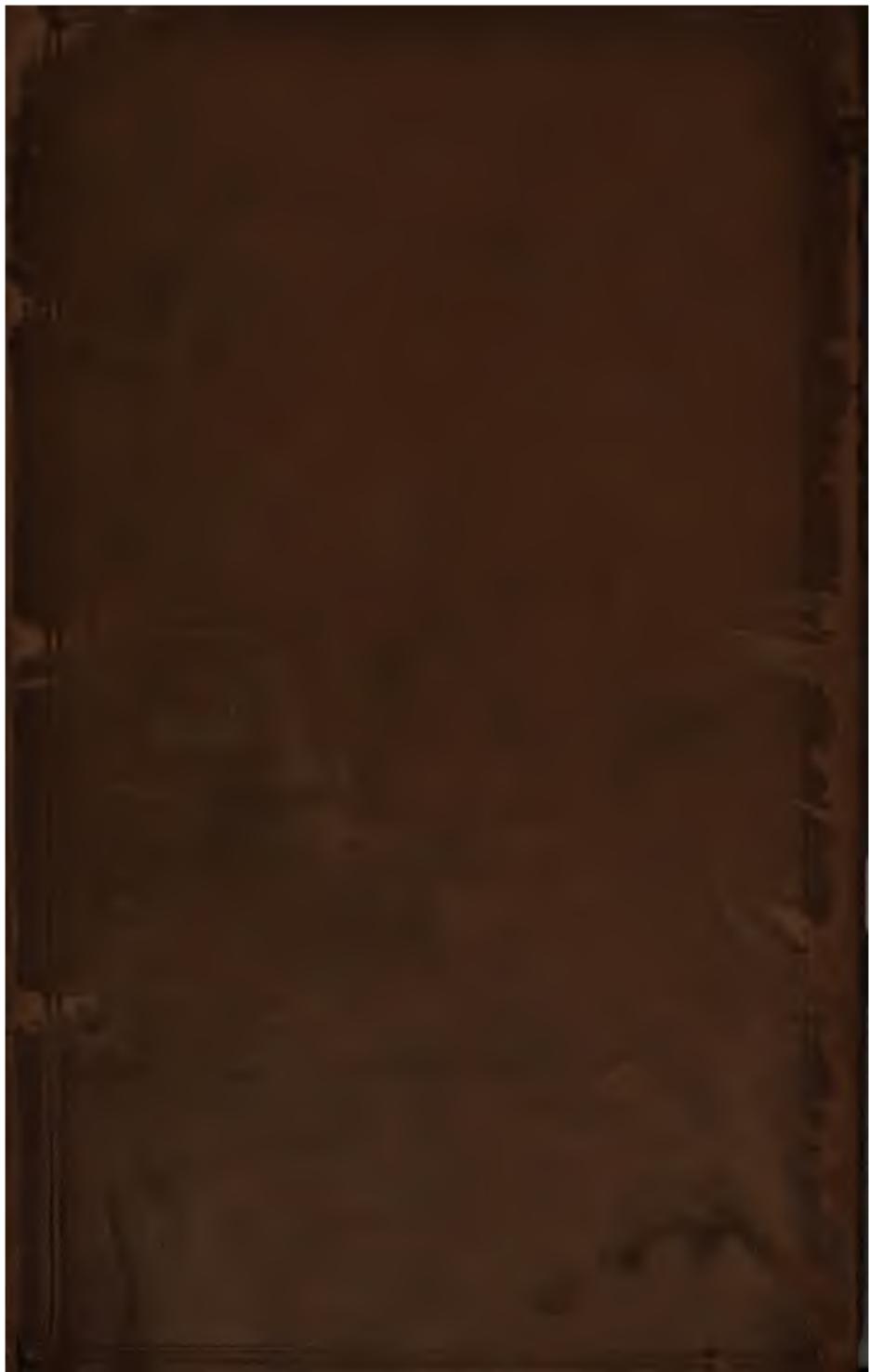
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

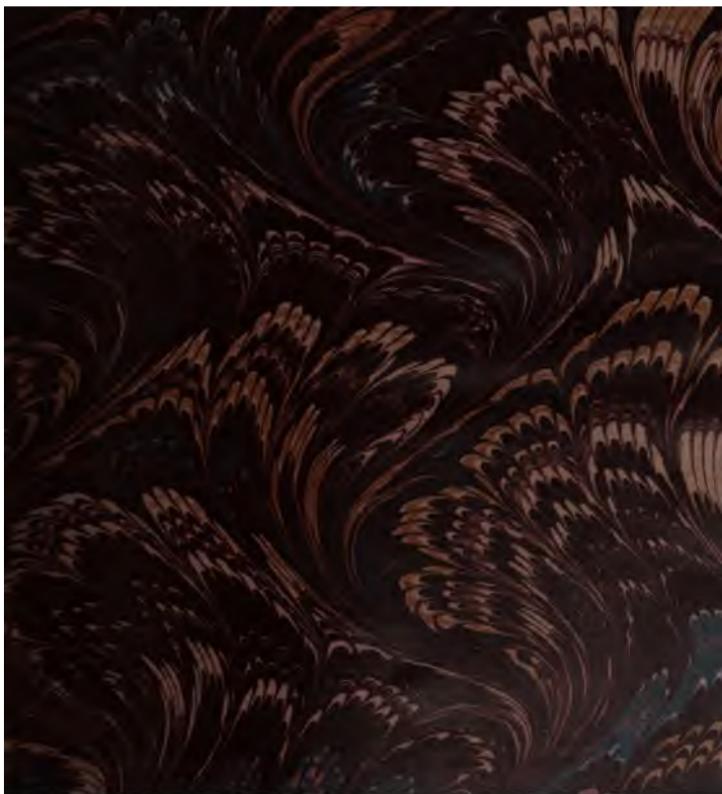


11432.60(5)



*Frederick Burgess.
Burgess Hall, Finchley.*

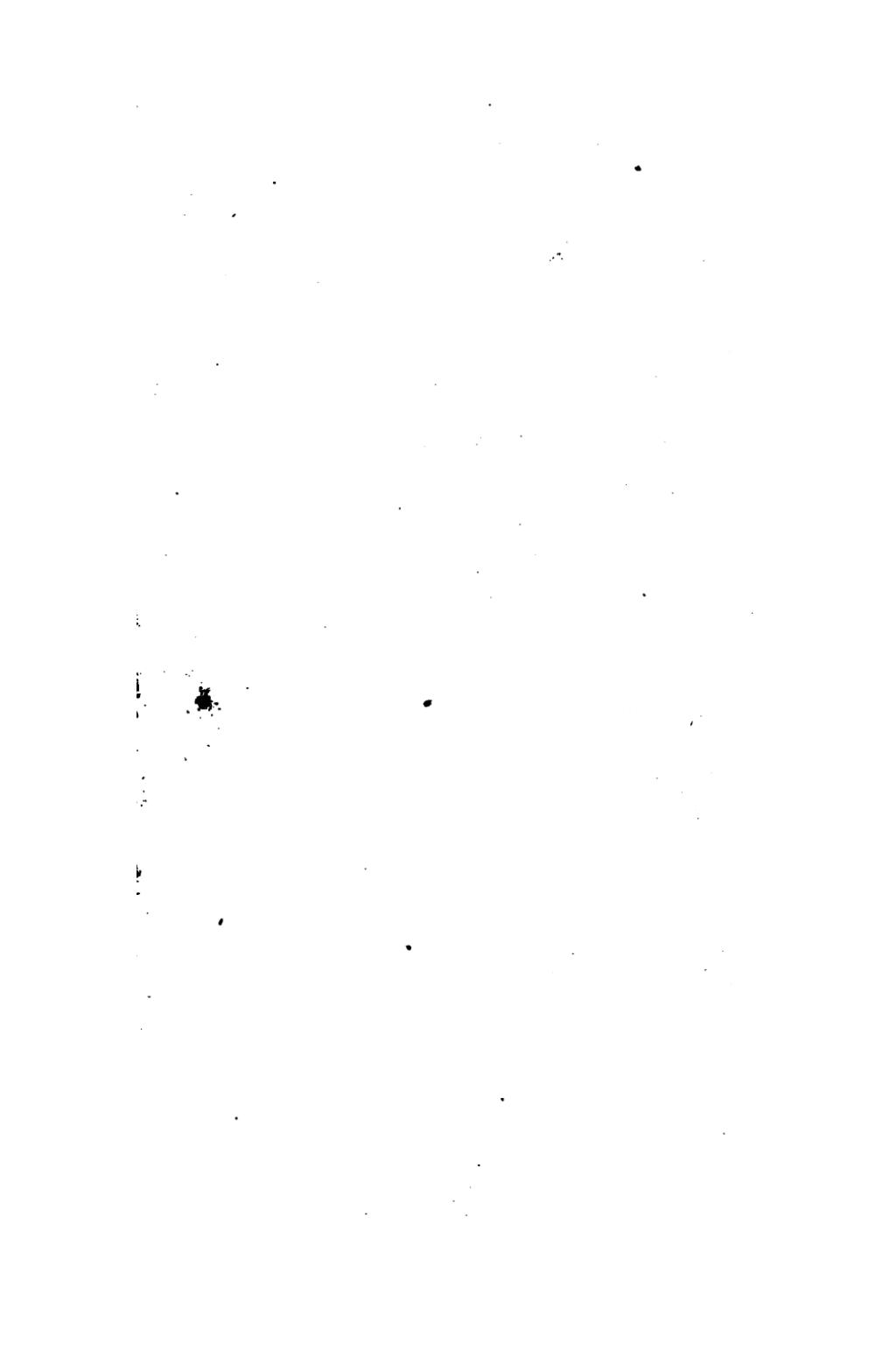
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

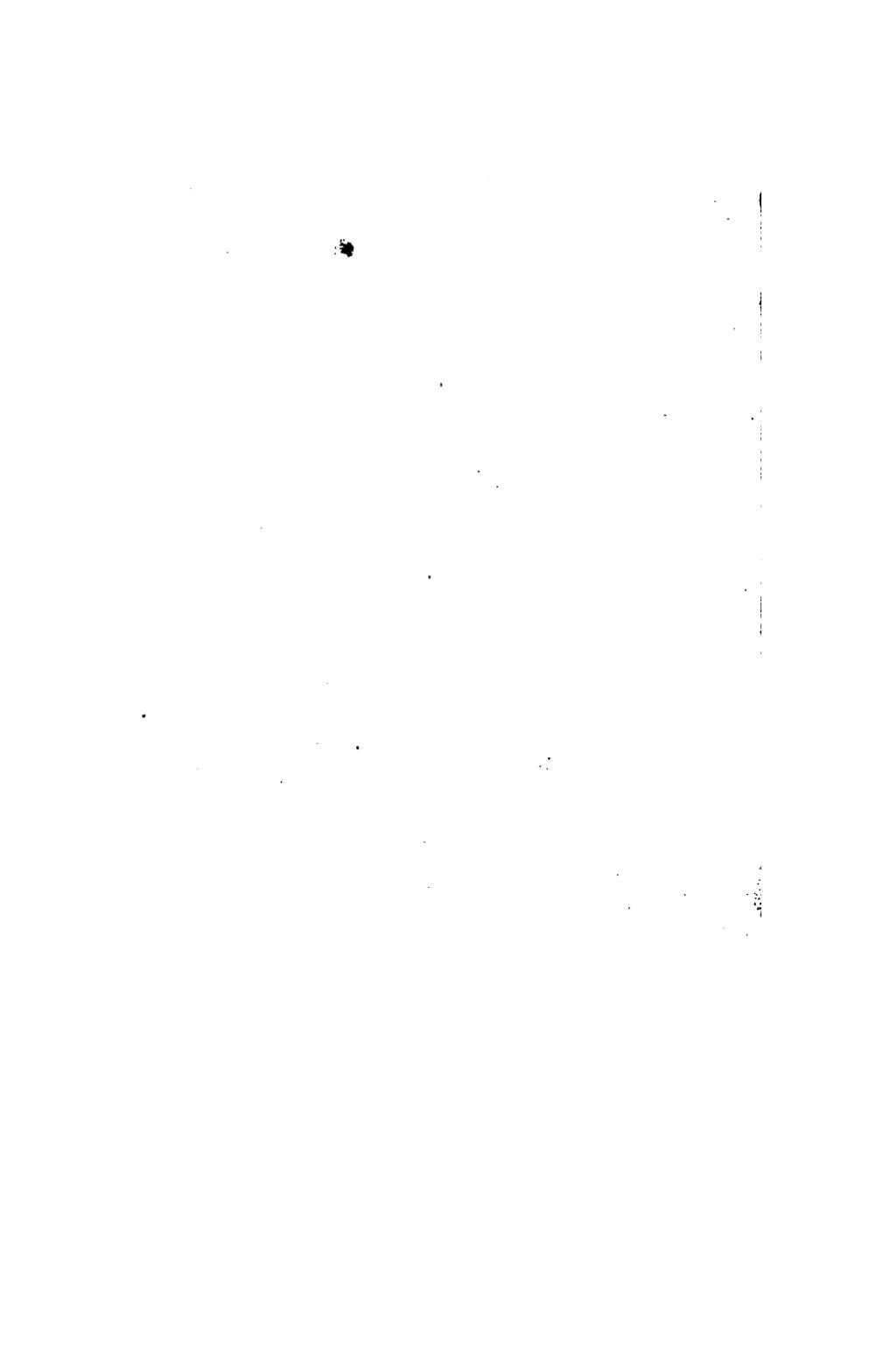






1







very truly yours
W. B. Bruckstone

THE
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA

COMPRISED

EVERY POPULAR NEW PLAY, FARCE, MELO-DRAMA, OPERA,
BURLETTA, ETC., CAREFULLY PRINTED FROM THE
PROMPTING COPIES.

EDITED BY

BENJAMIN WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY PIERCE EGAN, THE YOUNGER.

VOL. V.

CONTENTS:

MARRIED LIFE.

WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.	FORTY AND FIFTY.
GEMINI.	SONS AND SYSTEMS.
THE ARTIST'S WIFE.	PRINTER'S DEVIL.
A LESSON FOR LADIES.	ASK NO QUESTIONS.
THE DEVIL'S OPERA.	"BUT HOWEVER—"
TOM NODDY'S SECRET.	NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF
J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY R. PAGE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE NATIONAL ACTING DRAMA OFFICE,
19, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST; "NASSAU STREAM
PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS; TO BE
HAD OF STRANGE, PATEENOSTER ROW; WISEHEART, SUFFOLK
STREET, DUBLIN; AND ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

him a love of acting, or *vice versa*, we have not been able to ascertain, but true it is, that, ere eighteen summers had rolled o'er his head, as he would then have tragically delivered himself, he essayed the character of *Captain Aubri*, in *The Dog of Montargis*, at the Theatre, Rural Peckham, and afterwards undertook to act the *Walking Gentleman* at Folkestone, Hastings, Northampton, Leicester, &c. But Melpomene was his favourite, and tip-top tragedy his ambition; in proof of which, he made two desperate efforts to murder *Iago*, and a part called *Polydore*, in *The Orphan*. Luckily these serious attempts did not occur both in one town, at least we have every reason to believe so. During three years he experienced all the odd events and vicissitudes incidental to the life of a country actor. On one occasion he was, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once," as *Mrs. Malaprop* says, for he performed the three characters of *Motley*, *Kenrick*, and *Reginald*, in *The Castle Spectre*, and all for the small charge of one night's salary; and enacted the walking gentleman so well, as to have to walk 70 miles in a pair of dancing pumps, with fourpence-halfpenny in his pocket to pay his travelling expenses. The wear and tear of a stroller's life began to make such a visible alteration in his *vis tragica*, his outward man and concealed proportions, that many men supposed he was not in his own clothes, so loosely did they enwrap his precious person; and, fearful lest his mother should not know him, the lost heir resolved to travel home and recover a little of his lost flesh, stick to the law, and for ever cut the histrionic art. He was most kindly received; but as he plumped up, his resolution oozed away, and being known to the then lessee of the Surrey Theatre, he procured of him an engagement, and made his first appearance in London there, as *Peter Smink*, in the Hay-Market farce of that name. Here he progressed considerably in public favour, and again turning his attention to authorship, he brought out *Luke the Labourer*, at the Adelphi, which introduced him to the late Mr. Terry, then one of the proprietors of that establishment, who took him by the hand, gave him an engagement as an actor, and

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

"Envy and detraction ever follow at the heels of merit."

Our worthy friend, Mr. Buckstone, the talented author-actor or actor-author, as he is generally termed, was first produced upon the stage of life by most respectable parents, on the 18th of September, *anno domini* 1802, at Hoxton, situated on the eastern side of this great metropolis, and now somewhat celebrated for those doubtful places called private mad-houses, where many a drama of real life has been acted more full of horrors than any the stage ever boasted. Our only son received a good education, and when of a sufficient age was perched upon a stool in a solicitor's office to pounce parchment and study the profound absurdities of the law. This was dry work for one who had drank of the poetic stream; and the only acts he thought of were acts of plays, for at the age of 17, two five-act tragedies and a comedy had been born of his dramatic muse, one of which received a long and favourable notice, and was largely quoted from in the *Theatrical Inquisitor* of 1820. Whether his love of dramatic writing engendered in

a

originality, especially among those, who, being woefully in want of it themselves, naturally feel horror-struck at another possessing what they cannot comprehend; and the moment a popular author produces a new piece, down these puny punsters pounce upon it, and whether true or untrue, declare it to be not *original*, though it is "entirely new" to the public, and is well received by and delights them. Among the many *original* Dramas, Comedies, and Farces of our little hero, are the following, and certainly more attractive pieces have not emanated from the brain of any author now existing, viz.:—" *Married Life*,"—" *A Lesson for Ladies*,"—" *Isabelle; or, Woman's Life*,"—" *The Dream at Sea*,"—" *Weak Points*,"—" *The Forgery; or, Reading the Will*,"—" *The May Queen*," in which the late Mr. Mathews was so famous as *Peter Pipkin*—" *Presumptive Evidence*,"—" *The Wreck Ashore*," immortalized by the *Magog* of poor John Reeve,—" *The Ice Witch*,"—" *The Irish Lion*,"—" *Open House; or The Twin Sisters*,"—" *Popping the Question*,"—" *A Dead Shot*,"—" *John Street, Adelphi*,"—" *Curiosity Cured*,"—" *Widow Wiggins*,"—" *The Bear Hunters*," &c., with the once popular *Adelphi* burlesques of " *The Lions of Mysore*,"—" *Billy Taylor*,"—" *Crimson Crimes*," &c. &c., and numerous stage arrangements from popular novels, amongst which may be mentioned " *Ellen Wareham*,"—" *The Last Days of Pompeii*,"—" *Rienzi*,"—" *The Bravo*," &c. His adaptations and alterations comprise " *Victorine*,"—" *Henriette*,"—" *The King of the Alps*,"—" *The Pet of the Petticoats*,"—" *The Happiest Day of my Life*,"—" *Our Mary Anne*,"—" *Shocking Events*,"—" *John Jones*,"—" *The Christening*,"—" *Mischief Making*,"—" *The Duchess de la Vallabliere*,"—" *Nicolas Flam*,"—" *The Scholar*," &c.; and of those that he obtained detached scenes, or the idea only, from foreign sources, may be instanced, " *Rural Felicity*," suggested by " *La Petite Ville*," of Picard; also " *Uncle John*,"—" *The Rake and his Pupil*,"—" *Abelard and Heloise*,"—" *Peter Bell*," and many others, amounting altogether to nearly one hundred, the major portion of which are continually being performed in

town and country. He is still able and young enough to produce as many more, which we hope he will do for the sake of ourselves in particular. As to Mr. Buckstone, the actor, some scribes, born of Scars, will, in their small judgments, tell you he is only at home as the representative of his own offspring. Very natural that to be sure; but unfortunately for these liberal-minded gentry, the highest encomiums have been publicly passed on his personations of "Sir Andrew Aguecheek," "Sim," "Spado," "Squire Richard," "Wormwood," "Jupiter," "Hans," in Mr. Knowles' popular play of "The Maid of Mariendorp," "Paul Pry," &c.; and for filling out a meagre sketch, till it appears a very prominent part, Buckstone is your only man. However, it is too well known to need our meed of praise, that he is one of the most original (and we use the word in the broadest sense) and amusing comedians of the day; and his peculiarities are so rich and strong, that an indifferent imitation of him is sure to be responded to with shouts of laughter and applause.

Mr. Buckstone is a slight, but well formed man, five feet five inches in height, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. The portrait attached to this is an excellent resemblance of him. As a brother actor, and now his manager, we have known him but to respect and admire him, for his fair and upright conduct and ardent zeal for the well doing of those with whom he is engaged; and either as actor or author, or both, we consider him to be a most valuable acquisition to any theatre.

B. W.

December 3rd, 1828.





卷之三

卷之三

卷之三

THE
WHITE HORSE
OF THE
PEPPERS;

A COMIC DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY

SAMUEL LOVER, Esq.,
AUTHOR OF "BOY O'MORE," ETC.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE
CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING.

BY PIERCE EGAN, THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION OF THE PIECE.

LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.



Dramatis Personæ, and Costume.

COLONEL CHESHAM. Light blue broad
skirted coat, trimmed with gold lace—Yellow }
cloth breeches—Buff sword belt, trimmed with }
gold lace—Black slouch hat, bound with gold, }
one white feather—High black boots. }
Mr. Perkins.

MAJOR HANS MANSFELDT. Same as Ches-
ham, with steel cuirass—Brass spurs—Strait }
flaxen wig—Yellow gauntlets. }
Mr. Webster.

DARBY DONAGHUE. (1st dress.) White
serge peasant's jacket—Green damask waistcoat }
—Blue apron—Brown cloth breeches. (2nd }
dress). Brown Dutchman's dress—High dirty }
boots. }
Mr. Strickland.

PHELM. Brown tab'd jacket—Blue cloth }
breeches—High russet boots—Drab hat. }
Mr. King.

MONK. Friar's grey dress }
Mr. Gough.

PORTREEVE. Old fashioned brown coat—
Ditto waistcoat—Black breeches—Black wors- }
ted stockings—Yellow cloak. }
Mr. Matthews.

GERALD PEPPER. (1st dress.) Scarlet broad
skirted coat, trimmed with silver lace and tas- }
sels—Buff serge trunks—Green silk sash, with }
silver fringe—Buff sword belt, trimmed with }
green ribbon—Black slouch hat and feather, }
bound with silver. (2nd dress.) The same as }
Rafferty. }
Mr. Power.

RAFFERTY. Old scarlet waistcoat, patched }
—Old woollen jacket, without sleeves—Green }
cloth breeches, torn—Old hat. }
Mr. Bishop.

CHORUS, the same as Rafferty.

TWO SUPREME BURGESSES old fashioned suits—High boots—
Three cornered hats.

TWO SERVANTS old fashioned liveries.

MAGDELENE Dove colored satin gown, }
trimmed with white satin, open in front—white }
satin petticoat. }
Miss Cooper.

AGATHA. (1st dress. Orange merino, trim- }
med with blue. (2nd dress.) Chintz bedgown— }
brown patched petticoat—handkerchief over the }
head. }
Mrs. Fitzwilliams.

Time of representation 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Scene lies in Ireland in the year 1690.



THE WHITE HORSE

OR

THE PEPPERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Interior of Ballygarth House.* MAGDALENE discovered seated at a table—lights upon it—employed at needle-work—handsome pictures hang round the room, in which an air of ancestral comfort prevails—an oriel window at the back, through which a moonlight view is seen.

Magdalene. Vainly I endeavour to wear away the time while Gerald is absent; he never leaves the house that I dread not some fatality may occur, either to his home or himself. Oh, what dreadful times are these when you know not how long a home may be left you.

Enter AGATHA, R.

Agatha. The children sleep so soundly my lady, and master Gerald is laughing in his dream so; 'tis quite beautiful to look at him—bless him!

Mag. Yes, the boy sleeps and smiles, while his mother wakes and weeps.

Ag. Oh, my lady dear, don't take on so; indeed, indeed, my lady, you fret too much.

Mag. Oh, Aggy, when I think of those dear children, and know not how soon they may be beggars and outcasts.

Ag. Don't be talking so sadly, my lady, pray don't; I want to finish the dear boy's mantle, and I came to ask you for more silk for the lining.

Mag. You'll find it in the basket,—make it warm for him, Agatha, 'tere's no knowing how soon he may want it—perhaps at dead of night we may be driven from our home, and forced to seek shelter beneath some hedge. (*Great shouting and clashing of swords outside.*) Ha! whence this shouting; perchance they are coming now? (*Goes to window, and looks out—great uproar and*

strife outside.) Heavens ! I see Gerald on his white horse, surrounded by a crowd, and other horsemen too. Their sword—
flash—Ah ! (*Shouts outside—she sinks into a chair.*)

Aga. (*Looking out.*) The crowd is dispersing, my lady ; my master is quite safe. I see him plainly, he is riding towards the house. (*MAGDALENE reviving.*) He is safe, my lady—he returns

Mag. Thank heaven ! Thank heaven !

Gerald. (*Outside.*) This way, gentlemen, this way !

Enter GERALD, COLONEL CHESHAM, and HANS MANSFELDT.
MAGDALENE rushes to GERALD's arms. *AGATHA exits, R.*

Mag. My Gerald ! Oh, I have been so terrified.

Ger. My poor Mag—what a timid heart it has !

Mag. What meant that shouting ?

Ger. A mere nothing, my love ; here are two gentlemen, who demand our courtesy. (*She curtseys with constraint to the COLONEL and HANS.*) I will leave you, gentlemen, for a few minutes ; we want wine, and my serving varlets are enquiring about the row instead of minding their business. [*Exit R.*

Mag. (*Aside.*) These men—armed to the teeth ; perhaps the hour is come to drive us from our hearths. (*To COLONEL CHESHAM.*) Oh, sir, tell me truly what means all this ?

Chesham. In brief, madam, we are indebted to your husband for our lives. Set upon by a large and armed mob, he gallantly rode amongst them, and by the influence of words, obtained our safety, which our swords must have failed to do. It was the more generous as, I am aware, we are political enemies.

Hans. De reppel rascals vas verra near to vinish uz, intect.

Ches. (*Aside to HANS.*) Hush ! you forget where you speak. (*Aside.*) What a brute he is !

Enter AGATHA, R.

Aga. My lady, the dear boy wakes, and cries for you ; I cannot pacify him.

Mag. Poor child, heaven help him. Excuse me, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt MAGDALENE and AGATHA, S.E.R.*

Ches. Poor lady, she is sore troubled. Did you mark her alarm when we entered ? she feared we were come in the execution of a forfeiture.

Hans. And no vondher she was vroightened, dis is ver nice ouse to lose ; look at de peecture— ver goot; deblate vergoot ; mid everyting else goot besize. (*Looks about in admiration.*)

Ches. (*Aside.*) Hang me, if that calculating rascal is not reckoning in his own mind the profits of this generous fellow's ruin. I say, Hans Mansfeldt.

Hans. Vell, vat vant you mid me

Ches. What are you about ?

Hans. I tink dis vill be ver noice ting ven Mynheer de Commisioner begin de fish kitchen.

Ches. The confiscation you mean ?

Hans. Ya !

Ches. Major Mansfeldt, it is true the confiscations will be extensive, and perchance the generous fellow who has saved our lives, may be a sufferer; but is it fair thus to anticipate his ruin? I swear, if it chanced to be my fortune to have this man's property allotted to me, I would sooner cut off my sword arm than take it from him, after his conduct of this evening. Now suppose it were your case to have it given to you, could you accept it?

Hans. Vy, I dink I goot.

Ches. Then I don't envy you your feelings, Major Mansfeldt.

Hans. Vy now, zee—suppose dis vas gif to me, if I wouldn't haf it, somepody else would, vitch vould be all as bad for dis man here, and no petters vor me, and vy shouldn't I getch vat I goot in de fish kitchen, as another.

Ches. I think, sir, you had better keep this to yourself while you are under this hospitable roof.

Hans. (Aside, looking round.) Splot! but I vood like to keep it all to mineself.

Enter GERALD, followed by a Servant bearing a handsome salver, silver claret jug, and glasses.

Ger. Now, gentlemen, some wine. Where is my wife?

Enter MAGDALENE, S.E.R.

Mag. Here, dearest; our Gerald cried, and I went to sooth him. I hope these gentlemen will pardon my absence?

Ches. Madam, name it not.

Hans. Oh de shold vill zometimes croi.

Ger. (To Servants.) Fill!

(The Servant pours out wine, and they drink with salutations to each other, all but HANS, who swigs his wine and has his cup filled twice.

Hans. Dat glarets is goot!

Ger. That claret, sir, has been in my cellar fifteen years, it is a wine of which the second draught is better than the first.

Hans. I vill droi dat. (*He has his cup filled again and drinks.*)

Ger. And now, gentlemen, as we are all safe and quiet here, may I ask how you became involved in the riot I found you?

Ches. We are engaged, sir, truth to say, in an ungracious duty: it has devolved on me to make some surveys under their honours, the commissioners of the court of forfeitures; the peasantry having obtained a knowledge of our purpose, were hanging on our flank all day, and the branches of a pretty stream near a neighbouring town hereabout—

Ger. I know it—Duleek.

Ches. From our ignorance of the winding of the stream these branches misled us, and so we became separated from our troopers, on perceiving which the peasantry fell upon us as you saw.

Hans. Ha! the repel rascals!

Ger. Call them not rebels, nor rascals, sir, I pray you. We differ in opinion, gentlemen, as to who should be king

but it is hard that our successful adversaries should brand with the name of rebellion, what is, in fact, but a too faithful adherence to a worthless monarch.

Ches. I am glad to hear you call him worthless, sir.

Ger. I do so now, because he has deserted the most generous people on the face of the earth, who perilled all in his cause ; it is too well known to seek to make it a secret from you, that I was one of his strongest adherents. I fought for him, and so did many of those fellows who attacked you just now ; but why did they do so ? the man whose property you were on, is popular, sir ; these poor fellows are attached to those who have lived and spent their fortunes among them, and it is their ardent natures that urge them to this strong demonstration of opinion.

Hans. Sdrong demondstration ? Ha ! dat is a ver nooice name for bikes and pall gadherisches.

Ger. I give you my honour, sir, some of those boys are the best-hearted and most good-natured fellows in the world.

Hans. Oh, ver good-natured—Ha ! ha !

Ches. I can feel the truth and justice of all you say, and only regret your opinions have been so decided in the cause; for in the political heat of the moment, I will not flatter you by saying your property is very safe.

Ger. I know it, sir ; but I would recommend whoever gets it, or any other property, to take it gently, and soften the hardship of the seizure with as much of charity as he can. In short, to do it like a gentleman, for our people are fond of the landlords, who have used them well, and will not be easily reconciled to plunder,

Hans. Plonther ! dat is a hard wort !

Ger. It is not the less plunder, sir, because it has the sanction of the law of the strongest.

Hans. Dat is anoder of your sdrong opinions.

Ger. We had better say no more on the subject, sir. In a couple of centuries our posterity will judge more calmly than we can.

Hans. (Aside.) I hope my bosderity vill have zomeding bedder to old dan sdrong opinions.

Ches. However we may differ, sir, on such matters, there can be but one opinion of your generous conduct in our rescue.

Ger. You, sir, are a soldier and a gentleman, and would have done the same by me.

Ches. I would, sir, and will, if it should ever be in my power to befriend you. I am Colonel Chesham, of the King's Dragoons, may I ask the name of our generous protector.

Ger. It might only give you pain to hear it associated some day with ruin ; therefore, ask it not I pray you.

Enter SERVANT, L. with a letter.

Servt. A messenger, sir, who has ridden hard, desired me bear you this letter with all haste.

Ger. See that messenger well taken care off.

[Exit SERVANT, R.
Excuse me, gentlemen. (Aside) 'Tis the seal of my friend, Lawyer

Dillon. A lawyer's letter, I have a special horror of, particularly in troublesome times. (Reads and seems disturbed—*MAGDALENE approaches him.*)

Mag. Gerald you seem disturbed?

Ger. No, dearest, no; our guests will feel neglected, Magdalene. (*MAGDALENE leaves him and approaches the COLONEL and HANS, GERALD continues reading, and his emotion increases.*)

Ches. Madam, I have to ask pardon for the sudden interruption and uneasiness we have caused you. I hope you forgive us.

Mag. Sir, I should rather crave your pardon, if my welcome was chilled by an alarm, at which, in these times, you cannot wonder. (*GERALD finishes reading the letter.*)

Ches. And now, madam, in bidding you farewell—

Ger. You are not going to night, Colonel; will not the morning serve?

Ches. I expect some important dispatches await me on the road to Dublin, and thither we must journey at once, sir; if you will do us the additional favour to put us in the way.

Ger. A faithful servant of mine shall conduct you, and his presence will secure you from further molestation; but before you go, Colonel, another cup of wine—the stirrup cup as you call it, or as we say in Ireland, the *Deoch an Dorris*—the drink at the door.

Ches. I'll fill to a toast, sir. (*Fills his cup and addresses MAGDALENE.*) Lady, may your husband ever find in his adversaries the generous courtesy he has shown to us. (*MAGDALENE curtseys.*)

Ger. Thanks, Colonel—Good speed to you. (*Drinks—HANS. drinks without any demonstration of politeness.*)

Ches. And now, boot and saddle, Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. (With suppressed surprise.) Mansfeldt!

Hans. You zeem surprise at dat name.

Ger. Why! 'tis rather an odd name, sir, that's all.

Hans. Hegh!

Ger. Colonel, your hand. (*They clasp hands.*) In times like these it is well, when the hand of a soldier is the hand of a gentleman. Farewell. (*Exit COLONEL CHESHAM and HANS—the COLONEL and GERALD exchanging salutation, and HANS retiring without acknowledging GERALD's bow.*)

Magdalene. (as GERALD looks after HANS takes his hand on the other side. *GERALD looks round.*)

Ger. Well, dearest.

Mag. That letter, Gerald, bears bad news.

Ger. (Taking her tenderly in his arms.) Mag, my girl, 'tis the first time I ever wished to contradict you.

Mag. Oh Gerald—how kindly you tell of ruin.

Ger. You have said the word—Magdalene, I'm a ruined man. This letter from Dillon tells me that house and all—aye, every acre I possessed is forfeited: And who do you think has got old Bellygarth, the seat of my fathers for five-hundred years? Why that Dutch boor who has just left us.

Mag. What! he? Then heaven help us!

Ger. Singular chance that I should have saved the life of my

despoiler, and that my own threshold should have proved the shelter of my direst foe.

Mag. Think you he knew it?

Ger. I'll swear he didn't; for if he did, he's just the gentleman who would have turned me out of my own house with very little ceremony. No, Dillon sent me the intelligence by express, and the Dutchman manifestly knows not the fortune that awaits him. Magdalene, a thought occurs to me—the Colonel said he expected the arrival of important dispatches from Dublin; as sure as fate, they are the decrees of the Commissioners allotting the lands—I must away to Swords.

Mag. Oh, Gerald! leave me not here.

Ger. No, my girl, Phelim shall conduct you and the children to the Priory of Tristernah, which will shelter you for the present. Do you think I would leave you here to be insulted, perhaps, in your own home.

Mag. Our home no more—Oh bitter thought.

Ger. Mag, my girl, do not despise thus, though I am an outlaw.

Mag. What a fearful sound has that word; though I know not quite its meaning.

Ger. Why, my dear, being out of the law is rather worse than being in it; so it must be the devil intirely. But don't despair—I wont give up my dirty acres, Mag, quite so easy as they think.

Mag. You would not be so mad as to resist them.

Ger. Not by force, Mag—but by stratagem. By good luck that Dutchman neither knows my name, nor the name of my estate. Now I'll be off to Swords, and prepare a plan of defence against him that I hope may bother the Dutchman, my girl.

Mag. But if it fail—our home and country are lost to us.

Ger. Well, even then our plate and jewels will furnish means to bear us to France, and there this sword, which first I drew as a volunteer in the cause of my country, must serve me for a profession in a foreign land—but even there, though absent from Ireland, we shall be amongst our countrymen. Many an Irish refugee is there; for the lily of France gives glorious shelter to the exiles from the land of the Shamrock. (*Exeunt* *h.*)

SCENE 2nd.—*Another room in Ballygarth house. Enter AGATHA and PHEIM, r.*

Aga. You must order the horses immediately, Phelim—I must go to the convent directly.

Phe. You going to a convent, Aggy? you!

Aga. Yes, (sighing.) I'm going, Phelim.

Phe. Well, I never could have thought of your going to a convent.

Aga. Why, Phelim, these are such bad times that no young man can think of marrying now—and a girl may as well go to a convent as not.

Phe. Then you are determined on a convent.

Aga. Why I'm going only on trial at first; my lady is going—and so I am to follow her.

Phe. Then you are not going directly.

Aga. Not directly.

Phe. Oh!

Aga. I would, though, only our master bid me go to Sword's first—the moment I'm done there I'll go a nunnery; it's the safest place in these times for a young woman who has no one to protect her.

Phe. Oh, Aggy, if you'd only give me the right to protect you. (*Attempts to take her round the waist—AGGY runs away.*)

Aga. Well, I never saw the like o' that—So, sir, because I say a word about protection, *you* make up to me, as if there wasn't Mick Mullohawn and Dennis Delany, and Peter Purcell, and Roger O'Rafferty.

Phe. That Rake Rafferty, whom you never knew till last week.

Aga. Well I'll know more of him before long.

Phe. Why talk thus of the acquaintances of yesterday to me, who have known you from childhood. Can you forget how we have run in the wild glen, and plucked wild flowers together? Oh, Aggy—I love you now, as dearly as I loved you then.

DUETT.

Phe. Oh, don't you remember the beautiful glade,
Where in childhood together we playfully stray'd,
Where wreath of wild flowers so often I've made,

Thy tresses so brightly adorning.

Both. Oh, light of heart and foot were then,
The happy children of the glen,
The cares that shade the brows of men,
Ne'er darken childhood's morning.

Aga. Oh, who can forget the young innocent hours
We have passed in the shade of our home's happy
bower's,

When the treasure we sought for was only wild flowers
And we thought ourselves rich when we found them.

Both. Oh, where's the tie that friends e'er knew
So free from stain, so firm, so true,
As links that with the wild flow'rs grew,
And in sweet fetters bound them.

Exeunt *z;*

SCENE III.—The village of Swords.—Round tower and Cathedral in the distance—stone cross in the middle of the street S.E.L. a Public House, the sign of the “Pig and whistle.” DARBY DONAGHUE, the Landlord, serving the peasants with drink. The PORTREEVE and a couple of BURGESSSES in consultation at the stone cross, they come forward when the curtain rises, and DARBY DONAGHUE joins them.

Port. I tell you fellow townsmen, something must be done for the honour of the country. What do you say?

(*The VILLAGERS shout faintly.*)

Right, boys, right! I see your spirit is up.

Dar. I tell you, Mister Portreeve, there is no use in trying to get up a skirmmage. Just tell the boys to be quiet, and when they've sold their pigs, spend their money like decent men, in getting drunk at the pig and whistle.

Port. Darby Donaghue, I think you have been setting them the example yourself, or you would not presume to address me in that manner. Remember I am the Portreeve of this borough.

Dar. So you want to come over me with the grandeur, eh! If you're Portreeve, I am landlord of the pig and whistle.

Port. Well, whistle, for your pig, sir, but don't presume to interfere with my authority. Countrymen—the country never can get on unless we make a stand.

Dar. That's a queer way of getting on, and if that's your plan, why didn't you act upon it the other day at the battle; it's rather late to make a stand now, and by the same token I did not see you in the field. Where were you then? Where were you at the skirmmage of Skerries? — the rising of Balrothery and the fight of Feltrum—Eh?

Port. I and the Burgessses in Council assembled were engaged in taking measures for your safety.

Dar. And no man fitter to do that same, seeing that you are a tailor; but take my advice, and have nothing to do with any measures but your own parchment ones.

Port. Darby Donaghue, you forget yourself. Fellow Countrymen, hear me—here are some resolutions I have prepared.

Displays a long paper—The VILLAGERS shout—strutting about consequentially.

There, Darby Donaghue—they will support their portreeve!

Dar. Do you think it's for you they are shouting—Cock you up indeed! No 'tis for Master Gerald Pepper. (*Villagers shout.*)

Enter GERALD, PHELIM, and AGGY.

Ger. Well boys, I'm glad to see you—What are you doing here, Mister Portreeve?

As. Here, Master Peper are some resolutions I have pre-

Ger. Worthy Portreeve, take my advice, and keep all your resolution for yourself, for I assure you, you'll want it; and you, boys, (*to VILLAGERS*) be as quiet as mice, for I can tell you there's a cat abroad with mighty long claws, that will play old scratch with you if you stir.

Port. Master Pepper, these fellows are full of spirit.

Ger. Which Darby Donaghue can account for; eh, Darby? Worthy Portreeve, the spirit which men get in a public house is poor stuff—no offence to you, Darby, at the same time.

Port. But I have yet to notice our rights and privileges, our tenures—our—and so on.

Dar. It's easy for you, a tailor, to say *sew on*.

Port. Master Pepper, must we forfeit our honour?

Ger. All I can tell you is sir, that they are forfeiting our property as fast as they can.

Port. Our property!

Ger. I am sorry to say I know it to my cost, for they have not left me an acre. (*VILLAGERS express sorrow.*) Now what do you say to that?

Port. (*looking at the BURGESSSES dolefully.*) We'll retire, and consider the subject. (*Exeunt PORTREEVE and BURGESSSES, L.*)

Ger. He's gone, and he's no loss, for he'll never want a goose as long as he's alive himself. Now, boys, listen to me!

Vil. We will, Master Gerald; you were always our friend.

Ger. And am still, boys, and I tell you keep quiet. I have told you that all my lands are forfeited.

Omnes. Shame! shame!

Ger. Now, boys, that's not right! at least I think so. For, upon my word. I think I could take care of my own property as well as another, boys.

Dar. And a good landlord you were always.

Ger. And a foreign stranger amongst you wouldn't be natural.

Omnes. No! No!

Ger. Well, now listen to me. There's a big blackguard, with a long sword by his side coming down here to take my property from me; but before he can take it, you know he must find it, do you perceive?

Dar. Not all on't.

Ger. You see boys, this fellow who's coming down, doesn't know my place any more than the man in Jericho, and of course he must ask for it to find it. Now, spread it far and wide over the barony that this marauder is coming, and you and all your friends must remember that any stranger asking the way to Ballygarth, must get for answer, that nobody knows such a place.

Dar. That's elegant!

Ger. None of you know the way, boys, do you?

Omnes. Not one!

Ger. I knew you wouldn't—you never took a run with the dogs over my green hills, nor you never got a glass of whiskey from the kind Mistress, nor you never got a warm seat by my kitchen fire! You don't know such a place as Ballygarth.

Omnes. Hurra! hurra!

Ger. I see you're up to it! and you, Darby Donaghue, if any one asks for my name, give him your own, say—"Dunna who?" And if he asks for a guide, for you know he must come to the Pig and Whistle, recommend him me.

Dar. You, Master Gerald.

Ger. Yes.—I'll put myself into the shape of a bog-trotter; and if I don't lead him a dance that will astonish him, may I be pickled for fasting fare, and mashed up with bad potatoes. And now, boys, some of you must lend me your clothes.

1st Vil. I will, sir!

Ger. Tut, man! you're too much of a gentleman.

2d. Vil. I will, sir!

Ger. Pho! You're another flower of the flock; but if there's a wild bird amongst ye, whose feathers are ruffled a bit, he'll oblige me to shake down his plumage here, and I'll give him gold for it.

3rd Villager. (Very ragged.) Here, master Gerald!

Ger. You're the posy! the wild and picturesque flower fit to bloom in a bog—what's your name?

3rd Villager. Rafferty!

Ger. A capital name! I wouldn't ask a better. Rafferty, you must sell me your clothes—I'll give you a guinea for every button you have on them, and that won't be much. I couldn't afford to pay you at the same rate for the skewers; now into the house with you, and take a tender adieu of your finery, for it's the last you'll see of it—away with you. (RAFFERTY enters house.) Darby, do you follow him, and when the duds are off, shake them out of the window, for though I have bought the property I don't want the tenantry with it. (Exit DARBY into the house.) Phelim, is your lady safely bestowed?

Phe. She is, sir; safe in the priory.

Ger. I say, boys, I wish this Dutchman to see you merry. Here's a girl (To AGATHA.) will dance any two of you down. (Villagers seem disinclined.) What, not dance? they must be sad days in Ireland when a jig is refused; but, Aggy, though they won't dance with you, they'll be glad to hear you sing some sweet song of your own land. That is left us, at all events—forlet our foes strip us of what they may, they can never rob us of our native music. [Exit into the house. S.E.L.]

SONG.—AGATHA.

Oh, native music, beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls;
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in memory's thralls;
Thy tones endearing,
Or sad, or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand,
Oh, who can tell.
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land.
(The last three lines repeated in Chorus.)

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
 The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,
 The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,
 All, all, are touched by thy power divine,
 The captive cheerless,
 The soldier fearless,
 The mother, taught by nature's hand,
 Her child, when weeping,
 Will lull to sleeping,
 With some sweet song of her native land.

Chorus as before.

HANS MANSFELDT *shouts without*, L.U.E.

Phe. Here's the Dutchman, Darby ! Darby ! (Goes to house and calls out) "Darby Donaghue."

DARBY *enters from house*, S.E.L.

Darby. Here, your honour, here !

Phe. Run and take his horse ! [Exit. DARBY, L.U.E.

Hans. (Without.) Ouse ! ouse !

Dar. (Without.) This way, your honour, this way !

Enter HANS and DARBY, L.U.E.

(Bowing him in.) Your servant, sir, what's your will ?

Hans. Zome drink vor myself voort.

[Exit DARBY into house, S.E.L.

Donderskind ! vaut a bad roats, and vaut a back o' plockheads all din people s. Nopoty knows notin ; I dink I have de name roight. (Takes out a piece of folded parchment, and reads.) Ya ! Ballagarde ! Mynheer Bebber ! (Puts up parchment.) Vell ! dis is some goot for to voight for. Ven you vins a vield o' pattle in oder gountry, it is nothin but to gill von anoder dis day, vor to voight again to-mawrow ; but in Irelant, ven you vins the yields o' pattle you vins de yields demselfs. Ha ! dat is goot ! I like to voight in Irelant ! Ya ! and I dink the people's demselfs likes to voight too !

Re-enter DARBY with a tankard, from house, S.E.L. which HANS drinkerfrom.

Ha, dat is goot ! Wasn't I dursty ? (Hands back the tankard empty.)

Dar. (Looking into it.) 'Pon my word you wor, sir,

Hans. Mine vrient ! Do you know von blace somevere bout ere call Ballagarde ?

Dar. Ball-ball—what, sir ?

Hans. Ballagarde !

Dar. Indeed, not one o' me knows the place, sir.

Hans. Ha ! plockhead, loike the rest. Ax all dese people here about dat place,

Dar. Come here, you chaps. (Villagers advance.) Do you know such a place as Bunna—Bunna—Breena, is it, sir ?

Hans. No, Ballagarde ! (Villagers shake their heads.)

1st Vil. Not exactly !

2nd Vil. May be t'would be Bunratty, your honour, would want?

Hans. No, Bun tiefel !

Dar. I don't know that place either, your honour.

Hans. Splt! do you know who you are yourself?

Dar. Donaghue !

Hans. Tiefel ! hedunna who ! Ha ! ha ! Is dere noboty to shew me mine roat ?

Dar. There is a boy in the house drinking who knows the country well.

Hans. Gall him to me ! Gall him !

Dar. (Calling.) Here, Rafferty ! Rafferty !

Ger. (Without.) Here I am, your sowl ! (Sings.)

Enter GERALD disguised as a ragged, red-haired peasant.
from house, S.E.L.

Hans. You said dis vas a poy !

Ger. Well, I'm not a girl, am I ?

Hans. Are you de kite ?

Ger. (Looking at his rags.) A kite ? Faith, you might fly me, I dare say, with a strong string and a high wind.

Hans. Do you know de fay ?

Ger. Know the way—the way to fly is it ?

Hans. No, the way to Ballagarde ?

Ger. To be sure I do—where is it ?

Hans. Vere ! I vant you to dell me dat.

Ger. Well, describe the thing to me, and I'll imagine it immedianly.

Hans. Imashin ! splt ! you no kite if you not know.

Ger. You're stupid man, that's not the way we do things here at all. You see I'm a bard.

Hans. A bart, vat is dat ?

Ger. I'm a poet !

Hans. Ah, boor man ! I bity you.

Ger. Pity, did you say pity ? is it pity me, that is the bard of Green Erin. Whoo ! thank you for nothing ! keep your pity to curl your hair ! I wouldn't exchange places wid you, I can tell you, wherever 'tis your goin'.

Hans. I want to go to Ballagarde.

Ger. Oh, I think I know where you mane now ; who lives in it ?

Hans. Von Bepper !

Ger. Pepper ? Phew ! by dad, you might sareh half the country, and not find out the right man you want ; for them Peppers is as thick as rabbits in the back of a ditch—the country is ever run wid them !

Hans. Indeed !

Ger. Sure there's no end to them. There's not names enough in the alphabet for them, so we're obleeged to invint names to circumscribe them. There is a dark wicked thief that is called Black Pepper—and a whey-faced blackguard that is called White Pepper—and a bull-headed vagabone with a carotty wig, we call Red Pepper—and a fine strapping fellow, the full of a door, that we

call whole Pepper—and a dawshee craythur, about as high as my knee, we call ground Pepper, and a poor cripple among them that limps as he goes, we call Pepper-corn—and he has a spiteful little wife that we call "Ginger"—and I think that's a high saisoned family for you.—They're a perfect cruet-stand in themselves.

Hans. Vat a family.

Ger. Now, which of them is it you want.—Black Pepper, White Pepper, Red Pepper, Whole Pepper, Pepper-Corn, or Little Ginger?

Hans. Splut! I dont know—but Ballagarde is de blace.

Ger. Arrah then! where is it at all—Darby, would it be the castle I wondher?

Hans. Ha! to be sure—de gastle, dat is de blace. (*aside*) I will dry de castle vurst, however.

Ger. Oh, then I'll bring you there straight: will you start now?

Hans. Nien!

Ger. At nine—that will be rather late.

Hans. I zay no—

Ger. But I say yes!

Hans. Splut! I say *nien* in my language, dat is no.

Ger. Oh nine is *no*—in Dutch.

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Then I suppose eighteen means *yes*—for we, logicians, say two niggitations makes a confirmation.

Hans. Ah dat is boetry. I don't understand boetry, (*to DARBY*) I vant somethin' vor mine dinner.

Ger. Well, if you don't understand rhyme, you're up to rayson, I see, by axin' for your dinner; so get a snap o'something at wanst, for we have no time to lose.

[*HANS* enters the house L.U.E., with *DARBY*.
Ger. (*looking about*) Aggy! Phelim, where is Aggy?

Phe. She is gone to the Priory, Sir.

Ger. Then you must go after her, for I've work for her to do, and you, too, Phelim. First, you must lead Donaghue and a party of fellows to the bog, near the Snipe's Shallow, where they must remain concealed until I shall join them. Then proceed to the priory, conduct your mistress to Ballygarth, and let Aggy dress herself up as an old crone, and go off to the old ruined house, where she must wait for me: get a couple of pigs about the place, and a sheaf of straw by way of a feather bed—a blanket—a three-legged stool—salt herring, and a few potatoes. Be off, now. (*PHELIM is going.*) I say, Phelim, she may as well have a bottle of whiskey too, (*Exit PHELIM R.*) for I suspect that poor devil of a Dutchman will want something to refresh him, and I don't mean to kill him entirely. And now my plans are ripening into execution. (*Looks down at dress.*) What a figure I cut to be sure! My own dogs would hunt me from my door. Gerald Pepper, is it worthy of an Irish Gentleman, and the descendant of an old family, to make a mummer of himself, and play off as

many tricks as a fox! But why does the fox play tricks? I cause he's hunted! and so am I—the oppressed and the pursued alike are driven to stratagem to escape destruction.

Enter HANS and DARBY from the house, S.E.L.

Hans. You are sure now dis kite know de fay.

Dar. Oh he knows the whole country round.

Ger. Aye, and square, too—and thriangular into the barge And if you'd want any sporting—I'm the fellow to show it you hunting, shooting, fishing, coortin, fighting, or marryin,' which much the same thing; and I can write songs for you, and sing th too; and if you should be killed its myself could put an iligant e that over you. Whoo! I'm the boy for every thing

SONG.

Whoo! I'm a ranting, roving blade,
Of never a thing I was ever afraid,
I'm a gentleman born, and I scorn a trade,
And I'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

But my debts is worth something—this truth they instill
That pride makes us fall, all against our will,
For 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy until
I was ruin'd all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide that ever you see,
I know ev'ry place of curosity,
From Ballinafad unto Tander-a-gee,
And if you're for sport come along wid me.

I'll lade you sportin' round about,
We've wild-ducks and widgeon, and snipe and throut,
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And if they're not at home then I'm sure they're out.

The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a saving of time you see,
For two of our miles is equal to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty we say
That you've nothing to do but to find your way,
If your hurry's not great and you've time to delay,
You can go the short cut—that's the longest way.

And I'll show you good drinking too,
I know the place where the whiskey grew,
A bottle is good, when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one—but I doat on two!

Truth is scarce when liars is near,
 But squeeling is plenty when pigs you shear,
 And mutton is high when cows is dear,
 And rint it is scarce four times a year.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did behowld,
 We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot when we're
 cowld,
 And the girls know that bashfulness makes us grow bowl'd,
 We grow young when we like, but we never grow owdl.

And the sivin small sinses grow natural here,
 For praties has eyes and can see quite clear,
 And the kitties is singing with scalding tears,
 And the corn fields is list'nin' with all their ears.

But along with sivin sinsis we have one more,
 Of which I forgot to tell you before,
 It is NONSENSE, spontaneously gracing our shore,
 And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Snipe's Shallow—a low, sedgy splashy foreground, in the distance an extensive range of bog, small turf clamps heaped in rows along the surface of the bog. A group of men crouching under tall flaggers and bull-rushes. PHELIM and DARBY DONAGHUE looking out L.U.E.*

Dar. Now boys, be on the watch, and while you lie down in the rushes and keep yourselves as snug and as secret as a snipe in the sedge, have a good look out.

1st Pea. But what's all this for?

Dar. Because the master may want our help, no knowing when, and we must hang on his path, and be ready when I give the signal. He is coming, and is not far off either.

1st Pea. But I don't understand about this hide and seek with the villain that comes to rob him of his land. I think the way to settle the business would be to kill him at once. I'd do it, and not think much of it either.

Dar. Master Gerald won't hear of that, he charged me beyond all things to save the soldier from bodily harm, and only to frighten him.

1st Pea. The master is too soft-hearted. I wish I had my will of this outlandish robber. (*Looks at his gun.*)

Dar. Dennis, I'm afraid to trust you, a gun in the hand of a dark-tempered man is dangerous. (*Takes gun from DENNIS.—Shout outside L. U. E.*) Down—down—down—lie low. (*Men conceal themselves—DARBY looks out—shouts outside L. U. E.*) 'Tis the master and the Dutchman. Ha! ha! ha! He has brought him over the soft bog. The Dutchman's horse is

stuck fast, down he goes, deeper and deeper. Spur away soldier, your horse will not get out of that without more help than you can give. Ha! ha! The Dutchman is off, he is up to his knees in the slough, and flounders like a new caught salmon. (Shout outside, L.U.E., DARBY answers the shout and exit.)

Hans. (Outside.) Der tiefel! der tiefel!

Ger. Aisy! aisy! you're out now; come along, your honour.

Enter GERALD and HANS, L.U.E., much splashed with mud.

Hans. Donder and blitzen, vot a blace to bring me to! Mine orse is up to his neg, he will be lost.

Ger. Oh, no; he'll stop when he gets to the bottom.

Hans. But he will be smoder!

Ger. Barring that he has a touch of the duck in him, and can hould his breath hard, and dive a taste.

Hans. Splut, vat a vool you are!

Ger. It's not me's a fool—but the horse was a fool to put his fut in the soft place.

Hans. Pah! no orse but moste go down dere.

Ger. That shows how little you know about jography. I give you my honour an Irish horse would have stept over that as clane as a new pin.

Hans. But dat is an Irish orse!

Ger. Do you tell me so?

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Oh, then it's keeping company with them Jarman horses that has spylt him. It shows what evil companions will do.

Hans. Donderskind! den vy did you yourself zink in de mode?

Ger. Sure that was thryng to get you out, only for that I wouldnt be the figure I am, bad luck to it, my new clothes is ruined.

Hans. Your new clothes? Ha! ha! ha! dat is goot.

Ger. Why, being the fair day at the town, of course I put them on. Indeed, I was savin them up for Sundays and holidays, but I think I may take to wearin them out now. You ought to thank this gentleman for helpin us. (Pointing to DARBY, who is up the stage.)

Hans. Dis is anoder shentleman's, I suppose? (Aside.) Mine Got, vant a country!

Ger. To be sure he's a gentleman when he behaved as sitch. And may be, sir, you'd be tellin us would we be far from the castle of Ballygarth?

Dar. You're not far off it now. As soon as you reach the next rising ground you'll see it before you—'tis the next estate to mine.

Hans. Your esdate! you ab an esdate? Ha! ha!

Ger. (To HANS.) I say, your honour, as you're a new comer into the country, I'd recommend you to be civil to the genthry, for they are mighty high. This is a Member o' Parliament, though you wouldn't think it.

Dar. This is a fine country, sir?

Hans. Peautiful! (Aside.) I wish I vas out of it.

Dar. This estate of mine is called Ballydrabble'um.

Hans. Goot name, dat Dragle'um; vat mean Bally?

Ger. Oh, all the names here are poetical and descriptive. Belly signifies the pride of, and Drabble'um means bog, so Ballydrabble'um is the pride of the bog!

Hans. Well, and mine gastle is Ballagarde, now vant is dat?

Ger. Why garth is forest, so Ballygarth is the pride of the forest.

Hans. Oh den de gastle is build in a vaarest?

Ger. Oh, a lovely forest as you would see in a summer's day.

Hans. Den de dimber vill be gut down very zoon. Ha! ha! dimbers is money!

Ger. Thru for you, sir—timbers is money where wood is scarce, and you see all our timber here is made of bulrushes—but I think we had better be jogging now, your honour.

Hans. But I gannot jog midout mine orse—vat vill I do midout mine orse?

Ger. Oh, don't be afraid of losin' him, he can't run away out of where he is, and we'll find him when we're coming back.

Hans. But he vill be smoder.

Ger. (To *DARBY*.) Arrah, then, sir, perhaps your honour would be good enough to ordher your tinents to dig this gentleman's horse out of the bog, and send him after us to Ballygarth castle.

Dar. To be sure I will. (Whistles. *The men who are concealed rush out, and crowd round HANS and GERALD.*)

Hans. (Starting.) Der tiefel! vere did all dese gome from?

Ger. Oh tinants are quite spontaneous in Ireland.

Hans. Splat! did dey come from the airth.

Ger. Sure didn't we all come from the earth.

Hans. (Aside.) I don't like dis sudden bopulation. We vill go on if you bleaze.

Ger. Indeed, it's time to be jogging I think myself. (To *DARBY*) Good bye, your honour, good-bye, gentlemen, and when you've dug up the horse send him after us, and his honour here will reward you handsomely, and he'll do the same by me I know, in regard of the cruel way my new clothes is spyte with that black-guard bog. (Aside.) I say take off your hat to the gentleman.

Hans. Nein! nein!

Ger. His honour here, is very polite, sir, but his hat is so tight he can't get it on if he takes it off. Come on, sir, step light, for fear of another soft place. [Exit *HANS and GERALD*, L.

Dar. Down boys, and watch again, far the master will have more work for us. (*The men crouch, and DARBY follows GERALD and HANS with a cautious look out.*)

SCENE II.—*The Priory of Tristernah.*

Enter PHELIM and AGATHA, from door in flat.

Phe. Now, Aggy, you understand?

Aggy. To be sure I understand, do you think it's stupid I am? so I am to go to the old castle?

Phe. Yes!

Aggy. And pretend to be taking care of it?

Phe. Yes!

Aggy. And make myself old and ugly?

Phe. You couldn't do that, Aggy?

Aggy. Wait till awhile ago, and you'll see. (*Throws the hood of her cloak over head and assumes an old woman's voice.*) Well, your honour it's three score years and ten since I came to the place, 'tis a long time your honour. I am an old woman now, though I was once —young. (*Throws off hood.*) Will that do?

Phe. You make a capital old woman.

Aggy. May be you'd rather have an old than a young one.

Phe. I'd like to begin with one young, she'd grow old in time.

Aggy. Well wait for her then, and very good work for you.

Phe. Aggy, you're a rogue.

Aggy. There's a pair of us, Phelim.

Phe. You saucy jade, you're up to every roguery; when you speak under that hood one would fancy your nose and chin met.

Aggy. But they don't you see, neither my nose nor my chin is in the way of my mouth.

Phe. I'll try that, Aggy. (*Kisses her.*)

Enter FRIAR, R.

Aggy. (*Slaps PHELIM's face.*) You impudent fellow!

[Exit PHELIM, L.

Friar. Fie! fie!

Aggy. (*Aside.*) Bless me, he saw us!

Friar. Daughter, for shame!

Aggy. He's my cousin, your reverence, who's going away, and I don't know when I may see him again.

Friar. Daughter, thy salutation savoured more of affection than relationship,

Aggy. We're both of affectionate natures, sir. (*Convent bell sounds, L.*)

Friar. 'Tis the convent bell—'tis fitter you were at vespers, than at such leave taking. If I were you're father confessor, I would make you perform a penance. [Exit door in flat.

Aggy. You my father confessor indeed, I wouldn't have such an ugly father confessor as that, if I was obliged to go to the next parish for another; and his impudence too—convent bell indeed, just as if nobody kissed a girl before. Convent bell to be sure. I can tell you, my old gentleman, there's a story of one of your novices of Tristernah here, and I could let you know what became of his minding the convent bell,—if I dare.

SONG.—AGATHA.

There once was a novice as I've heard tell,

A novice of some renown;

Whose raven hair in ringlets fell,

O'er his yet unshaven crown.

But his vows as yet he had never said,

Except to a blue-eyed blooming maid.

And she had never confessed till now,
 To that novice who yet had not made a vow ;
 So pious she grew, that early and late
 She was tapping alone at the convent gate.
 And so often she went her sins to tell,
 That the villagers called her the *Convent Belle*.
 Ding dong,
 My song,
 My song's of a Convent Belle.

The novice continued the maid to hear,
 And swiftly the months flew round ;
 He had nearly passed his trial year,
 Before he was guilty found.
 But then suspicion began to spread,
 So the cowl he cast from his curly head ;
 The maiden he wedded next morning tide,
 And his penitent pale was his blooming bride.
 The Prior he stormed at the bridegroom meek,
 Who answered him fast with a smile on his cheek,
 " Good father indeed I have acted well,
 I was only ringing the *Convent Belle*.
 Ding dong,
 My song,

My song's of a Convent Belle. [Exit AGATHA, R.

SCENE III.—*Dusk.*—A ruined *Castellated House*, greater part of the roof gone—the millions of the windows broken—part of the walls fallen.—A window R.U.E.—the stage open at the back with staircase—broken ballusters—a table and rushlight upon it.

Enter GERALD and HANS up the trap at the back,

Ger. There's an illigant place for you,

Hans. (Horrified.) Vaut a blace !

Ger. I thought you'd be astonished ?

Hans. Zo I am !

Ger. Isn't that an illigant castle ? and you see they have been expecting you, for they've got up an illumination. (Points to rushlight.)

Hans. (Abstractedly.) Midout a vall, midout a roof, midout a vindher ! Zappermint !

Ger. It's a fine airy house, and nothing to interrupt the view from it.

Hans. Splut ! noting intheet. Vy you, vool, you tell me dis vas build in a vaurest.

Ger. And so it was built in a forest, but that's a long time ago, for this is a fine, ould, anshint place, as you may see ; none o' your dirty, little, upstart places, but the rale, respectable antiquity.

Hans. But you tell me dere vas voots.

Ger. And so there was—but woods won't last for ever.

Hans. Splut ! I dought I vootgut down de dimbers.

Ger. Ay, and that was very cute of you, but there was a janius in

the family who thought of that before you, and that's the way in my own beautiful art of poethry that the janinases who goes before us, is taking dirty advantages of us, and sayin' the things we wor goin' to say, only they said them before ; in short, takin' the bread out of our mouths.

Hans. Not in dis country,

Ger. Why not ?

Hans. Because I never see no pread in noboty's mout here : in dis country dey have notin' but botatoes !

Ger. And the finest thing under heaven is the same praties, exceptin' only the people that ates them !

Hans. I wouldn't lif in dis ouse not for notin'

Ger. But remember there is land along wid the house.

Hans. Ya ! verachtig ! and de lands is goot—eh ?

Ger. Oh, beautiful ! there is nigh hand two hundred acres of bog—that was a part of it I brought you over to-day.

Hans. Blitzen, I vis it vas burnt.

Ger. That's the use of it—it makes beautiful fire ; and there's some wild rocks up beyant, where the goats get very nice pickin' if they're not particular.

Hans. Rocks and goats—bah ?

Ger. Oh, that's what the lamb says—ba; not the goat—it wouldn't feed lambs supposing you had them !

Hans. Donders kind ! de house is empty.

Ger. Well, an empty house is better than a bad tenant, any day in the year !

Hans. De shimbleys be all crooked.

Ger. No wondher—you'll be crooked yourself when you're half as ould as they are. Hallo, there !

Hans. Dat is a vine voice for atin rost bif

Ger. Hallo ! are you comin' here to day at all ?

Enter AGATHA, T.E.L.

Aggy. Aye, aye, I'm coming.

Ger. Young woman !

Hans. (Astonished.) Young vooman's ?

Ger. Whist ! to be sure—always say young woman to an ould one and she'll be pleased with you,

Hans. Young vooomans how is all de vamilly ?

Aggy. There were two killed this morning.

Hans. (Aside.) All de better vor me ! Vaut is begone of de roof.of de ouse.

Aggy. We boiled it down for broth !

Ger. And picked the rafters after ; don't you see she's bothered, and it's the pigs they killed she's spaking of.

Hans. Bodder—vat is dat ?

Ger. (Points to his ears.) Deaf—can't hear !

Aggy. You're right enough ; yes, yes. (Points to her ears.) I remember, you mean the last fellows we found trespassing on the grounds ? We cut off their ears. Ha ! ha ! ha ! that was a good joke. (AGATHA takes table to c.)

Hans. Vart a horrid old vooman's.

Ger. Yes ma'am; don't mind her, yer honour, they are very polite to strangers, though they do sometimes have a little sport among themselves.

Hans. Sport to gut off a man's ears?

Ger. Do you know then I knew a man that had his ears cut off and he said it was rather pleasant.

Hans. Pleasant?

Ger. Yes, indeed; he was a bad character, you see, and when his ears was cut off, he couldn't hear any thing bad of himself.

Hans. (Aside.) Gut off his ears—I don't like dis country!

Ger. The old woman says she'll give us something to ate.

Hans. I would loike someting to ate, for I am starvng.

Aggy. What would you like to eat?

Hans. You can vry a beit o' big!

Aggy. They were all planted last spring.

Ger. You forget she's deaf. (Speaks loud.) Have you a rasher of bacon?

Aggy. Bacon? Oh, no—no—no—we can't be extravagant now since the last lord died. But I'll examine the larder, and see what I can do for you.

Exit down the stage.

Ger. I thought there was no pig any how.

Hans. Vy don't dey kill de pigs?

Ger. Kill them indeed! Why, man, would you be committin' suicide! Kill indeed! no, no, they keep the pigs—

Hans. Vor vaut dey keep dem?

Ger. For ornament to be sure!

Hans. But she vas talkin' about killin' de pig dis morning.

Ger. That was braggin' only; she's an ould servant, and wishes to support the pride of the house.

Hans. If she good supporde deouse itself, it vould be petters.

Ger. Indeed, the house might be betther:—I own that it's rather out of repair.

Hans. Vaut a place to vall into mine ands.

Ger. You're just in time to catch it I think—this would be a nice room for studying astronomy, for you might see the lovely luminaries without goin' out into the could at all.

Re-enter AGATHA with a dish of boiled potatoes and a herring from trap.

Aggy. Here's something for your supper and a seat.

Ger. My blessings on you! Could you lend us the loan of another stool?

Aggy. Yes—yes. I'll bring it to you.

Ger. No, my darlin', I'll step down and bring it myself.

[*Exeunt AGATHA and GERALD, B.*

Hans. (Draws up the table, lifts the dish upon it, and seats himself.) Splut! noting but veah—salt-errin! Vell, but as dis is—I vill begin to eat, vor I'm starvin'.

He is going to eat the herring, when GERALD comes in and stops him.

Ger. Murther! Murther! What are you going to do, man?

Hans. To ate mine zapper !

Ger. Goin' to eat that fish, why it is ruinnin' the family entirely you'd be.

Hans. Ruin de vamily to ate von 'errin ?

Ger. That herring has supported this family for the last six months.

Hans. Pooh ! I'm not such a vool as dat.

Ger. It's thruth I'm tellin' you. The herrins was throubled with a scarceness last sayson, and so we must be savin' of the few we have of them, and only use them to give the praties a flavour.

Hans. A flavour !—vat is dat ?

Ger. I'll shew you—here, (*Peels a potatoe, and Hans follows his example.*) take the eye out of the potatoe, and then it can't see what you're doing. (*Points a potatoe at the herring and then eats.*) That's as fine a herring as ever I ate. Oh, that's nourishing, 'that's what we call potatoes and point here !

Hans. Vy, vaut goot is in pointin' at de veesh ?

Ger. Why, you imagine you're eating it all the time, and the herring never grows less for pointin at it.

Hans. Oh, dat is vera goot for a boet ! But I have naut imaginings !

Ger. Well if you're a glutton, you may rub the pratie to it; but I warn you not to put your knife in that herring or it may be there will be a knife in you before long.

Hans. (*Rubs his potatoe to herring and eats.*) Bah ! I daste notin !

Ger. That shows you haven't a delicate taste, but when your palate becomes refined you'll enjoy it, and you'll never have the nightmare after it, for it's a nice light supper. (*Hands a bottle.*)

Hans. (*drinks*) Dat is goot.

Ger. To be sure it is ; for this is the house above all others, you ought to get good dhrink in ; for it was through the dhrink the family went to decay. You see the anchestient owner of this place was a knight arriant.

Hans. Knight Arriant—vaut is dat ?

Ger. Why, then ; don't you know what a knight arriant is ?

Hans. Nien !

Ger. That's no !—I know that much Dutch. I'd grow quite accomplished in your company. Well, I must tell you that a knight arraint is a man that goes about the world for sport, with a sword by his side, takin whatever he likes for himself ; and that's a knight arraint—like yourself, indeed, sir. Well, he improved his property, by takin every body elses that he could, and left a great heap o' land to his son ; and a fine property it was ; but, somehow or other they never could live fast enough, and wor gettin in debt ever more—and so the property got worse and worse, till the last owner found that he was heir only to a thousand a year.

Hans. A thousand a year—eh ! dat is goot.

Ger. Yes, but you see it was a thousand a year, *that was spent.*

Hans. Oh, it vas spent !

Ger. Yes, and that made the man that owned it take to dhrink. I'd throuble you for that bottle (*drinks*), and so the more he dhrank the better he liked it, which is only natural; and it made him forget his losses—for how could he remember any thing bad, when he forgot himself. And so, to supply the dhrink, he began to cut down the timber.

Hans. I vish he did naut.

Ger. Indeed, it was a shame, seen you wanted to do it yourself. But as I was tellin' you, he grew fonder and fonder of the dhrop—and indeed it's a complaint common in Ireland yet; I'll take another gurlogue if you please (*drinks*)—and he dhrunk to that degree that he was for ever dhry; and the dhryer he got the faster went the timber, and at last all the woods was sowld for dhrink, so that in fact the timber was lost with a sort of dry rot.

(*Noise of many voices speaking, and a pistol shot is heard.*)

Hans. Vaut is dat? (Jumps up—*GERALD remains composed.*)

Ger. Oh, it's only a parcel of the young people of the family enjoyin' themselves.

Hans. But I 'ear a shot.

Ger. To be sure—how could they kill one another without shooting—wait—I'll just step down and see what they're about. (GERALD descends stairs.)

Hans. I like not moche dis. (Great noise below.) Dis people seem not good beoples—did not like de beoples I met dis day in de pog. Sploot, dat pog! mine orse I naut get yet. Vish I vaus upon him and von good roat unter him, vouldn't I put the spurs in him (*noise*) I dink I vill zee vaut they are about. (goes to the stairs.) Dey are not dere. (Goes to the window) Dey are round de gorner, but dere zeem a great crowt. I like not dis moche.

Re-enter GERALD up the staircase.

Ger. What are you lookin' out there for?

Hans. I was only admirin' de prospect—bud I say, as dere is not much 'gomodation 'ere, I dink ve moight as vell go pack again.

Ger. Whist! stay quiet a bit—don't be in a hurry, or you'll rise suspicions. There's my Lord Killstranger, and about twenty other blackguards, below, was axin' impudent questions about you—and who you wor—and what you came about, and so I gave them an evasive answer.

Hans. Vaut call you 'vasive answer?

Ger. I told them to go to the divil and wait till I came for them!

Hans (very uneasy) I dink ve had better go pack again!

Ger. Oh don't be in a hurry, for these is quare people. You wor wondherin' about the roof being so bad—but I'll explain it to you. You see the people about the Castle stole the slates for to thatch their places; for you must know they are in the habit of burning one another's houses in these parts, and slates does'nt take fire so aisy as straw.

Hans. Dey burn de ouses, den !

Ger. Oh, only when they have nothing else to divert them ;—bu they never burn the people in them !

Hans. Ah ! naught de people ?

Ger. Oh no—they wouldnt be so cruel as that ; besides it is betther sport to shoot them flying. (*Noise below.*)

Hans. We had better go pack again.

Ger. I'm afear'd they would suspect you of something bad, if you would be goin'—I wouldnt answer for your throat !

Hans. I am deir lantlor ; dey vould not gut mine droat.

Ger. Wouldn't they ?—'Faith they would,—sooner than pay you your rent, I can tell you.—The last landlord of this place was no favorite, and he shut himself up, accordingly, and wouldn't open his door to man, woman, or child, but they were so determined to have him, that they climbed up the Castle walls, tore the roof off the house to get at him, threw him out of the window, and he fell upon some pitch-forks which they had outside, ready for him.

Hans. (*writhing in imagined agony.*) Oh murder ! murder !

Ger. You may say murdher sure enough !—But the blacguards was thried for it.

Hans. Oh, dey vos troid !

Ger. Oh yes.

Hans. And hangt !

Ger. Why, they would have been—only that the jury was practical men themselves, and so they brought in a verdict of "accidental death."

Hans. Vill you nout gome along out of dis ?

Ger. Why, I think you had better be off for fear of accidents ; but I must stay here to watch these blackguards.

Hans. But vaut zhall I do midout a kite ?

Ger. I have put the owd woman up to it, and she is waitin un-der the window for you, and will lade you over the bog to the house of a decent man, a friend o' mine, and he'll give you shel-ther, and I'll see you in the mornin'.

Hans. Goot yellow ! goot yellow !—Bote haw zhall I get out ?

Ger. Out of the window to be sure, for them vagabones is down stairs.

Hans. (*looking down from window.*) I zhall break my neg !

Ger. Well, it's betther brake your neck than have your throat cut—here—I'll make an iligant ladder for you—(*takes the blanket from the sheaf of strac that serves for a bed, and tears it*)—here, tie this to your belt—and here's a rope—(*unties his own rope girdle and joins it to blanket*)—there's a nate bit o' carpenthers work for you—now get out o' the window, and I'll slip you down as asy as an oyster !

Hans. You are sure dere is no bitch-works !

Ger. If there is you'll feel them tickle you, and then whistle to me and I'll pull you up—(*HANS gets out of window, and is supposed to fall. GERALD pull: in half the broken line—HANS roars*)—Run for your life—take care of the dog !—(*Barking of dogs, squeeting of*
—*the roaring of HANS and AGGY outside, while DARBY*

and Peasants rush up the staircase, with lighted torches, which they flare out of the window, while they shout after HANS. Ha! ha! ha!

—(DARBY and Peasants laugh)—Well done, boys!—He's well frightened.—Now, Darby, give him a quarter of an hour's law, and then keep up the hunt after him; Aggy will lead him round the bog to Ballygarth house, where I will be ready to receive him, and by the time he arrives there, if he's not tired of being an Irish landlord I'll never brag of being an Irish guide. [Exit L. U. R.

Darby. More luck to you, master Gerald; I wondher what hand he'll make of the furrier dragoon when he gets him over into Ballygarth; but no fear of the master, long life to him; he's as brave as a lion, and as 'cute as a fox, and has the courage and wit of the owd country to hold his own yet;—so never despair, boys, Phelim, your sowl, give us the tune to it.

SONG.—PHELIM.

Oh never despair, for our hopes oftentimes
 Spring swiftly as flowers in a tropical clime
 Where the spot that was barren, and scentless at night,
 Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light.
 The mariner marks, when the tempest sings loud,
 That the rainbow is brighter the darker the cloud!
 Then up! up! never despair.

The leaves which the Sybil presented of old,
 Though lessened in number were not worth less gold,
 And tho' Fate steal our joys, do not think they're the best.
 The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
 Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
 And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.
 Then up! up! never despair.

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
 Sublime o'er the deluge the Patriarch stood,
 Though destruction around him, in thunder was hurl'd,
 Undaunted he look'd on the wreck of the world;
 For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
 The rainbow beam'd bright through the gloom of the storm.
 Then up! up! never despair.

Scene closes.

SCENE IV.—*The Heath, Night.—Thunder, wind and rain.*

Enter AGATHA and HANS, R.

Hans. Donder's kind!—vaught a night! Dis old vrow does not, I veer, know de fay;—I must stay all-night in dis pog! —I shall die! verachtig! I wish I never come to dis country! (AGATHA sits down on a stone and begins to cough.) Splut! is she

g'ing to stay here? I zay, old voomans', oh, I vorgot!—young voomans!

Agatha. Yes, yes, I know—it is—I know the place well: it is dead man's hole! (*Shouts outside.*)

Hans. Goot voomans! meg heste!

Aggy. No, you're wrong.—The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Zappermint!—his botty vas vound—vill you get up, my bratty young voomans?

Aggy. I will show twe' gibbet of three more that was hanged, when we come to Gallos-green.

Hans. Vaut a horrid gountry!—vaut names!—dead man's hole!—Gibbets for dree, and Gallow's-green!—Mine dear voomans, vere is de ouze ve go to—de ouze?

Aggy. Oh! the house!—ah, it's not more than half-a-mile;—there—look!

Hans. (*starting.*) Vaut is it?

Aggy. Oh don't be afraid; you thought that wa' the light which they say the murdered gauger goes about with, looking for his head that was cut off.

Hans. (*aside.*) De orrid old vrow! she vill not get on!

Aggy. No: that light you see is in the house we are going to.

Hans. Dat loight is in de house? (*Shouts outside.*)

Aggy. Yes.

Hans. Den I will ron for it.

Aggy. Stay!—don't leave me to be murdered! (*throws off her hood, and changes her voice*) Ha! ha! ha! he's in a precious fright! he can't miss the light, and now I must get in before him through the back avenue.

Enter DARBY and peasants.

Darby. Hollo! are you here, Aggy?

Aggy. Ha! ha! don't you see I am.

Darby. And where is the furriner of a villain we are huntin'?

Aggy. Oh, the poor devil!—ha! ha! ha! I've been telling him such stories!

Darby. But where is he?

Aggy. He ran away, and would'n wait for me when he heard you close after him.

Darby. Then we must pursue him to the house.

Aggy. Stop! not too fast: he can't miss the house now, for the light is ready burning in the window to lead him: you'll only frighten him off the road if you run him too hard; but keep up the phillilew after him for the fun of the thing.

[*Exeunt omnes, shouting "Follow! follow!"*]

SCENE V.—*The interior of Ballygarth, same as first scene—first act.*

Enter MAGDALENE and DILLON, L.

Dillon. You are rather surprised to see me here!

Mag. Dear Dillon, how kind to be the bearer of these good tidings yourself.

Dillon. I tell you this English colonel interests himself deeply in Gerald's welfare; so let my friend be of good cheer, and not take any desperate step; for though the forfeiture of the estate be certain—

Mag. No matter! Hard though it be to lose wealth what is that in comparison with life. My Gerald is safe you think?

Dillon. I hope so; and I would not lose the pleasure of being the bearer of the intelligence myself. You told him this goodnews when you ran away from me just now?

Mag. Yes, how could I keep it from him? He will be here in a moment, he has been changing his dress.

Enter GERALD in his former dress, L.

Ger. Welcome Dillon; good and kind friend that you are:—so life is safe?

Dillon. I can scarcely doubt it, from the interest Colonel Chesham takes in your favour.

Mag. And that is all I care for.

Dillon. But the property, my dear friend, I am sorry to say, must change hands.

Ger. And I am happy to say I hope it will.

Dillon. What mean you?

Ger. Why at present, whose property, by legal right, is it?

Dillon. Why, truly, though you are here in possession, the property is the right of Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. And thereupon I say I hope it will soon change hands; and I have been employed all day in getting him into a proper state of mind to that end: I have given him, in the first place, a specimen of an Irish guide, that he will never desire to follow; a short cut—that he will remember long. I have shown him, that it is easier to have a keep to a castle than a castle to keep; that though it is very well to have tenants at will, 'tis the devil to have tenants against their will; that bogs are not suited to cavalry movements; that murders are more plenty than blackberries; that manslaughter and arson are the common amusements of the people; in short, that Ireland is the finest country under the sun to *live out of*; and after that, I think he will be inclined to sell his property a bargain.

Dillon. Well, I hope you can bring him to a sale.

Ger. Bring him!—why I am driving him to market this minute. My boys are hunting him here, even now;—I expect him every moment.

Enter AGATHA, L.

Aggy. Oh, I am half-dead, scampering over that bog. He's coming, sir.

Ger. You frightened him well, I hope?

Aggy. I havn't spoken a word under manslaughter for the last half-hour.

Ger. Well-done, Aggy! (*loud knocking and shouts, L.*) ho! you are

come, my boy!—now to frighten him a little more. (*knocking.* GERALD takes a gun, throws up the window, and fires.) I axe that, you blackguards!

Hans. (outside.) Murder! murder!

Ger. Is it coming again, you are, you villains, to break open my house?—Dennis hillo! bring me more blunderbusses!

Hans. (outside.) No! no! don't shoot me! I'm not a ropper.

Ger. Holla! is that my Dutch friend?

Hans. Ya! ya! open de toor, for de loaf of 'eaven! (*shouts outside.*)

Ger. Oh, they are hunting you, I see.

Hans. Ya! ya! open de toor?

Ger. Open the door? 'tis more than our lives are worth; but here, Dennis, bring the rope that we come up stairs at night with!

Enter SERVANT with rope, which GERALD lowers from the window.

Make yourself fast to that, and we'll drag you in. (*shouts outside.*)

Hans. Make hase! make hase!

Ger. Come along, then. (DILLON, GERALD and SERVANT drag up HANS through window; he is in a woeful pläght; at that moment a gun fired at him, and shouts.) I hope I didn't hurt you when I fired?

Hans. Nien! I'm so glad you did miss me.

Ger. I'll be glad to miss you every day in the year. (HANS sinks into a chair.) You seem a little tired; here, take a cup of wine. (HANS drinks.) But how did all this happen?

Hans. Vy I come down here for mine esdate.

Ger. I congratulate you; what's the name of it?

Hans. Ballagarde.

Ger. We shall be neighbours, then?

Hans. Nien! nien! I would not stop in dis gountry not for notin!

Ger. Pooh! pooh! don't be prejudiced in a hurry; that estate is a very nice bit o' bog to live upon.

Hans. If dey vould let you lif.

Ger. Why, there's something in that, certainly; and I must own that estate of yours has been rather unlucky to the people who have held it; the last owner—but I won't make you uneasy.

Hans. Oh, I know—I know—de bitchworks—

Ger. Oh, you heard of it then?

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Well, perhaps you'll have more luck with the property, and I'm sure I wish you life to enjoy it; and don't despise it because it's a bog; for you may reclaim very good land out of bog, if you'll only sink a little property in it.—

Hans. But I aff zunk mine property in it.

Ger. Well, you have lost no time.

Hans. But I have lost mine orse!

Ger. Well, that's improving neither to the horse nor the bog; how deep was he when you left him?

Hans. Up to de neg.

Ger. Faith, them, that horse is digging turf by this time, about twenty feet deep!

Hans. And vat am I to do? I gannot get pack midout an orse—Donder'skird! but I vould gif mine esdate for noting more dan an orse, dis minute!

Ger. A dragoon without a horse, is like a parson without a church; so, take a horse out of my stable, and send him back when you get to Dublin.

Hans. Dank you! dank you, my vriend! but look, gif me de voight orse you ride yesterday, and dere—(*produces folded parchment*) dere is de depenture of mine esdate.

Dillon. Do, Gerald, do—I'll draw up an assignment. (*Takes the debenture, goes over to the table, and writes.*)

Ger. No—no, my white horse indeed? you've a good taste in horse-flesh, I see! I would'nt give my white horse for three such estates!

Hans. But it's a noice pit o' pog!

Ger. Pooh!

Hans. And a good ouse!

Ger. A ruin!

Hans. Only a little out of rebarir; and if you zink a little property in de pog—

Ger. I will never sink my horse in it, sir, as you did yours: that white horse of mine, sir, can go!

Hans. Vell, let him go for de esdate!

Ger. The finest charger in Ireland.

Hans. Vell, charge him on de esdate.

Ger. Come, you've said a smart thing for once in your life, and for the sake of the joke I have a mind to let you have him.

Dillon. Here is the assignment.

Hans. Goot, goot—Den I will put my zymment to it.

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse, I can tell you, (*to HANS.*)

Hans. Ah, you have got von vine property for him. (*HANS goes to table and writes—MAGDALENE watches him with interest—hands pen to GERALD.*)

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse.

Hans. Gome! gome! (*puts pen in his hand*) you zign, you zign—you bromise me de orse.

Ger. Well, I must not break my promise; (*signs*) there, you have got the finest horse in Ireland!

Hans. (*exulting*) Ha! donder and blitzen, dat is goot! ha! ha! ha!

Ger. (*locks up the assignment and debenture in box.*) Ha! ha! ha! This is a funny affair altogether! well! business being over, we'll drink a cup of wine, and wish each other good luck with our bargains.

Hans. Ya! mid all my heart. (*They fill and drink.*) I will be glad to get out of this place, ha! ha! ha!

Ger. Ha! ha!—Yes, and I'm g'ad to stay in it; so we are both pleased. (*knocking.*) What, more visitors! (*goes to the window*) Who's there?

Cheah. (outside) Colonel Cheaham!

Ger. Welcome, Colonel;—open the door, there, to the Colonel.

Hans. You dell me you was afraid to oben de tote.

Ger. Oh the country is much more peaceable within the last five minutes.

Enter COLONEL CHESHAM, L.

Welcome, Colonel!

AGATHA and PHELIM, enter.

Cheah. I rejoice to see you, sir, and am glad to be the bearer of good tidings; (*hands a paper*) here is a free pardon for you.—(*GERALD hands paper to MAGDALENE, and embraces her*)—What! you here Major Mansfeld?

Hans. Ya l dat is me—Oh, I was near gilt zince I see you, by dem rascal reppels; but I vill go away, now, mid you, dat I have got von orse. (*aside*) I have done him out of his voight orse; —ha l—ha l—such a peauty!

Ger. Thanks, Colonel, for your kind interference in my favour. This precious bit of paper secures me life: and Major Mansfeldt, I am happy to say, has behaved very liberally, and sold me the property for a trifle.

Ches. Give me your hand, Mansfeldt; I shall ever respect you for this. (*Shakes hands with MANSFELDT, then turns to PEPPER.*) Strange chance, sir, that the men you saved yesterday should have power to benefit you to-day. I have interceded for your life; the Major has restored your property, and now master Pepper—

Hans. Bepper! vaut, are you Bepper?

Ger. I'm only one of the Peppers; for you know (*in the manner of RAFFERTY*) there is white pepper, red pepper, whole pepper, ground pepper, pepper-corn, and little-ginger.

Hans. Donder skind! den dis is Ballagarde I zubbose?

Ger. It is Ballygarth, sir, where I am happy to welcome you once more as the master.

Hans. Colonel, I am shated; my depenture is roppet out of me, and is in dat pox, dat small pox.

Ger. It is in the small pox, as you say, and you know it is very hard to recover out of the small pox. Colonel, in seeking by stratagem to recover what selfishness and injustice would have robbed my children of, I trust you do not blame me?

Cheah. Far from it, sir; where is that paper?

Dillon. (*hands it from box.*) Here, Colonel.

Mans. Give it to me.

Cheah. No, sir, give it to me. As the representative of their honors, the commissioners of the court of forfeiture in this district, my signature is necessary;—the major and myself owe you something for the preservation of our lives. I am glad to see the major has not forgotten his share of the obligation; for myself, I feel great pride in doing an act of justice to a ganeous man; I therefore ratify the contract with my signature; (*signs*) there, sir. (*giving paper to GERALD.*)

Hans. Dey make a vool of me, Colonel!

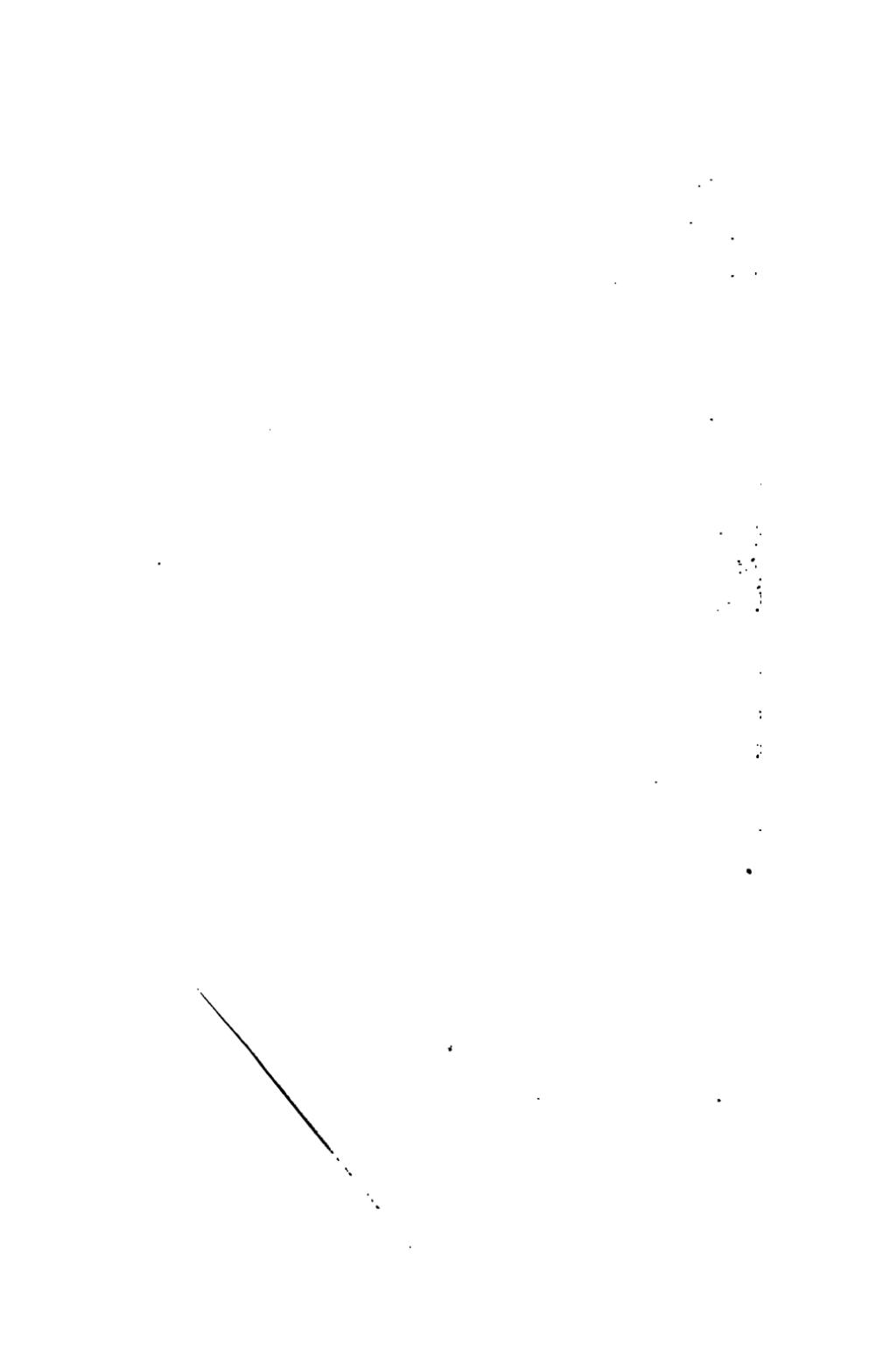
Aggy. (as the old woman.) The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Oh, you are the d—d old vrow ! Dey show me von empty ouse !

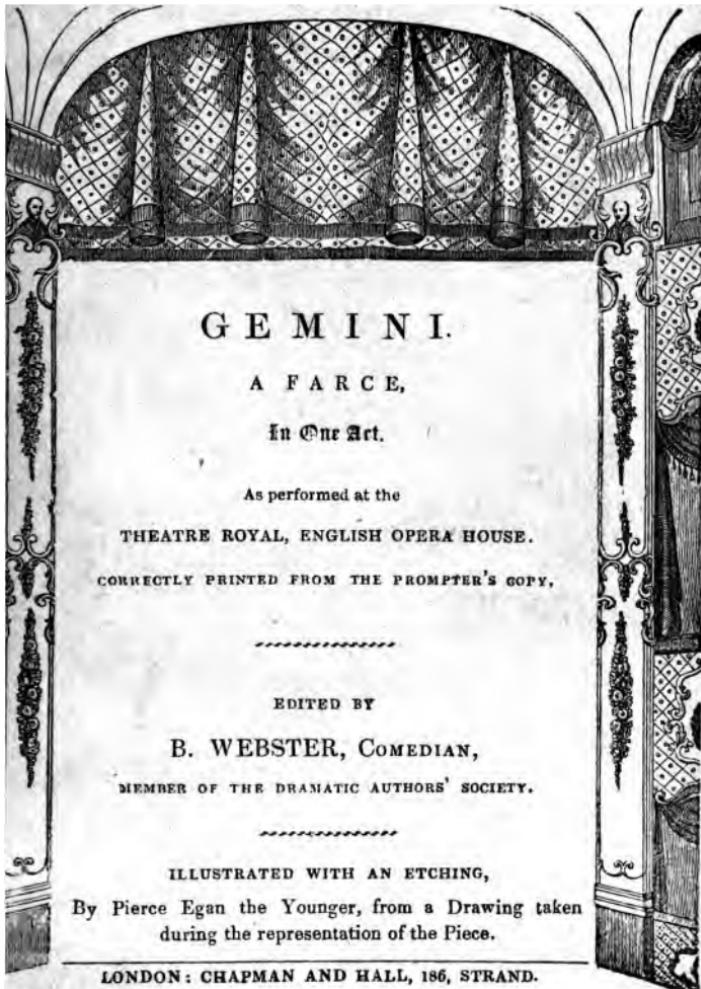
Ger. By which I have verified the proverb, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant ; but I hope, dear Magdalene, our friends will not turn the proverb against us ; for I trust we shall always have a full house at Ballygarth, and that the White Horse will be allowed to run for many a day !

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

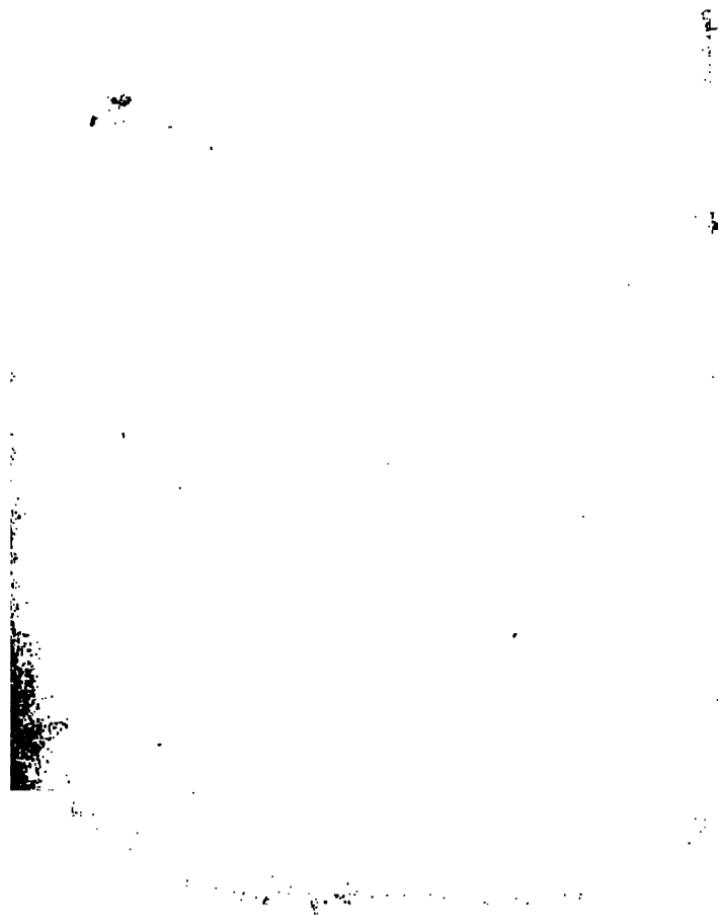
DILLON. MAG. GER. CHESH. HANS. AGGY. PHR.
R. L.

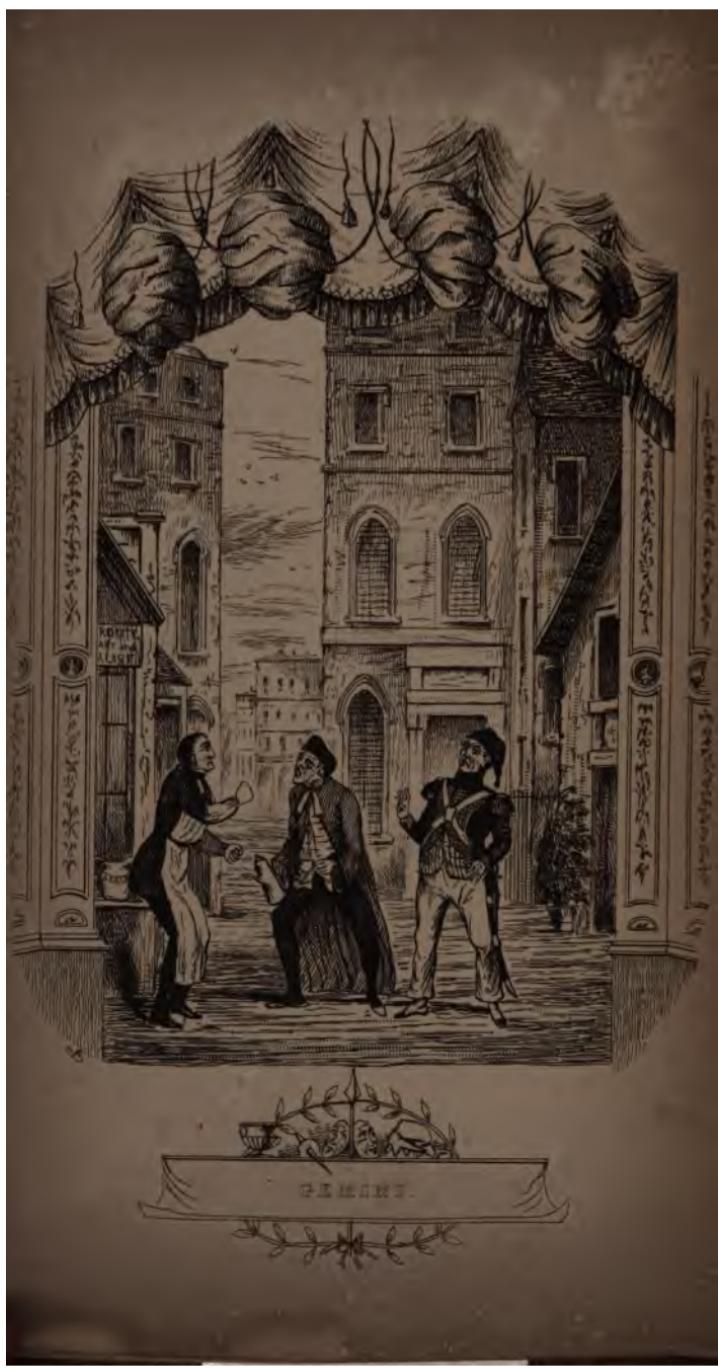


WEBSTER'S
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,
Under the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.









G E M I N I.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM,
AND ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

BY

R. B. P E A K E, E S Q.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

MONSIEUR QUEBLON. (*A retired merchant.*) Gray morning-coat, black velvet cape and cuffs, powder, knee-breeches and boots, ribbons in button-hole } Mr. BAKER.

PARGAROUTE. (*An aged apothecary.*) Old-fashioned flowered morning-gown, cap and slippers, black breeches and stockings: imbecile } Mr. LEWIS.

TISSERAND. Sergeant of the national guard's coat, nankeen trousers, shoes and buckles, and a silk waistcoat, belt } Mr. W. BENNETT.

TARTEMPONT. (*A confectioner.*) White jacket, nightcap, spectacles, apron, short trousers, cross-belts and cartouche-box } Mr. TURNOUR.

EDMOND. Blue military surtout faced, blue military cloak, foraging-cap, } Mr. COMPTON.
Twins. } gloves.

ANDRE. } An old patched jacket apothecary's apron and sleeves, darned short trousers, 2nd dress. A fashionable coat, too small or too large for him, flaming waistcoat, and striped trousers } Mr. COMPTON.

DRUMMER. Uniform, (national guard).

FOUR SOLDIERS. (*National guard.*) Some in uniform, others not, plain clothes, cross-belts, blouse.

JEFFROI. Oldfashioned livery Mr. HEATH.

MADAME QUEBLON. Paris morning-costume, middle life } Madame SIMON,

SOPHIA. Paris morning-costume Miss POOLE.

ADELINE. Ditto Miss L. MELVILLE.

Scene, Paris.

Time of representation, one hour.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

GEMINI.

SCENE I.—*A street—o. p. The shop of PARGAROUTE, with dried herbs hanging up—The next door to it is the house of TISSERAND, with practicable door and window—On the p. s., a house, with a practicable door. (Very early in the morning.)*

ANDRÉ is discovered taking down shutter, and arranges the herbs,
2 E. R.

And. Hardly daylight, and poor I obliged to open the shop. There's nobody up but the sparrows and the apothecaries' boys—they chirp—I don't—every cock bird has got his hen—I haven't—it is bitter work—there are the camomiles—want of sleep! there are the poppy heads—I'm very sad—there's the rue!—I haven't a farthing of money—there's the mint! There's old Pargaroute, my master, is always suspecting that I shall either rob or poison him—I'm over head and ears in love.—Oh! Sophy—Sophy, my next door neighbour, you dear good creature, do look down with an eye of pity from your window on poor André—but her father, stupid Mons. Tisserand, because he has made his fortune, and retired from business, turns up his nose at me, and obliges his daughter to go without her dinner if she speaks to me—obliges!—Mons. Tisserand is a sergeant of the National Guard, too; that causes him to hold up his head—and he holds it very high—he was on guard last night and this morning—as I know he is not at home, I'll try and have a chat with Sophy—and to wake her, I'll throw a handful of hemp-seed up at the window. (turns into shop.)

[EDMOND, enveloped in a blue military cloak, with his face concealed, crosses the back of the (R. to L.) stage, hastily, knocks at the house, L., opposite to the apothecary's, and goes in; door closed.

And. (reappears.) That gentleman, whoever he is, either gets up early, or goes to bed very late—Sophy—Sophy! (is about to throw at the window.)

Tis. (heard without.) This way, I say—“Carry arms.”

And. Old Mons. Tisserand, and a picket of the National Guards in pursuit of somebody—I'll get out of sight—for he is always nettlesome with me for speaking to his daughter. (drum beats, R. e.) They are here! (runs into the shop, R. 2 E.)

Enter TISSERAND (at top, R. n.), TARTEMPORT, Drummer, and 4 National Guards, some in nightcaps, no uniformity in size or costume.

Tis. Who goes there?

And. (from shop-door.) It is *I*, patrole ; don't you be afraid. (retires.)

Tis. "Halt"—I tell you he came this way:

Tar. But, are you certain that we have not missed him, Monsieur Tisserand ?

Tis. The only certainty is, that we have not caught him—I wish, instead of saying Monsieur Tisserand, to me, when we are under arms, that you would call me "Sergeant!"—I do not call you Monsieur Tartempont when I have the pleasure to command you ; I call you "Soldier!"—If I come to your shop to make me a veal pie for my dinner, I should address you as Monsr. Tartempont....."Sergeant," if you please.....

Tar. (L.) Well ! Sergeant !

Tis. (R.) That's right, soldier !

Tar. While you are arguing, I think we have lost our man !

Tis. (pointing to o. r.) He went that way—that way ends in a blind alley.

Tar. Pity the blind ! He has escaped us, sergeant.

Tis. Soldier, you are quite right when you happen not to be wrong—but what does it prove ?

Tar. It proves.....it proves, sergeant, that for the last half-hour, you have brought us through the dirty streets, to your own door !—where you are going home to bed.

Tis. Soldier, such language does not accord with military discipline—had the person we pursued a blue cloak, or had he not a blue cloak ?

Tar. Well ! he had a blue cloak on !

Tis. Then a man who runs about the streets at this hour with a blue cloak, is a man to be suspected—but I had a full view of his face.

Tar. (yawning.) Don't you think we had better return to the guard-house.

Soldiers. (yawning and stretching.) Ah !—ay—ay—go back to the guard-house, sergeant !

Tis. Here's a want of discipline ! Are you aware that your sergeant is present—you are under arms !—have you no distinct idea of the difference between a non-commissioned officer and a private ? (takes out his snuff-box, all the soldiers surround him, and take a pinch of snuff out of his box.) "Attention"—attention—very odd, when I say "attention," you all "stand at ease." (takes snuff.)

SOPHIA appears at the window, 2 E. o. P.

Sop. Ah, papa, is that you ? are you come home already ?

Tis. No, Sophia ! We are in pursuit of a devilish suspicious person.

Sop. What has he done ?

Tis. What has he done !

Tar. He has run off with a young lady, Miss.

Tis. Silence, soldier !

Sop. Poor dear gentleman!—if he ran off with a young lady, it was because he liked her.

[*She arranges window-blind, and then disappears.*

Tis. Hear the innocence of my daughter! A man runs off with a watch, or a loaf of sugar, because he likes them—(*laughs—the guard laugh.*) “Attention,” soldiers. Oh! my Sophy is a funny little girl! ha, ha, ha!—I split my sides laughing at her sometimes—ha! ha! ha!

Soldiers—Ha! ha! ha!

Tis. “Attention!” fie, fie, where’s your military discipline?—no laughing while under arms:—We will return to the guard-house,—"Support arms."—(*They do it incorrectly, he endeavours to arrange his men.*) Well, never mind, what does it matter?—“Right face”—(*they face each other.*)—“Right face.”

[*Soldiers turn to the left, and march off R. U. E.—TISSE-RAND following them.*

I said Right—they have gone Left—I suppose they are right.

[*The door at which EDMOND entered is opened cautiously, P.S. Enter EDMOND—looks round to see that the street is clear.—ADELINE comes from the door, L. 2 E.*

Edm. My sweet Adeline—do not tremble so, the guard has left the street——

Ade. Ah! Edmond, this elopement!—had I not better return home,—I may still appease my father.

Edm. (R.) Be assured all will go well, I have six months’ leave of absence from my regiment, stationed at Algiers—’gad, how we peppered the pirates!

Ade. (L.) Speak not of pirates, now.

Edm. My love—the excitement of one siege over, I felt that I must lay siege to another.

Ade. Another!

Edm. Yes—my lovely Adeline—to you!—and you surrender at discretion—(*kissing her hands*)—don’t lay down your arms—but you marched out with the honours of war—though your cheek was pale, *your colours were flying!*

Ade. But how could you obtain this early leave of absence?

Edm. Oh! through the powerful interest of Monsieur Québlon, my patron.

Ade. Patron? Is not Monsieur Québlon your father?

Edm. No,—that’s another discovery I have made during my trip to Africa. I always thought he was: but I have not since my return had an opportunity to explain to you that I am only the adopted son of Monsieur Québlon, and that dear Madame Québlon, at this moment, still believes that I am her own boy.

Ade. Not their son?

Edm. Come, my pretty, you and I love each other too well, for you to find fault with the obscurity of my birth—to tell the truth, my mother was the nurse of Madame Québlon—Madame Québlon was very ill—and the little heir of Québlon died. My own mamma was blessed with two little blossoms—poor Madame Québlon was kept in ignorance of the death of her

child, and as my respectable mother had *one* too many, I was substituted. Old Québlon has never dared to tell his wife the secret.

Ade. But I cannot understand your sudden return from Algiers?

Edm. There is Monsieur Québlon's letter—(*produces it*)—see—he writes to me that he has selected a young lady he wishes I should marry.

Ade. A—young lady—marry you, Edmond?

Edm. Be cool—as I was in Africa—Québlon obtains my leave of absence—the moment I arrive, I go to your father, Adeline, tell him the state of my affections for you—he rejects me scornfully—the rest you are acquainted with—you are here—as yet, unmarried, and we are pursued by the police.

Sop. (*at window, overhearing.*) Pursued by the police? (*looks out.*) Surely that face—it is André—talking to a female.

Edm. The difficulty, my love, is to procure a carriage at this hour, to escape. . . .

Sop. (*apart.*) My love! Where did he borrow that blue cloak? who is the lady? oh naughty André. . . .

Ade. Yes; I will follow you and keep my promise—surrounded as you are by mystery. . . . ah! my husband: (*he supports her, with his face up towards SOPHIA'S window, and his hat in his hand.*)

Sop. It is he, and dressed like a gentleman!

Edm. Come—the street seems quiet—the patrole has passed—let us try to escape this way—come dearest—do not despond, (*Drum. He leads ADELINE off, l. h. at top.*)

Sop. But the patrole are again coming down the street.

(*Drum.—The guard crosses at the back, r. going to l. h.*)
André—oh! André—after all the promises you have made me.

(*A loud smash in PARGAROUTE'S shop.*)

What can that be?

And. (*without.*) Oh! oh! dear—oh! mercy—what have I done? what have I done? I must run away—slope—I am ruined!

Sop. He owns his guilt—the false wretch!

Enter ANDRE, r., from shop.

And. Oh! oh! how unlucky—what shall I do? (*crosses l.*)

Sop. (*seeing him.*) Gracious, how I have been mistaken, it was not he! (*calls.*) There he is in his own dear apron and sleeves, André—André?

And. Ah! Miss Sophia—I have had such an accident.

Sop. What is the matter?

And. Oh! I was boiling up Monsieur Pargaroute's coffee, and I have broken a large jar of mustard over that, and every thing else—what will he do? what will he say? he is the most passionate apothecary in all Paris! Pray, Miss, come down!

Sop. My father not returned, I'll venture, André. (*disappears.*)

And. To spill the salt they say is unlucky—if so, what must be upsetting the mustard? She is coming down—only think, the daughter of a rich sergeant of the national guard, coming down

to a poor apothecary's apprentice—I'll go and spruce up a little.
(retires.)

Enter SOPHIA, from door, R. 3 E.

Song.*

" Provence hath its roses."

SOP. Oh! my dear André. . . .

AND. (L.) She calls me her dear André!

SOP. (R.) You see I am up early this morning.

AND. Very early. (aside.) I'll pay her a pretty compliment—
Miss, "the early crow gets the best breakfast."

SOP. If you compare me to a crow, sir, you shall hear me croak.
—Do you know, sir, that I am going to be married, directly?

AND. Married, Miss Sophia?

SOP. Yes :—and to a young gentleman I have never seen.

AND. (winking.) How you must love him!

SOP. Listen—I am to be sacrificed to settle a lawsuit.

AND. What are the damages?

SOP. I leave this house to-day, to pass some time in the family
of my intended.

AND. Then I am undone—oh, Miss Sophy—how I have loved
you—how my heart has beat for you, all the while I have been
pounding with the great pestle and mortar! but what can your
father be thinking about, to give you to a gentleman you have
never seen, and you have looked at me kindly every day for the
last twelve mouths.

SOP. He says that you were born in obscurity!

AND. How dare he say that? Obscurity! I came into the
world on the 16th of May, (my birthday,) in broad daylight.

SOP. My father is inexorable, have you any friend that could
speak to him on the subject?

AND. I have but one relation in the world—a twin brother,
and where to find him, I know not—I have not seen him since
he was quite a little boy, and then the neighbours said that he
was so like me, you could not distinguish us.

TIS. (heard without, R.) "Halt!"—

SOP. (looking off.) Ah! André, my father is coming down the
street.

AND. A sulky old. . . .

SOP. Hush—he is my father.

Enter TISSERAND, centre R.

TIS. Hollo! that fellow got back again—and he has taken off
his blue cloak! (comes between them,) and reassumed his shop-
boy's apron and sleeves—go in Sophia.

SOP. (embarrassed.) Father—

[He points to the door with authority—she goes in, slyly
kissing her hand to ANDRÉ—ANDRÉ crosses and ar-
ranges the herbs.

TIS. (mysteriously.) So—now you are in this part of the town.

* Published by Duff and Hodson, Oxford-street.

ANDRE stares.

Tis. Where have you hid your blue cloak ?

Sop. (at door apart.) His blue cloak ?

Tis. Seducer, where is the young lady with whom you have eloped ?

Sop. What do I hear ?

Tis. You contrived to escape the guard—

And. This may be a good joke, Mr. Tisserand, but I don't exactly take it.

Tis. No joke, sir,—you imagine then that I did not recognise you wrapped up in that blue cloak ?

And. Who ?

Tis. You !

And. I — ?

Tis. Yes—you are a person of whom the police are in search, you outrage all the laws, one after another—

And. (shaking his head at him.) I suppose you did not take a little too much last night ?

Tis. How dare you to think—

And. Then why do you drink—I had rather not dispute with an old gentleman in the state you are in—pray go to bed Mr. Tisserand.

Tis. (angrily.) Oh, that I had strength enough at this moment to lay hold of him !

And. Pray lay hold of me, sir, if you like ; I'll help you in—*(supports him under the arm, TISSERAND extricates himself indignantly.)*—What a shocking thing for an old man to be so tipsy !

Enter PARGAROUTE from his shop with a coffee-pot in his hand.

Tis. Mr. Pargaroute, come and assist me to secure this young villain. Do you know what a fellow you have in your house ?—he is capable of any mischief.

Par. I have long suspected him—*(looks at the coffee-pot.)*—I'll have it analysed ; what have you been trying to poison me with, you scoundrel ?

And. Ah ! he has found out what I spilt in his coffee !

Tis. Trying to poison you—?

Par. Yes—some horrible mixture in my coffee—just taste it—*(to TISSERAND.)*

Tis. Excuse me—if he has poisoned you, that is no reason that I should be a dead man.

And. I. What are the two old fools whispering about ?

Par. Monster of ingratitude ! for this year past that you have been with me, how have I treated you ?

And. Very badly—half starved one day, and nothing to eat the next.

Par. And you would revenge yourself on me thus ! What did you put into the coffee ?

And. Nothing that will hurt you !

Par. You wish to abridge my days !

And. If I do, we shall be equal—you wake me so early in the morning that you always contrive to abridge my nights.

Par. It's of no consequence—I discharge you—you may go and hang yourself—begone.

And. Discharged!—well—one may as well starve in the streets as in such an employ—pay me my wages and I'll pack up my things and go—and thank you for turning me away.

[*PARGAROUTE* is going into the shop—*ANDRE* places him-self before the door.

But first I'll tell you what I think of you.

Par. What do I care what you think of me?

And. You are a miserable old hunk, who lives on the starvation of others; you are one who would steal a lump of sugar from a canary-bird.

Tis. (L.) What insolence!

And. And you, Monsieur Tisserand, sergeant of the guard, you have the courage of a mouse, with the judgement and solidity of a basin of water-gruel.

Tis. Oh! if I had but my soldiers here!

And. And now, old Pargaroute, I'll take my wages.

[*PARGAROUTE* aims a blow at him, and follows him into the shop—a loud smash within.

Tis. And Sophy has a penchant for that villain—a poisoner—a seducer—a—never mind, he is going away—and my daughter is about visiting Madame Québlon—(looks off.) Ah, ha! as I live, here are Monsieur and Madame Québlon coming to call on me.

Enter *MONSIEUR* and *MADAME QUEBLON*. (top R. S.)

My dear friends, you are out early this morning.—(salutes them.)

Que. We have come to fetch Sophia.

Mad. Que. Dear child! soon we shall be able to call her so—that is when our beloved Edmond returns—I am very uneasy about him! (crosses c.)

Tis. Why, why, what is the matter?

Mad. Que. His colonel wrote to me from Algiers, and by that letter, Edmond ought to have been here, eight days ago—and I find by inquiry at the coach-office, that he has arrived in Paris.

Que. You know when he went abroad with the regiment, he left a sweetheart behind him in Paris. (aside.) What an ungrateful dog to make my wife so uneasy—and she thoroughly believes him to be her son—I dare not tell her the truth.

Mad. Que. What are you talking to yourself about, Monsieur Québlon?

Que. (taking out a letter.) The colonel's letter, my love, stated that Edmond had become very eccentric latterly.

Tis. (n.) Ah! love and a hot climate are enough to turn anybody's head.

Mad. Que. I shall go in, and kiss dear Sophia. Ah! how I long to introduce Edmond to her.

Tis. (bowing.) Madame, permit me the honour.

[*Walks up and knocks at his door, TISSERAND and MONSIEUR QUEBLON* escort her in with ceremony, and then bow each other into the house, R. 3 E.; a noise in the shop; *PARGAROUTE* pushes *ANDRE* out, he is unwilling to go.

Par. Get out—

And. I won't till you pay me—

Par. Go you shall.

And. You owe me three halfpence.

Par. (pushes him out, and shuts shop-door in his face.) Begone, you villain!

And. Pay me my three halfpence.

[ANDREE comes forward in an old shabby hat, a bundle in a cotton handkerchief, to which are tied, among other articles, a dirty pair of old boots, a tattered umbrella, much faded, under his arm.

And. You have robbed me of three halfpence!—Ugh! how I hate you, you old scoundrel—may there not be a cold, or a sore throat in Paris for these ten years to come—may you be compelled to swallow all the pills in your shop—may the whole jar of live leeches pay you a visit in the night—there, there's my curse on you—and now turned out with an empty stomach, and no money—all my misfortunes come upon me at once, and here's my best boots worn out. (turns the soles up disconsolately.)

Re-enter MADAME QUEBLON, from door.

Mad. Que. (speaks at door.) I will return directly—I have a call to make in the next street. (comes forward.) Ah! (screams.)

[ANDREE starts and stares at her.

What do I behold?—Yes—it is—no—yes. (breathless.)

And. (apart.) What a rum old girl!

Mad. Que. It is he—it is my dear, dear boy returned—my child, my child, come to my arms. (she runs to embrace him, he stoops and avoids her.)

And. Stay—what do you want of me in your arms? Come, come, decency!

Mad. Que. Ungrateful boy, how could you keep us in this state of anxiety—you have been in Paris for the last eight days.

And. To be sure I have.

Mad. Que. And what a dress!

And. Why, it isn't very smart—but it is the best I've got.

Mad. Que. The colonel wrote that he was eccentric—but I never thought my son would disguise himself in this way. Oh! my dear boy, why did you not come at once to your home where you have ever been treated kindly.

And. (glances round to PARGAROUTE's shop.) I am deprived of that kind home, thank Heaven!

Mad. Que. Oh, how I have expected you—to shed tears over you—to fondly caress you. (she embraces him—he is embarrassed, and stares at her.)

And. What the devil is all this?

Mad. Que. I cannot bear to see you in the street, in that miserable dress—come home to my house immediately. (looks off.) Sophie must not behold him in this costume. (apart.)

And. Why, ma'am—going home to your house will be convenient—particularly as I am at this moment a wanderer!—I

can make myself generally useful....clean windows, mix mustard, boil coffee, and pound rhubarb.

Mad. Que. Unfortunate child ! you do not recognise your mother, then ?

And. You my mother ! (*laughs aside.*) Well, well, suppose I go home with you, shall I have board and lodging ?

Mad. Que. Have we ever refused you any thing ?

And. Never—as to that—never ! (*aside.*) Can't say I ever asked.

Mad. Que. You perhaps are afraid that your father will be angry with you ?

And. Oh ! I've got a father too, have I ? Ma'am I must tell you, I have received my discharge.

Mad. Que. I know it ; your colonel gave it you. . . .

And. Colonel ! (*apart,*) because old Tisserand is a sergeant—she takes the apothecary for a colonel !

Mad. Que. Yes, I confess, I made powerful interest, and solicited your discharge.

And. Oh ! then if that's the case, I can do no less than go home with you.

Mad. Que. I shall not tell your father of this rencontre, until you have put on some new clothes. . . .

And. Some new clothes—did you say new clothes ? come to my arms.

[*Going to embrace, discovers a large hole in his jacket, he puts his hand over it.*

Mad. Que. Again call me by the fond title of mother. (*hugs him.*)

PARGAROUTE looks out at the shop-door.

Par. (*at the shop-door.*) The villain !—he is now trying to strangle and rob that old lady.

Mad. Que. Here is money (*offers purse,*) quit that odious disguise—there is my purse.

Par. Stopped her in the open street—I must call the guard.

And. (*taking purse.*) I assure you, madame, that when you find me out, this will look very like robbing you.

Par. He owns it, (*bawls,*) help—help—“thieves”—thieves.

And. What is that old fool crying out for ?

Mad. Que. Come, come to my house, and you shall have every thing you require—come.

And. I will—stay a moment. (*puts up his old umbrella.*) Madam, I think it is going to spit a little, and you've a nice new bonnet. Will you take advantage of my umbrella ?

[*Holds the umbrella over MADAME QUEBLON's head, and exeunt at top, R.*

(*TISSERAND comes from his house, R. 3 E.*)

Tis. What was that alarm of thieves ?

Par. (*from his shop.*) That rascal, my late assistant, has been plundering an old lady, before my very door.

Tis. Hey ! what, robbery, and whilst the patrole is under my

charge—I may say with truth that I never mounted a more laborious guard—I have been upon thorns all the time—I should not like to meet the thief alone; and the old crazy apothecary would be as useless as an Angola rabbit, in a row! (Drum without.) Hark! my troops are on the alert.

Edm. (without.) Gentlemen, will you allow me to explain.

Tis. They have got him—they have got him, caught him in his blue cloak—what a wonderful corps is the national guard! (Drum beats.)

Enter EDMOND, surrounded by TARTEMPONT, and the guard, centre, R. U. E.

Edm. But what the devil do you mean by this obstruction?

Tis. Brave soldiers—hold him fast. Ah! fellow, I told you you could not escape my company.

Edm. I never was in *your company* before.

Tis. I'll show you now, whether I am a basin of water-gruel!

Edm. A basin of water-gruel? What do you mean?

Tis. You are in the hands of an armed force—you have sought to poison a respectable apothecary, and have robbed an elderly gentlewoman in the street. Does not the bare sight of that shop (pointing) cause an emotion in you?

Edm. (glancing at it.) A doctor's shop—no.

Par. (looks out, R.) Ha! the rogue—he has been and purchased clothes with the money he forced from the lady. . . . take him to the guard-house!

Edm. There is some ridiculous error: and as it appears impossible to convince the sergeant—gentlemen, to the guard house, if you please.

Tis. Fall in, soldiers—attention—carry arms—escort the prisoner—“march”—halt—I've dropped my sword—“march.”

[Drum beats, *exeunt, C. R.*

SCENE II.—A handsome apartment in MONS. QUEBLON'S house, C. D., window, D. 1 E. R.

Enter MADAME QUEBLON, followed by JEFFROI, D.

Jef. My young master returned, madame? this will change the face of things, we shall be as merry as grigs.

Mad. Que. Ah! Jeffroi—if you are delighted, what must be my happiness—when Mr. Queblon comes in, don't let any one tell him of his son's arrival.

And. (c. D., without.) Which is the way to the kitchen?

Jef. What can a young officer want in the kitchen?

Mad. Que. (goes to door.) Come here, my dear.

And. Yes, my dove.

Enter ANDRE, bundle, &c.

Jef. (i., staring.) A queer figure for an officer, he must have walked all the way from Africa!

Mad. Que. Here's poor old Jeffroi, my darling.

And. Poor old Jeffroi, your darling. Perhaps he is my father? (*shakes hands with JEFFROI.*) How are you, Jeffroi?

Jef. (with respect.) You do me too much honour, sir.

Mad. Que. Send to the tailor as I ordered you.

[Exit JEFFROI, D. F.

And. Tailor? is the tailor my father?

Mad. Que. Sit down, Edmond. (ANDRE *stares and looks about.*) Here are chairs. (*brings them forward.*)

And. Yes: but where is Edmond?

Mad. Que. I can scarcely persuade myself yet that it is really my dear son! (*she embraces him.*)

And. You have embraced me so often in the coach that I don't know whether I am upon my head or my heels!—I say, mamma, what is your name?

Mad. Que. (*aside.*) There's his mind wandering again, I'll speak of Algiers to him—when you were abroad, what did you think of Dey?

And. The day—why likely to rain!

Mad. Que. The Dey likely to reign, why I thought you deserved him. (ANDRE *stares, and is perplexed, and looks at his umbrella.*) Now, my dear boy, when your clothes arrive, I'll break the news to your father: be very respectful to him; for to tell the truth he is a little irritated with you.

And. Let me understand one thing?—He is not likely to leather me, is he?

Mad. Que. To do what, my love?

And. (*makes a motion of a blow.*) Because I am sometimes a little irritated, too—and a civil war between father and son would not be the thing.

Enter JEFFROI, C. D.

Jef. Madame, he has arrived.

And. My father?

Jef. No, sir; the tailor!

Mad. Que. Go, my son, with Jeffroi, to the tailor, and then you shall see your father.

And. Ye—yes. (*going.*) Now, whether the tailor is my father—or my father is any thing else, d'rat me if I can make out.—I hope he is a tailor, then I shan't be so much afraid of him.

[He follows JEFFROI out, C. D., but leaves his bundle, boots, and umbrella on the table.

Mad. Que. I shall be delighted when this interview is over. Ha! yonder comes Sophy, to whom we have affianced Edmond.....

Enter SOPHIA, L.

(*taking her hand.*) My dear girl how you tremble!

Sop. Ah! madame, it is an alarming circumstance to be affianced to a person one has never seen—do not be angry with me.

Mad. Que. I assure you that my Edmond is both handsome and

amiable ; perhaps his manners are less refined, since his return from Algiers—but soldiers you know—

ANDRE re-enters, C. D.

And. Beg your pardon, but I left my boots and traps here.
 [Takes bundle, &c., off table, and exit, C. D., does not perceive SOPHIA.]

Sop. (apart.) How ! poor André in this house ? Oh ! dear madam, I am again cheerful and happy ! I cannot conceal my emotion.

*Song.**

“ When the lute in sweetness,” &c.

At any rate, dear madam, permit me to have one private peep at your son, before you introduce him to me. (aside.) My simple, kind André.

Mad. Que. I agree, my love, to your proposition—step into this chamber—but do not show yourself, until I fetch you.
 [She leads SOPHIA off at side door, R. 1 E.]

Enter, C., MR. QUEBLON.

Que. My dear, you left me in the lurch at Tisserand’s house.

Mad. Que. Oh, my Québlon—Edmond—Edmond has arrived.

Que. Where is he ?

Mad. Que. Merely gone to change his dress after his journey.

Que. Now, we shall have some peace again.

Mad. Que. Let me entreat that you will pardon his delay. Jeffroi—(calls.) Jeffroi—is your young master dressed ?

Jef. Yes, Madame. This way Mr. Edmond.

Enter ANDRE, in a suit of clothes that does not fit him—gig-gish, C. D.

And. (apart.) The tailor is not my father ?

Que. Edmond.

Mad. Que. Do not reproach him—think of your own beloved—have you forgotten your father, Edmond ?

And. Edmond again.

Mad. Que. Yes, Edmond again ! Now to apprise Sophy.

[Exit, side door, R. 1 E.]

Que. Your hand, my boy ! (ANDRE takes chair, and sits, L.)

And. There it is, my boy—(QUEBLON stares at him.)—they tell me you are my father.

Que. (aside.) Has he then discovered that I substituted him for another child ! You do not know the anxiety you have caused us.

And. I assure you, until this moment, I was quite ignorant of it.

Que. I was most anxious for your arrival—as I wished to arrange your marriage.

And. Oh ! I’m going to have a wife, too !—(aside.)—my poor pretty Sophy !

* Published by Duff and Hodson.

Que. We shall now introduce you to the young lady, and as early as possible fix the wedding-day.

And. (aside.) Oh—say—(ponders.) Now I see it all. I am picked out as a victim, and am going to be hooked in as the happy bridegroom of some horse godmother; perhaps a pig-faced lady. Let us talk this matter over old chap—(sits—points to chair—*QUEBLON* seats himself surprised; takes out his snuff-box—*ANDRE* helps himself without being asked.)

Que. This visit to Africa has contaminated his manners.

And. I know that as a son, I ought to be respectful and dutiful, and all that sort of thing—but I had better have it out with you at once—now I am in no sort of hurry to be married—marry in haste and repent at leisure ——(sneezes at *QUEBLON*.)

Que. Dispute my authority over you,—and is this the return for all I have done for you ?

And. Well, I didn't know that *you* had done much for me. Certainly, the old lady brought me here, and has given me these clothes.

Que. (n. losing his temper.) You think it comical perhaps to explain yourself like a fool.

And. I have said nothing but the truth.

Que. This joking of yours is not at all to my taste—and since I find such base ingratitude after my liberality. I will recall to your memory that which you appear to have forgotten—(mysteriouslly)—You are not my son.

And. I know that well enough !

Que. You are aware that it was through tenderness to Madame *Québlon*, I kept secret the death of her own boy, and that I brought you up as our child.

And. Me ?

Que. Yes—you—you ungrateful young dog.

And. Perhaps you will say next, you taught me to make syrup of squills. (ironically.)

Que. Squills ! what do you mean ? I educated you—placed you in the army ——

And. (apart.) What a father of lies ! What a shocking thing it is for an elderly gentleman to tell such stories ——

Que. If you do not implicitly obey my orders, I will renounce you at once ; you shall go back to your former insignificance ; but hark ye : keep your own counsel, for if my poor wife knew the truth, she would die with grief.

And. But why am I to appear the person I am not—that's what I want to know ?

Que. Hush ! Your mother returns, and with her the young lady to whom you are to be married. (they get chairs up.)

Enter MADAME *QUEBLON* and SOPHIA veiled. D. R. 1 E.

Mad. *Que.* My dear girl, why do you tremble so ?

Sop. The novelty of my situation.

And. (apart.) That's the pig faced lady !—but I won't have her—I don't admire pig's face.

Mad. *Que.* (to SOPHIA.) Permit me, my love, to introduce my son—

And. She will grunt in a minute!

Sop. (removes her veil, she starts, and ejaculates.) "André!"

And. Am I alive, do I dream. (crosses to SOPHY.) Sophy, Miss Sophy, you here—

Que. What? have you met Edmond before?

And. (aside to SOPHY.) Call me Edmond—any thing but my own name.

Sop. (surprised.) Edmond?

And. Call me Edmond—your own dear Edmond!

Mad. Que. You are already acquainted then?

And. Acquainted—I love her better than my dinner any day—

Mad. Que. (tapping his cheek playfully.) You eccentric sly fellow—you droll boy....how you have deceived us—Sophy, I am rejoiced....

Sop. I am surprised beyond measure.

And. Don't be surprised at any thing that happens in this house—only say that I love you—for you know it right well, Sophy.

Mad. Que. Then for the last eight days, you have been—

And. Under her window at five o'clock in the morning.

Que. There, I forgive all your little rudenesses.

And. I shan't forget your caution—I am your son. (winks at him.) Sophy, my bird. (kisses her hand.) Nothing can disturb our happiness.

Enter JEFFROI, c. d.

Jef. Monsieur Tisserand—

Que. Show him up!

[*Exit JEFFROI, c. d.*

And. Don't—he'll spoil all. Oh! unlucky old buffer, to come at this moment....

Mad. Que. What is the matter, Edmond? Monsieur Tisserand will participate in the general joy.

And. He may—but some how or other, I always found him a wet blanket when any fun was going on—Sophy—mother. (with affected tenderness.) Sweet mother—let us retire for the present.

Sop. (to MADAME QUEBLON.) I assure you, madame, at this moment, in my father's presence, my situation would be embarrassing.

Mad. Que. We will retire to my boudoir. (to QUEBLON.) Will you entertain Monsieur Tisserand? (to SOPHIA and ANDRE.) Come to my boudoir. (crosses to r.)

And. (to SOPHIA.) What the devil does she mean by her boudoir!—what is a boudoir?

Sop. Hush!

[*Exeunt MADAME QUEBLON, SOPHIA, and ANDRE, at side, r. 1 e.*

JEFFROI introduces TISSERAND, dressed, c. d.

Que. Ah! my dear old friend, every thing is as it should be—Edmond has arrived.

Tis. Good tidings: and has my daughter seen him?

Qus. Yes.

Tis. Is she pleased with him?

Qus. The cunning young rascal has been serenading her under her window at five in the morning, for the last eight days.

Tis. That must have been, when I have been on duty with my guard.

Qus. She will marry Edmond, without hesitation.

Tis. Delightful! I should have been here earlier, but had only time to go home and take off my uniform, the delay was caused by having to lock up in the guard-house, a rascal, who can assume all sorts of disguises... a fellow that presumed to... but never mind, that affair is over—he! ha! ha!—he is locked up—a devilish clever apothecary, but if he could distil himself, he could not get out of prison.

Qus. This runaway, it appears, has disturbed you from an early hour this morning.

Enter JEFFROI, c. d.

Jef. Sir, there is a young lady at the door, inquiring for the sergeant of the national guard.

Tis. Attention!

Jef. She has followed you from the guard-house—it is respecting a gentleman who has been falsely arrested.

Tis. Have I your permission to see this young person in your house? (QUEBLON bows.) Admit her. A military man can never stand at ease.

[Exit JEFFROI, c. d.

Enter JEFFROI, introducing ADELINe, c. d.

Your business, Miss? (she comes forward.)

Ade. (s.) Pardon this intrusion, gentlemen—but by some extraordinary mistake, a young officer, has been arrested, and confined in the guard-house.

Tis. The national guard are not apt to make mistakes—pray, Miss, what is the name of the person to whom you allude?

Ade. Edmond Québlon, recently returned from his regiment stationed at Algiers.

Qus. (l.) What?—impossible!

Ade. Sir, I assure you, it is too true—he is my nearest, dearest friend—take pity on me, gentlemen, and give me the means to fly and release him.

Qus. (apart to TISSERAND.) The poor girl is wild. Edmond Québlon is at this moment in this house up stairs with your Sophy—speak to her.

Tis. (to ADELINe) You come to me holding the important office of sergeant of the guard.

Ade. Oh! sir, restore Edmond to me. (weeps.)

Qus. My dear little creature, calm yourself—(aside.)—What an awkward situation!—(turning.)—This is one of that young gentleman's peccadilloes!

Ade. Sir—?

Tis. Pray, had the person for whom you intercede a blue cloak?

Ade. Yes, sir.

Tis. It is the incendiary who ran away with the young lady—my dear, he cannot be released until he has been carried to the police-office.

Que. (*calls.*) Jeffroi—tell Mr. Edmond Québlon that his father wishes to speak to him.

Ade. His father! You, sir.—(*crosses and presses* QUÉBLON's hands.)—Oh! pity us, sir: we are affianced—my dear Edmond has been separated from me—but for the last eight days I own we have been together.

Que. The last eight days the undutiful young dog has been missing!

Ade. Pardon him, sir, he sought me, his first, his only love.

Tis. Mr. Québlon, this is extraordinary—can you explain.

Que. Edmond shall himself explain—(*calls.*)—Jeffroi, is your young master coming?

And. (*without.*) Is that stupid old ass, sergeant Tisserand gone?

Tis. That voice! the usual insolence!

Ade. } Edmond.

Que. }

Enter ANDRE, l., ADELINe goes towards him with open arms; ANDRE retreats; TISSERAND in the utmost astonishment.

Tis. Sirrah! how have you escaped?—did you leave your blue cloak in the guard-house? but you are safe: the sergeant is here.

And. So much the worse for me, you old fool....(*crosses to him.*) I was in hopes when I came into this house, I should never have seen your knocker of a face again—you have ruined me—

Ade. (*r.*) Edmond—how have you contrived to escape? He needs me not!

And. (*breaking from them.*) But for your cursed interference, I should have been at this moment on the high road to matrimony. (*ADELINE and TISSERAND stare.*)

Tis. (*to QUÉBLON.*) Pray, sir, what do you mean by this conduct?—How dare you to affiance my daughter to your precious son, there, and at the same time, encourage one of his paramours under your roof?

Ade. (*to ANDRE.*) Edmond! (*he turns away.*) Edmond! you have deceived me.

And. Since I got up this morning—every body has been deceiving me....go away, Miss—I have not the honour of your acquaintance, although you are a very pretty bit of goods—some other time. (*winks.*) Lauk how she gazes at me—worse than my mamma—well, I suppose I am fascinating.

Ade. (*earnestly.*) I have been home to my father—I have atoned for my indiscretion in eloping with you, he now knows who and what you are.

And. Then he is a very clever fellow—for he knows more about myself than I do.

Ade. Oh! Edmond.

And. There's the name of Edmond stuffed down my throat every half minute—Edmond is not my name.

Que. Eh—what?

And. (aside.) Oh, lauk—I must appear as his son, yes, I am Edmond. . .

Adr. Ah! I—I shall faint.

And. Well, it is all very good fun—I will faint if you will. . . let us faint in each other's arms.

Adr. This conduct—Edmond. (he retires.) Sir, my father wears a sword.

And. Does he? Well, I hope he looks very well in it.

Adr. Alas! you are under some delusion.

And. I am above any thing of the sort, Miss.

Tis. This your Edmond—pah!—

Enter MADAME QUEBLON, and SOPHIA, D. R., 1 E. this is Pargroutte the apothecary's boy.

Mad. Que. No, no! he is my dear boy. (comes down on his L. H.)

Tis. And do you suppose that I would unite my Sophia to such a fellow as this? (R.)

Mad. Que. He will do honour to your family, Monsieur Tisserand.

And. Do you hear that, old water-gruel?

[All the ladies surround ANDRE—SOPHIA has hold of one hand, ADELINE of another—MADAME QUEBLON pats him under the chin.

And. I can stand it no longer:—you call me Edmond—my name is not Edmond.

Mad. Que. It is, I say.

And. You say I come from *Algiers*—I don't know even where he lives! I have been starving for the last year at old Pargaroute's!

Tis. And your name is André?

And. Yes—André—yes—André—yes.

Tis. I'll be at once convinced. (goes to and opens window.) Yonder is my corporal of the guard. (calls.) Corporal Tartempont!

Tar. (without, L. 3 E.) Yes, sergeant.

Tis. Come hither!

Mad. Que. My darling, darling child!

And. I am nobody's child! I never had either a father or a mother.

TARTEMPOINT, at window, c.

Tis. Say, corporal, is the prisoner in the blue cloak, safe?

Tar. I have but this moment left him in the guard-house—he has been examined, and has given his name.

Tis. And what is the prisoner's name?

Tar. Edmond Québlon. . .

Mad. Que. (shrieks.) Ha! then, (to ANDRE,) what phantom art thou that I have been kissing?

And. Phantom—mamma?

Que. (to ANDRE.) Hark ye—have you a brother?

And. I had once : a twin brother—I have never seen him : don't know him, (with emotion,) is he alive ?

Tar. Alive and kicking, as we of the guard know.

Tis. Go—corporal—bring the prisoner hither.

[Exit TARTEMONT, C. D.

Ade. Ah ! joy, then my beloved Edmond will be restored to me.

Mad. Que. Your beloved Edmond, Miss ?

And. Here's a family break up ! I had a mother—a father—and was very near having a wife—but they are all off again.

Ade. (looking through window.) Yes, yes—it is my own Edmond. (rushes out at the door, c.)

And. (exclaims,) " My brother! my brother !" I have found a relation at last.—Now you see there is but one way to get rid of all our difficulties—we must both be married. (takes SOPHY's hand.) This lady can't do without a husband—I'm the man. That lady (pointing off to ADELINE,) must be Madame Edmond Québlon. You, mamma—be my mother still ! and with smiling goodboured faces all around join hands and hearts in promoting the prosperity of the TWIN BROTHERS.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS.

QUEBLON.

MAD. QUE.

ANDRE.

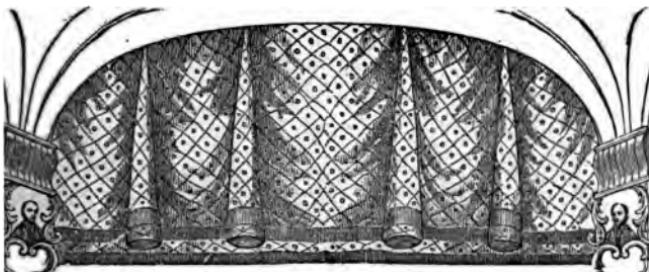
TISSEBAND.

R.

L.

WEBSTER'S
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

Under the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

A PETITE COMEDY,

In Two Acts.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

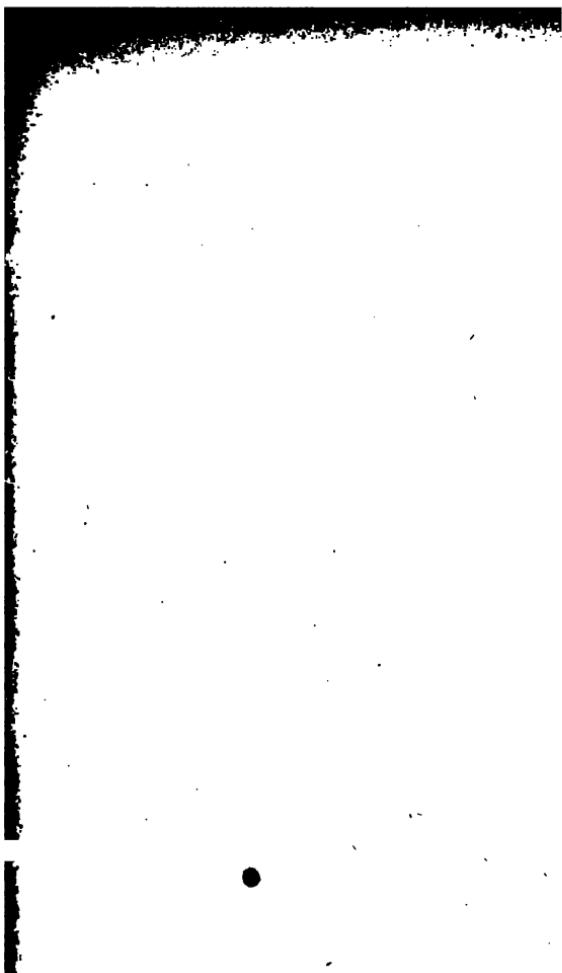
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

By Pierce Egan the Younger, from a Drawing taken
during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.







THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

A PETITE COMEDY,

In Two Acts.

BY

G. A. A'BECKET, ESQ.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, THE CAST OF
CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF
THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,
FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.



THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

A PETITE COMEDY,

In Two Acts.

BY

G. A. A'BECKET, ESQ.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, THE CAST OF
CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF
THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,
FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed July 28, 1838.

LORD WELFORD. Brown military great-coat, } Mr. HEMMING.
trimmed with fur, black pantaloons, boots, &c. }

CLERMONT. Yellow long silk jacket, with green
silk velvet collar, light grey pantaloons, silk stock- } Mr. RANGER.
ings, and shoes. 2nd dress. Black pantaloons and
stockings, figured morning gown.

ANDREW. Long white jacket and pantaloons, red,
and white striped waistcoat, French cap. 2nd dress. } Mr. BUCKSTONE.
White pantaloons, red and white striped waistcoat, }
green frock-coat and pearl buttons. 3rd dress. Light
blue coat and opera hat

LADY CHARLOTTE CLERMONT. White morn- } Miss TAYLOR.
ing dress, trimmed with lace, blue ribbons. 2nd dress. }
White satin, with flowers, head-dress and lace veil.

MRS. PEEPER. Brown silk dress, lace cap . . . Miss GALLOT.

LOUISA. Chintz gown, cap, &c. 2nd dress. Ditto } Mrs. GALLOT.
with twilled apron, lace cap

Time of representation, one hour and ten minutes.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second
entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper
entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left
centre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third
entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

The stage represents a painting-room, two windows, R. H., with curtains, pictures, painting materials, &c.

Enter LORD WELFORD and LOUISA, L. H.

Lord W. How is that? your master not yet in his painting-room.

Lou. No, my lord—in fact, my lady declares that he shall not work so hard as he has done, the doctor says that if my master paints so early in the morning, and so late at night, he will weaken his sight, and then you know he will not be able to paint at all.

Lord W. Why, true; and besides, having a pretty wife, 'tis rather necessary that he should keep his eyes continually open.

Lou. Oh! as to that, my Lady Clermont knows how to look after herself—you may depend upon it, my lord, that any coxcomb, who comes here to win my lady's good graces, will gain nothing by his trouble—I don't mean any thing personal, my lord.

Lord W. Well, I won't be angry with you, for having a good opinion of your lady.

Lou. I should hope not, my lord; you think, because you're a lord, and got a cab, and a groom, and a tiger, and yellow kid gloves, that you can make us ladies' maids an easy prey, but I hope I have a soul above such things as those.

Lord W. Oh, yes; I am aware that your taste is in quite a different direction, my yellow kid gloves are contemptible compared to the large red hands of Andrew, your fellow-servant.

Lou. Well, my lord, I don't see why I should despise a hand that bears no worse stain than the mark of honest industry, even if it should be larger, and redder, than other people's.

Lord W. Perfectly right, I admire your sentiments vastly—and wish you all the benefit that can arise by your acting up to them—you are an excellent servant I've no doubt, and fit to attend on so charming a mistress as Lady Charlotte Clermont.

Lou. There your lordship and I shall agree; my lady is a dear lady, so fond of her husband too, and he's such a dear good man, so kind, and so clever, and what's very uncommon with clever people—he is very rich.

Lord W. Are you sure he's very rich?

Lou. Why, he must be so, he gets a great deal of money.

Lord W. But he spends a great deal—perhaps more even than he earns—now my dear Louisa, I want to ask a little favour of you. If you will comply with my request, I will reward you, I will indeed, and liberally too. (*attempts to kiss her.*)

Lou. Not in that way I hope, I can get that sort of reward any day.

Enter ANDREW with a canvas for painting, l. n., he stops, astonished.

And. What did I see? It flashed across my eyes like lightning—forked lightning!

Lord W. Ah! Andrew are you there?

And. I am here, my lord. (*aside.*) What I have seen has thrown a coat of yellow ochre into my eyes, which mixing with their natural blue, raises up a green-eyed monster.

Lou. (*to ANDREW.*) What! more canvas! what will my lady say? she wishes master not to work any more for the present, but to take a little repose—and go into the country.

Lord W. Ah, indeed! (*to ANDREW.*) Why do you bring a fresh canvass, when you know your master requires repose?

And. A good servant, my lord, obeys only his master—master ordered me to get a canvass, and I did get a canvass—he told me to bring a bladder of green paint, and I did bring a bladder of green paint—and here it is. (*feeling in his pocket.*) Why, its come undone, I declare in my pocket.

Lou. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

And. I don't see any thing to laugh at. (*to LORD WELFORD.*) I suppose my lord, as your lordship is here, that your lordship wished to see master, shall I tell him your lordship is here?

Lord W. Oh dear, no; I merely stopt in as an admirer of the arts to see if he had any new design?

And. (*aside.*) Hum! it was a design of his own he came about I'm sure, and not master's. (*aloud.*) Does your lordship paint?

Lord W. I never got beyond the rudiments of the art—merely eyes, ears, and noses—your ears, for instance, I should have no objection to try my hand upon.

And. Since your lordship has chosen to allude to my ears, I must say you have done something very offensive in my eyes.

Lord W. What, sirrah?

And. Your lordship, as I entered, imprinted a kiss on Louisa's lips.

Lou. No, don't say that Andrew, there was no harm meant, I'm sure—I didn't care about it, and why should you put yourself out of the way?

And. I wish I had been out of the way when it happened—but I don't blame you—no, I blame your seducer—why don't you go and tell master his lordship is waiting to see him.

Lou. Well, don't be jealous, Andrew, and I'll go. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Lord W. You're a very impertinent fellow, didn't I tell you it was not my intention to disturb your master.

And. I wish your lordship's intentions were equally considerate towards me, for you have disturbed me for the rest of my life.

Lord W. Pooh ! pooh ! you blockhead, what's in a kiss ?
And. Oh !!! what is not in a kiss ?

Re-enter LOUISA.

Lou. Master's coming my lord.

And. And my lady wants you.

Lou. Well I'm going.

And. Going, yea to the devil !

Lou. Ha ! ha ! ha ! will you go with me ? [Exit, R. W.
Cle. (without, n. n.) Louisa, I thought you told me Lord Welford was in the drawing-room, I have been there, but cannot find him.

Lou. (without.) No sir, my lord is here, in the painting-room.

Cle. Oh, here !

Enter CLERMONT, R. H.

Ah ! milord I beg pardon to make you wait, but I thought you were down stairs.

Lord W. No apologies ! you know I am a great patron of the arts, and I think no hour too early to offer them encouragement.

Cle. Oh ! milord, your patronage is so kind, and so disinterested, because you patronize the arts very much—and—

Lord W. I suppose you think I know very little about them. I fear if the arts rested for their support on those only who understand them, the number of patrons would be very limited, I admire, and can appreciate their value, and have come expressly to order a picture on a large scale.

Cle. Ah ! bravo ! Je vous suis bien obligé.

Lord W. But on one condition, you have been ordered change of air—I have a delightful little place a few miles from here—the air will be of the greatest service to you—I shall make you shut yourself up in my box in the country.

Cle. Comment ! shut me up in a box in the country, how shall I paint if I am shut up in a box ? I cannot leave Lady Charlotte !

Lord W. In asking you, I contemplated that Lady Charlotte Clermont would do me the honour to accept an invitation also.

Cle. Avec ma femme ! With my wife ! I will have de great pleasure to get into your box in de country.

Lord W. Very well, now that matter is understood, that's finally settled. Have you any new pictures ? what portrait is this ?

Cle. That is the portrait of Lord Highborough—he is my beau-père—my father-in-law.

Lord W. Your father-in-law—Lord Highborough was the head of a proud and ancient family.

Cle. Ah, yes ! you mean to say, how can such a great man be fader-in-law to an humble artist like me.

Lord W. It is true that talent itself confers nobility.

Cle. Ah ! what a pity nobility cannot give talent, as for me, I do not pretend to be noble—I am proud of de name of artist. At first I draw only de portraits and I please every body very

much, for I learn how to flatter, I give Roman noses instead of flat ones. If artists did not flatter they would never be employed to paint portraits. For an ugly picture you cannot expect the price to be handsome.

Lord W. Ah! that's very true, but how come you to rise so high in your profession.

Cle. I went to Paris—was one lucky fellow one morning as I paint a picture in my sixth story, in de faubourg Poissonniere, some one ring my bell—entrez—when an old gentleman English, walk in—he say to me—“Are you Clermont?”—“Oui, monsieur.”—“I have been to the exhibition at the Louvre, was very much please wid one picture.” He take out de catalogue and point out my picture—No. 1048. “Did you paint that?”—“Yes, sir.”—“You're a very clever fellow—what's the price of it?”—I was strike with the thunder. So I said the lowest sum that I would take for him will be 2000 francs.

Lord W. Well.

Cle. Well! my English friend take out his pocket book and count de money—eh! bien! when I lose my picture,

Lord W. Lose your picture!

Cle. Yes, it was a loss, at least I felt it was a *loss*! ah, milord, you must be artist to feel an artist feel, ah! could you know what happiness that picture gave to me, when happily my pencil copied one little touch of nature. Divine nature! you wouldn't wonder that I was truly grieved to part with it.

Lord W. Who was your benefactor?

Cle. Milord Gremont. After he have pay me the 2000 francs, he say to me, “Clermont—would you like to go to England?”—I say yes, I like to travel all over de world—“Very well—we will go to England together.” We arrive in England! what happiness for me! milord I paint when I like to paint—and not paint when I not like—I have my horse to ride—my pony phaeton—my gun—my hunter to chase de fox—all de nobility patronize me. The money came to me by the bushel—I give lesson in paint to lady dis and lady dat—I make picture for dem, and make dem believe dey have do it all demself.

Lord W. And that of course encouraged your pupils.

Cle. But all my pupils did not require such encouragement. There was one Lady Charlotte Highborough was an exception—I see her three times in de week, and if I had only seen her once in my life, I should have loved her.

Lord W. So like many other masters you fell in love with your pupil—did woo, and I suppose took the opportunity of making a declaration?

Cle. Oh, no! never! I would never abuse the confidence of her noble father! I never said a word to her—I go to Russie—in two years after I was rich, dat is to say, I had good income—I hear milord Highborough is dead—back I come to England—milord have die very poor, he have lose great monies on de turf—and then I dared to avow my love, and she a noble lady—the heiress of a noble name, did consent to give her hand to an humble artist. Oh, I am so grateful to her that I wish

only to make her happy, and for that I work night and day. Sometimes I am so fatigued! But I think of my wife—I think of my wife, my heart beats, my strength returns, my hand is firm, and my pencil seems to go by itself.

Lord W. Yes; but then you ought to give up painting for a short time, and recruit your health a little now; when this picture is finished I hope you will pay me a visit—when will it be finished, think ye?

Cle. I must finish it before the end of the month.

Lord W. Then you have little time to lose, for to-day is the twenty-fifth.

Cle. (alarmed.) The twenty-fifth. Mon Dieu! it cannot be the twenty-fifth. You have made some mistake.

Lord W. No, no; 'tis the twenty-fifth—but you have still five days.

Cle. Five days! no, not one day—if to-day is the twenty-fifth.

Lord W. Why, what's the matter?

Cle. Milord, will you do me a favour?

Lord W. Most undoubtedly—speak.

Lady C. (without, r. h.) Place them in the ante-room.

Cle. Hist! not now—my wife must not know any thing about it.

Lord W. As you please; then I will return presently.—(aside.) —This is better than I could have hoped, admitted into a family secret. Believe me, whatever you may have to ask of me, I shall be found to comply with your request—and I am flattered at your confidence at looking to me as your friend. [Exit, l. h.]

Cle. What a kind, good fellow—so frank—I'll trust him with any thing—but it must never come to the ear of my wife. (goes to the table, r. h., takes the pallet and brushes, and paints the picture which is in c. r. h.) She comes. (sings.)

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE, r. h., and crosses to l. h.

Ah! ma chère amie—now it is kind of you to come to my atelier to encourage the poor artist to work.

Lady C. On the contrary I come to beg of you as a favour that you will discontinue painting for a day at least.

Cle. Ah! I have done nothing as yet! nothing but talk about you.

Lady C. About me! and with whom.

Cle. With Lord Welford.

Lady C. Was it he who just left the room?

Cle. Yes; he come here to invite us to visit him in the country.

Lady C. You have not accepted his invitation?

Cle. Yes, certainly. He has commanded a picture, and will pay liberally.

Lady C. But we don't want money—we are rich enough—too rich indeed—for I had rather dispense with the luxury and ease that surround us, than that they should cost you so many weary hours of unnecessary labour.

Cle. It is a pleasure for me to work—because I get it spent

to please me—that is to see you beautiful, and make you happy.

Lady C. But I should be equally happy if we lived in an humbler style—the other day the magnificent dress you brought me—I know how kind it was of you, but do you not think that the knowledge of the labour which it costs you must have lessened the pleasure of wearing it?

Cle. It was to make you beautiful at the private concert where you sang, and every one admired you so, your methode, your voice.—How they applauded—except me, who was in a corner, and had not the force to applaud, for when your voice had finished, I heard it still.

Lady C. The society you speak of is not worth the sacrifice you make for it—of health and of repose—you must oblige me by refusing the invitation of Lord Welford to his country-house.

Cle. And why not?

Lady C. Do not ask, it concerns merely domestic affairs, which it is not necessary for you to know.

Cle. Ah! ah! you think he come to see Louise, your maid, I believe he is rather wild—he told me the other day there were two foolish, simple husbands who do not suspect he comes to see their wives—he laugh at them.

Lady C. Two husbands—he deceives you—there are more than two—I know a third.

Cle. He tell me only two.

Lady C. But there is a third—who is at this moment painting.

Cle. Comment!—'tis not possible.

Lady C. I conceal nothing from you—he has dared to insult me by his addresses, or rather by his assiduities, and that is the reason why I have been unwilling to go so much lately into that society you were just now speaking of with so much rapture.

Cle. And I never to see any thing!

Lady C. I told you your sight was getting weak—you laughed at me—you will believe me now.

Cle. Ma chère I believe you always.

Enter LOUISA, L. H.

Lou. Lord Welford is on the staircase.

Cle. Ah! c'est trop fort.

Lady C. Not a word—you are supposed to know nothing.

Cle. Do not be afraid. Ah! ah! Then I am one of the husbands his lordship laugh at.

Enter LORD WELFORD, L. H.

Lord W. You see, my friend, I have not been long absent, and should have made even greater haste had I been aware that I should have found Lady Charlotte with you.

Cle. La, la, la; dat is de way he always talk to her.

Lord W. How amiable of you to come and cheer by your

presence the study of the artist. (CLERMONT hums a tune.) Our friend Clermont seems to be in good spirits. Ah ! when we get him in the country—you know, I suppose that we propose taking you with us—has Clermont told you ?

Lady C. I should fear you would find us troublesome guests.

Lord W. I should be too happy to have the pleasure of your society, and in return, I only beg of you to make me serviceable in any way you please.

Cle. I beg, my lord—stop a moment—I did not ask you to come back to do a service to my wife—but to myself—you understand—so the service I require of you, I will ask in the presence of my wife, I wish to ask your advice.

Lord W. Advice ! you could not have asked for any thing I am at all times more ready to grant.

Cle. You love the arts, and all that belongs to them—I wish to consult you about a picture that I am going to commence to-day—it is a family picture.

Lord W. Ah ! very pretty, I delight in a family picture—it is a species of design to which I have given some attention.

Cle. So I imagined—my picture is this : I take it a moment when a poor simple husband finds that he has in his house a friend, who is too much his friend—in his picture he only shows the principal figures. First, there is the husband, surprised—silent, and a little foolish, for all husbands look foolish sometimes—then there is the wife—a good and noble wife—her figure full of expression—every feature speaks innocence and candour—but still there is a look of inquietude—though there is no need why she should fear. Then there is one figure in the picture which I cannot show you—and it is a pity too, for it is the best of all—it is that of the gallant—I (LORD WELFORD starts)—I see him now embarrassed—ill at ease—he has in his face many colours—he seems to be white with fear, and red with shame. But the colour best suited to him would be *black*.

Lord W. Oh, yes, I perfectly understand.

Cle. Stop ! Let me get my brush, and I will paint this picture after nature.

Lord W. Allow me to say—

Cle. One moment. It is to the finishing of this picture that I would ask your advice.

Lord W. There are many ways of finishing a picture such as you have drawn. First, the friend may take offence and demand an explanation.

Cle. It is I who ask an explanation, and it shall be finished in no other way, and I am ready to finish it so with all pleasure.

Lady C. (throwing herself before him, and crosses to r. h.) Clermont ! Clermont !

Lord W. But that would be bad taste—I had rather suppose that the young man has a high sense of honour, and knows what is due to his friend as well as to himself—let us suppose that he is an admirer of beauty, and that in trying to win the good graces of a fair lady, he has gone further than he ought. But let us give him the credit of supposing that when he finds he has not succeeded, he knows how to retire with a good grace

from an affair in which his head has been more to blame than his heart—let us suppose too that he is capable of taking a generous revenge.

Cle. Comment milord !

Lord W. Such a thing might have occurred as this—suppose that the husband, rich in appearance, may in reality be poor—that he has put his name to various bills which are in circulation, and are rapidly falling due—one for instance, on this day, the twenty-fifth.

Lady C. Can this be possible ?

Cle. No, no, do not believe him, 'tis not true.

Lord W. Let it speak for itself—here it is.

[CLERMONT, LOUISA, and LADY CHARLOTTE, all start, and give an exclamation of surprise.

Lord W. Stay a moment—do not move, I could make an excellent picture of this ! a drawing after nature.

Cle. Milord, that bill—I will not owe any thing to any man I will pay it this moment—I will pay it to-morrow.

Lord W. Whether you pay it to-day, or to-morrow, is a matter that rests entirely with yourself—(tearing it)—for now you can choose your own time.

[He bows to LADY CHARLOTTE, and exit, L. H., LOUISA following.

Cle. (falling on a chair.) Ah ! this is cruel revenge.

Lady C. (approaching him.) Ah, Clermont ! Clermont ! can it be that you have deceived me ! You will not refuse to admit me to your confidence.

Cle. Ma chère, you have made me so happy to marry me, that I was resolve it should not cause one regret: you have been brought up in luxury, accustomed to opulence—I would not change your habits, I have made all efforts that there should not be too great transition from the rich mansion of your father, to the house of your husband.

Lady C. And has it been for this that you have risen at day-break, and toiled till midnight.

Cle. I did it cheerfully—I gave you the joli carriage, and this nice house which you so much love.

Lady C. I should have refused all if I had known that all had been obtained by your hard labour. Oh ! why did you not consider that in marrying you, I had become the partner of your condition, whatever it might be, and that it would have been my duty, and indeed my pride and happiness to adapt myself to it. But henceforth we will have a change—no luxury—no useless expenses—it shall be my pleasure to devote myself to my husband—to preserve economy in our establishment—for I am an artist's wife.

Cle. My wife, I have been wrong.

Lady C. It is true; but there is no reason to despair—what is the amount of our debts ?

Cle. Four thousand pounds.

Lady C. That is a large sum Clermont. In the first place we will dispose of our carriage, and my diamonds, they must be sold first, and to-morrow we must pay the debt to Lord Welford, who has acted so nobly.

Cle. So nobly do you say ?

Lady C. I do—he has destroyed the only acknowledgment he had—he has rendered it a debt of honour, and consequently must be paid at once.

Cle. Ah ! yes ! you are right ! no more de carriage ! Mon Dieu !

Lady C. (gaily.) We shall have more pleasure in walking—you shall give me your arm ; then when our debts are paid—

Cle. We shall have more pleasure to spend the rest. Oh ! I am so happy. Oh ! 'tis the happiest day of my life !

Lady C. Now mind, you promised me you will not work to-day. Come, get ready for a walk—I'll go and get my hat.

[Exit, crossing to R. H.]

Cle. Oh, what an angel she is ! There is nothing I would not do for her. I would die for her—she have make me more happy to-day—to day I am ruin dan ever I was in my life—what pity my pride would not let me tell her the truth before. But she say I must not work. Ah ! dat is not de way to pay de debt 4000L. Great deal of money—and I forgot some little thing. The milliners, the jewellers, and a few more little trifles. No, I must work hard ; I will just make a few touches on de sly. Ah ! I think this picture will do me great credit and some profit. Yes, yes—when our debt is paid, den I will buy a little cottage for my wife, with a little piece of ground ; a little pony and a little cow. (painting.) It is singular, but when I begin to work, I feel my eyes as if dere was a cloud come over them.

Enter LOUISA with a letter, L. H.

Lou. Oh, sir, I have got a letter—such a letter ! with such a fine seal—there's a crown and a little dog, and such pretty things upon—

Cle. It is the royal arms—draw the curtains, it is so dark I cannot see. (LOUISA draws the curtains, R. H.)

Cle. Sir, sir. Ah ! an order for two picture for the palace—my debts will soon be paid—my wife will not be oblige to walk—la—la—la—in less than one year pay all my debt. Oh ! mine is glorious art ! what fortune is in the pencil—a fortune nothing can take away—the painter's pencil gives fame and independence—it gives that which braves adversity, defies fate, laughs at misfortune. Ah ! (reading.) Ah ! have you draw the curtain ?

Lou. Yes, sir !

Cle. Then bring me candles.

Enter ANDREW, R. H.

Lou. Andrew, go fetch master candles.

And. Candles for what ?

Cle. I want de candle to read de lettre.

And. Well, that's funny ! candles to read by, when there's the sun scorching every one up out of doors. What more light could you possibly have ?

Cle. Comment ! de sunshine !

Enter R. H., LADY CHARLOTTE running up to him gaily.

Lady C. Now then, Clermont, for a delightful walk.

Cle. Ah, mon amie! where are you? come, come near to me.

Lady C. I am near you.

Cle. Mon Dieu! what is this? a strange mist floats before my eyes—is it daylight; tell me? is it daylight?

Lady C. Clermont, why do you tremble? what is it you fear.

Cle. I tell you all is darkness—I cannot distinguish objects—the world seems suddenly shut out from my view. Andrew—Louisa—Charlotte—I cannot see you—speak—let me hear you—let me hear you—and—

Lady C. Clermont!

Cle. Oh! c'est fini—I am ruin—destroy—gracious heaven I—I am blind!

All. Blind!

[CLERMONT stands in a fixed attitude, his eyes assuming a vacant expression. LADY CHARLOTTE shrieks at the word "blind," throws herself in his arms, anxiously looking in his face. ANDREW and LOUISA regard him with anxiety.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegantly-furnished room, folding-doors in centre. ANDREW L. H. and LOUISA R. H., discovered.*

And. (L. H.) Poor master! how dreadful a thing it is to reflect upon—he has now been almost a year quite blind—how natural it is to sympathize with those we love. I've been quite blind myself ever since he has had the same misfortune.

Lou. (R. H.) You—you Andrew—blind!

And. Yes, my dear, to your faults, that is to say I have been only morally blind—but what a dreadful thing it would be if I was like poor master, physically blind—for then Louisa, let you look as beautiful as nature has really made you, I should never see you.

Lou. No—that you wouldn't.

And. You might have a pug-nose, I shouldn't be aware of it; you might be humpback'd, I shouldn't know it; you might squint, I should be none the wiser.

Lou. Well, Andrew, you would be kept in countenance by love—for he's blind you know.

And. Lord, so he is—then I, and love, and my master, are all of the same kidney. Well, I hope to gracious Lady Charlotte will get him cured in time, for if she don't I don't know what will become of us, for I'll never leave him—well I must not stay here any longer chattering with you—go to your mistress, she must want you—go now. [Exit LOUISA, 2 E. L. H. Well if she is guilty she puts on the prettiest mask of inno-

ence I ever saw—oh, lord—oh, lord—if I hadn't peeped through the keyhole, my suspicions of her would have vanished by this time—what a fool anybody is to try to be certain of the falsehood of one they love, when ignorance is bliss. I'm sure it's folly to be otherwise. [Exit, R. H.

[CLERMONT enters at folding-doors led on by LOUISA,

LADY CHARLOTTE enters from door, L.

Cle. (c.) Bien Louise! I ought to be the happiest man in the world to have such a pretty conductress.

Lou. (L. H.) I am glad you are in such good spirits it does me good to hear you.

Cle. And why should I be sad? because I have lost my sight. If I weep, I shall not see better—but as I do not see at all, I imagine that all is bright and gay—we have our advantages, we who are blind we don't see those around us change. Those we love are always young—it would do you good to be blind, only for a little while to see how happy it would make you.

Lou. Oh! I thank you, sir—I can find plenty of employment for my eyes.

Cle. I dare say you can, you wicked little thing—but I tell you what I should like Louise?

Lou. What?

Cle. I should like to have my sight restored to me, only for five minutes that I might see my sweet Lady Charlotte to-night when she is dressed for the ball.

Lady C. Poor Clermont! (sighing.)

Cle. Comment donc! what's dat? Ah! Lady Charlotte, here, ah! ah! you little rogue—why you not let me know you are in de room—I tink you have been play some trick upon me.

Lady C. Dear Clermont!

Cle. Ah! why you say poor Clermont—I am not poor Clermont—I am de happiest fellow in de world, my dear—we have got little money left out of de ruin—our debt is all pay—and thank heaven, that fellow Lord Welford was paid the first. It was a proud day to me, when I did pay Lord Welford—I thanked him for his disinterested kindness, I beg'd him very politely that he would never come to my house again.

Lady C. To hear you talk dear Clermont, one really would suppose that you were jealous.

Cle. Jealous! me! ah, no! I would not pay you such ill compliment my dear, If I thought you could deceive me in one little thing, I would kill myself—you know Lord Welford loved you, and having loved you once, he might love you again.

Lady C. Oh! what should make you think so?

Cle. Nothing, nothing in the world, but you were touched by his conduct towards us.

Lady C. I confess it.

Cle. You thought he acted nobly.

Lady C. I did think so,

Cle. And since that time you have often spoken of him to me with praise.

Lady C. Not with more than common gratitude—at least I hope not.

Cle. Ah! I that can no longer *see* have nothing left me but to reflect—and sometimes in spite of me I will say to myself they are both of the same rank in life—both nobly born—and there are many points of sympathy between them—ah! pardon me! I am wrong—I am foolish—have you not promised me that you would never speak to him again—if you should chance to meet him?

Lady C. (*hesitating.*) Oh, yea!

Cle. That is enough, then I am happy, I am sure you never would deceive your poor blind Clermont.

LOUISA appears at door at back of stage—she produces a paper which she takes to *LADY CLERMONT*.

Lou. From Lord Welford, madam.

Lady C. (*advancing and reading the paper.*) To-night at eight o'clock.

Cle. I have done her wrong even to let the thoughts of Welford disturb me—ma chère pardon me.

Lady C. For what?

Cle. That my foolish thoughts have made me utter such unworthy thing—allons—ma petite—you shall have great pleasures at the ball to-night.

Lady C. Ah! yes—to-night it will be determined whether we shall visit Berlin this summer to consult the oculist.

Cle. Ah! ma chère—quant à cela—it cost great deal of money to go to Berlin, and where shall de money come from?

Lady C. Oh, we'll find plenty of friends to help us by and by.

Cle. Oh, no. Once I had plenty of friends when I could have done without them; but now you are my only friend, and I want no other.

Lou. Lord Welford desired me to say, that you have very little time to spare, my lady. (*aside.*)

Lady C. (*looking at her watch.*) 'Tis true. Oh, Louisa, how my heart is aching—this desperate act.

Lou. La! my lady, I am sure it's much better than to live in poverty and misery. I only wish that I had such a chance. (*aloud.*) It's time for you to dress, my lady.

Cle. Now, Louisa, you make your mistress look beautiful! beautiful! beautiful! Ma chère—you forgive me!

Lady C. (*with affected gaiety, kissing his hand.*) You foolish creature!

[*Exit, wiping her eyes, LOUISA following, door L. H.* *Cle.* Ah, poor child! she cry—here is a tear on my hand. Oh, what a brute blockhead I have been; I am good mind to knock myself down and break my stupid head. This little tear have made me so happy—my heart now is light like feather. (*sings.*) Ta, la, la.

Song introduced.

Enter ANDREW, R. H.

And. Ah, sir, its easy enough for you to laugh and sing, I only wish I could join you.

Cle. And what is it to prevent you—what for you shall not laugh?

And. I have my reasons—

Cle. Your reasons! what are they? is it because you have to waste all your day in attending upon your poor blind master?

And. Oh, no, master; now come, that's laying it on rather too thick upon poor Andrew. You know it's a pleasure to me to take care of you; if all the world should desert you, Andrew would stick to you, d—n it!

Cle. Oui, mon pauvre garçon—yes, yes, I know; I only say that to laugh, because I want to laugh—eh! why don't you laugh?

And. Because I've got the blue devils.

Cle. Oh, you stupid fellow. Come here and let me knock you down.

And. Well, here I am—now knock.

Cle. (seizes hand.) Ah! brave garçon! you got de blue devil. Eh, bien Andrew—to-morrow you shall have holiday, and take some recreation, and shake de blue devil away from you.

And. I don't want a holiday to-morrow—if I could have a holiday to-night, now, I should like it.

Cle. To-night! what for to-night?

And. Why, I should like to go to the Italian Hopera.

Cle. Oh, ho; you go to the Opera Italien.

And. Why yes, I've got a horder.

Cle. And what would you do there?

And. Why, I could see.

Cle. Yes; but you don't go there to see, you go to hear.

And. Well, I could hear, my ears are long enough I'm sure.

Cle. But you don't understand Italian.

And. If no one went there but those who understand Italian, there'd be plaguy few at any time, that's what I know.

Cle. Ah, bien! my pauvre garçon. I am sorry you cannot go to-night, Andrew, because Lady Charlotte is going to the ball, and wants Louise to go with her, so you must stay at home, for you know we must not deprive Lady Charlotte of de little pleasure dat is offered to her. I am de first to ask her to seek amusement abroad, for she must lead a very stupid life here, and that idea make me always unhappy—miserable.

And. You, sir, who are always singing—always cheerful—always gay.

Cle. Gay! yes, that is before my wife—before you all I affect a gaiety which is not here, for here there is nothing but despair—the present is a blank, and the future—what can I hope for but to be a continued burden to all around me.

And. Law! now master, I'm sure it's the pleasure of my life to be of service to you.

Cle. Ah, you are very good, and I am grateful, very grate-

ful; but there is one thing which distress me more than all the rest—I feel that I have been always supplied with every comfort; and to afford these luxuries to me, my poor wife must deprive herself of all, of every thing.

And. My lady deprive herself of any thing—not a bit of it; no, no; I am happy to say that we never lived in better style; it is only yesterday that two new ball-dresses were sent home for her. Well, that's all natural enough; but I must say there's one thing that makes me very indignant, and as we are both alone, and you are very indulgent, I don't mind speaking out.

Cle. What you mean?

And. Why—you—see, sir—I've something that weighs upon my heart—it is, that Louisa continually is appearing in new caps, new bonnets, to a degree which no wages could possibly allow her to go to.

Cle. Oh, oh! well, what is that to you?

And. What is that to me? Oh, oh; if you could see my face at this moment, you would say that it is a great deal to me! Horrible, horror! she can't get so many fine things honestly—you remember some time ago I was jealous of Lord Welford.

Cle. Lord Welford!

And. Ah, sir; a year ago you used to laugh at me for my suspicions; but since then I have watched, and I am sure.

Cle. Oh, no, that cannot be, for it is a great many months since his lordship have been here.

And. Months! it's hardly many minutes since I met him coming down the stairs, I came up.

Cle. Oh, no! you deceive yourself, my good friend—it is not possible.

And. But it is more than possible—it's fact—I am always straining my eyes to observe every thing, and I have stronger proof than my eyes if it were necessary. But one would rather keep these things to oneself and from all the world.

Cle. Eh! no, no; but tell me—go on—tell me.

And. You must know then, that some weeks ago—late in the evening—so late that you had gone to bed for some time—I heard in my lady's apartment, Louisa's voice—I looked through the keyhole and I saw his lordship in close conversation with her.

Cle. And Lady Charlotte—my wife—

And. Was not there—no, my lady had not yet come home.

Cle. And it was very late?

And. About half-past twelve—the door of the room opened—I got out of sight, and his lordship stole down stairs to avoid my lady.

Cle. And how do you know—are you *sure* that he came here to see *Louisa*?

And. Not a doubt of it, and he'll ruin himself for her if he don't take care, and serve him right if he does. Now, as I have confessed that I was looking through the keyhole once, I

don't mind confessing that I've had a peep more than once. It was only yesterday I was looking into this room, and I saw Louisa all alone, looking at the contents of a little box—they were diamonds—real diamonds—real brilliants—I thought I should have fainted—I did almost—it gave me such a shock that I stumbled against the door, the noise alarmed her, I heard the shutting of the secretary—and when I looked through the key-hole again—the guilty creature was gone.

Cle. I don't believe—no, no—you talk nonsense—I will not hear any more—I have heard enough—enough—you are jealous—and when a man is jealous—Oh, go!—leave me alone.

And. Sir?

Cle. Leave me alone—go!

And. I hope you are not angry with me.

Cle. No, no—but go—leave me to myself—leave me alone.

And. Yes, sir.

[Exit ANDREW, R. H.]

Cle. Diamonds! jewels! eh! for Louise! Jamais! never! for Louise! for my wife! Oh! Andrew, you have drive me mad with what you tell me. Oh! the agony that I endure! If I were superstitious I should think it was a supernatural warning that I have felt to-day—something have weigh upon my heart—I don't know what it was—ah! is it possible? No, no—my beautiful wife! No, I will not believe it. Andrew is a fool—dare is no diamond—I will convince myself. The secretaire. (he feels his way to the secretary, takes out a casket of diamonds, 2 r. n. n.) Tiens! it is true. Here are the diamonds.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE, 3 L. L. H.

Lady C. Clermont!

Cle. Ma femme!

Lady C. Are you looking for any thing?

Cle. No, no—I walk about to amuse myself—eh! I come to the secretaire—and put my hand upon dis casket—they seem to be diamonds—which I did not know you possessed.

Lady C. Ah! yes; ah! that is very probable, for they do not belong to me. (embarrassed.) It is in fact merely a trifle which has been intrusted to my care, and it belongs to—

Cle. It belongs to whom?

Lady C. To—an intimate friend of mine—a former school-fellow—poor Matilda—poor girl—she married a gambler, and has commenced a suit for a separation, and in order to save her diamonds, she committed them to my care—there—that is what the mystery has been, and as it was not my own secret, but that of another, I am sure you will forgive my keeping it from you. But you do not seem well.

Cle. No! yes! I am very well, dat is to say—I am not very well—to-night I feel so melancholy—I don't know what is matter with me—ma chère—I don't want you to go to this ball to-night.

Lady C. Ah, Clermont! I must. You know it's not possible to release myself from it. The old count and countess are so anxious that I should be there, and you know they have been so kind to us.

Cle. Yes ; but you go there every Tuesday—can you not miss one ? Do oblige me—stay with me this evening.

Lady C. (looking at her watch.) What can I do ? it is already eight o'clock.

Cle. You cannot think how much I would give that you do not go away from me this evening—do stay—

Lady C. I wish I could.

Cle. Oh, yes ! you can—you will—I will be gay companion, I will tell you all about my travel, and the three long years that I worked hard in Italy for your sake—to make you mine—yes, three years—it is longer than one evening.

Lady C. Yes, you are right—I will remain—I will not leave you.

Cle. Ah ! you are so good.

Lady C. I will go into my room and write an excuse. (aside.) But what reason shall I give—ah ! no ; 'tis impossible ! I cannot stay with him.

[She pretends to enter her room, 3 E. L. H. ; the door of which she closes rather violently ; LOUISA comes out, and both steal out at the back of the stage, and exit.

Cle. That I should be such a stupid fool, to suspect her, and that booby Andrew, the great big numskulls. Andrew—Andrew !

Enter ANDREW, R. H.

And. Here I am, master.

Cle. Give me your hand—let us be gay and merry, we have good cause to rejoice—for you are a fool.

And. Well, I don't see why I ought to rejoice because I'm a fool—but how do you know I am ?

Cle. Yes ; you are for being jealous of Louise.

And. Surely I can believe my eyes.

Cle. No, no, not always—I tell you to make yourself easy—for you are a great big fool.

And. Well, that's a strange way of making myself easy.

Cle. Bah ! the diamonds, they don't belong to her—you were fool to think they could.

And. Oh ! its very easy to call me foolish—but you don't know what it is to be jealous.

Cle. (aside.) You don't know that—no, I don't know what it is to be jealous—you must not be jealous either. Come, you shall go to the opera this evening.

And. You don't say so ?

Cle. Yes ; Lady Charlotte does not go out to-night—she have changed her mind, she will stay at home with me, and I don't want you.

And. Well, now that will be a treat to me upon my word—I'll go and put on my new coat. Lor ! I han't got a moment to spare—it's past the time now—master I'll be home as soon as the hoperay is over. [Exit at back, singing.

Cle. He's mad—he don't know what he's about—poor fellow, his jealousy have turn his head. Sometimes I think it is contagious. But no ! I suspect my wife—no, no—it would be to doubt purity itself. [Exit, R. H.

Enter Mrs. PEEPER, L. H.

Mrs. P. There's something going wrong to-night! An elopement! as sure as my name's Peep! Dear me, who would have thought it (of all women in the world!) that Lady Charlotte would desert her poor blind husband! Ah! we mus'n't always judge people by what they seem to be. *She* who *seemed* to be so kind, and *seemed* to be so tender-hearted, and *seemed* to be so fond, and so devoted to her husband—and *seemed* especially to be so virtuous, to leave her husband, because he's poor, for such a dissipated fellow as Lord Welford!—'cause he's rich. Well, well, I think I ought to tell him at once, to let him know the real state of the case. But then how shall I break it to him, I am sure it will break his heart! I'm sure it will kill him—for I never *did* see a man so fond of a woman as he is of Lady Charlotte, in all my life, he fairly worships her! Oh! he does! he adores the very ground she treads on! and what an ungrateful creature she must be! But that's always the way. Now, if he was a good-for-nothing fellow, and treated her like a dog—I dare say she'd be so fond of him that she could eat him up.

(CLERMONT sings without, R. H.)

Ah! here he comes! poor fellow! always singing—always laughing! he little knows—I'll break it to him as gently as I can.

Enter CLERMONT, singing, R. H.

How do you find yourself this evening, Mr. Clermont?

Cle. Ah! Madame Peep, is that you?

Mrs. P. Yes, sir: how do you do to-night, sir?

Cle. Very well, madame, much oblige—I hope you also are very well.

Mrs. P. Why pretty middling, thank you—I thought I'd just step out to see if you wanted any thing.

Cle. Want any thing?—no, I want nothing.

Mrs. P. I didn't know but what you might—as all your family are gone out.

Cle. No, my wife was going out, but she change her mind—and now she stop at home.

Mrs. P. Ah! sir!

Cle. Eh?

Mrs. P. I'm afraid Lady Charlotte has deceived you.

Cle. What you mean, madame?

Mrs. P. Why sir, I mean to say, that not long since Lady Charlotte, and her maid with two bandboxes and a portmante, drove off in Lord Welford's travelling-carriage.

Cle. Never! it is de most impossible—Lady Charlotte is in her room.

Mrs. P. Oh no, sir, she isn't.

Cle. Yes, I tell you—go to de devil madame—it is infamous scandal to say such ting of my wife. Lady Charlotte! Lady Charlotte! Louise! [Goes into LADY CHARLOTTE's room, P. S.

Mrs. P. Poor fellow ! I feel so sorry for him ! I'll run and tell the ladies on the second floor—dear me ! dear me ! I knew it was an elopement—I hope it won't do me any harm in letting my lodgings—I wonder if I'd better wait here and try and find out something more—or run at once and tell my second floor lodgers—I think I'll go and tell the news to them, and then I can come again.

[Exit, n. n.

Enter CLERMONT.

Cle. (*he feels his way to an arm-chair and sits.*) Oui ! yes, she is gone ! ha ! ha ! she is gone ! ah ! je m'étoffe ! she was my only friend, and she have leave me alone in this desolate world —she have leave me dat was my light in de most black darkness —I don't care to be blind dat's noting. If every limb shall be disjoint, if every malady shall afflict me—if de most tormenting poverty shall overwhelm me, dat's noting, she was my riches—priceless jewel, that all de treasure of de world could never equal—I turn to her and kiss her gentle hand, and like de magic—like de electric spark my heart glitter wid de brilliant joy—ah Charlotte ! ma bonne amie ! ma bonne amie ! Yes, she is still my darling idol ! she have been so kind to me dat I cannot forget to love her always—and my last words shall be “God bless you Charlotte !” I know I am a burden to her, a burden to every one—and I will set her free. To the broken-hearted, death is beautiful. I will die now ! oh ! what relief. But de werld shall not accuse her ! no ! they will think it was despair—that I was weary of my life—and they will say—poor devil ! it was the best thing he could do ! yes, I will at once terminate a life which is insupportable—O Heaven ! if I commit a crime forgive me ! Heaven is just ! but Heaven is also merciful—I fly to death as my only relief, and I shall be pardoned, for I cannot help it.

Enter ANDREW, c. d., running.

And. Master, master, good news—good news—I saw her, I saw her, I saw her, tol de rol—tol de rol. (*sings and dances.*)

Cle. What's the matter ?

And. Yes—didn't they applaud her ?

Cle. Applaud who ?

And. Why Mamselle St. Ange.

Cle. St. Ange.

And. Oh ! here he comes, Lord Welford.

Enter LORD WELFORD, c. d.

Cle. What you mean by St. Ange and Lord Welford.

Wel. Clermont my dear friend.

Cle. Friend ! ha ! ha ! don't insult me milord ! the injury which you have inflict upon me, I can bear better than to be insulted.

Wel. Will you hear me speak ?

Cle. Yes—speak.

Wel. Formerly I may have been more assiduous in my at-

tentions to Lady Charlotte, than was compatible with the dignity of your honourable friend. I have ever regretted the circumstance, and what could man do more than I have done? "I have humbly asked your pardon!" Since then, however, I have endeavoured to make you further atonement; and no friend acts with more sincerity than one, who, feeling he has done an injury, is anxious to expiate it by every means in his power.

Cle. Expiate it! comment! can you collect the thousand fragments of a shattered mirror, join them together, and cement them so, that you may give the glass its pristine polish? and if you break my heart, will your sincere regrets and bitter penitence, expiate the offence.

Wei. Clermont, hear me; do not think me so ungenerous—to herself alone you are beholden, and she has preserved the many comforts which surround you by the exercise of her talents.

Cle. Milord! do not deceive me—do you say that my wife—that Lady Charlotte—

Wei. Has to-night become a candidate for public favour, and under the assumed name of St. Ange.

Cle. St. Ange!

And. Yes, that's the name she goes by on the stage; but I knew her. Oh! didn't I know her!—tol de lol—lord I never was so happy in all my life.

Wei. Her success has been triumphant. Here she comes, and will corroborate what I have told you.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE, elegantly dressed. She runs to CLERMONT, and throws her arms around his neck.

Lady C. Clermont!

Cle. Ma chère—what have you done?

Lady C. Oh, I am the happiest woman in the world! You, who have toiled so hard to give me luxuries, shall find that in my turn, I will devote my life to your contentment. By my constant labour, and mine's a labour I delight in, I shall be able to provide you, if not with luxuries, at least with every comfort, for I have found true friends and benefactors in the public. It was necessary, to render my attempt successful, to have the assistance of a sincere friend.

Cle. And in Lord Welford you have found that honourable friend.

Lady C. Most honourable!

Cle. Milord, I forgive you every thing—yes, I love all the world.

Lou. La! I'm so happy!

Cle. Louiss, come here. (shakes hands.) I am so happy! Andrew, mon brave garçon—come here and let me knock you down.

And. No, sir, don't knock.

Cle. (embracing ANDREW.) I am so happy—ma femme! ma femme! I am so happy!

[He is too much overcome to speak, he covers his face with both his hands. LADY CHARLOTTE puts her arm round his waist.]

Lady C. Nay, Clermont! you have reason to be happy! To be sure our afflictions have been heart-rending; but oftentimes a blessing comes disguised. Next month we will visit Berlin, where I am assured your sight will be restored; and were it restored this instant, would you regret your past affliction?

Cle. No, no; I don't regret it even now—I have a dearer treasure than my sight—mon amie oui! though I don't see with my eyes!—my heart sees!—my heart feels!—my heart is happy!

Lady C. And I shall be truly happy if our kind friends will still protect the ARTIST'S WIFE.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

ANDREW.
R.

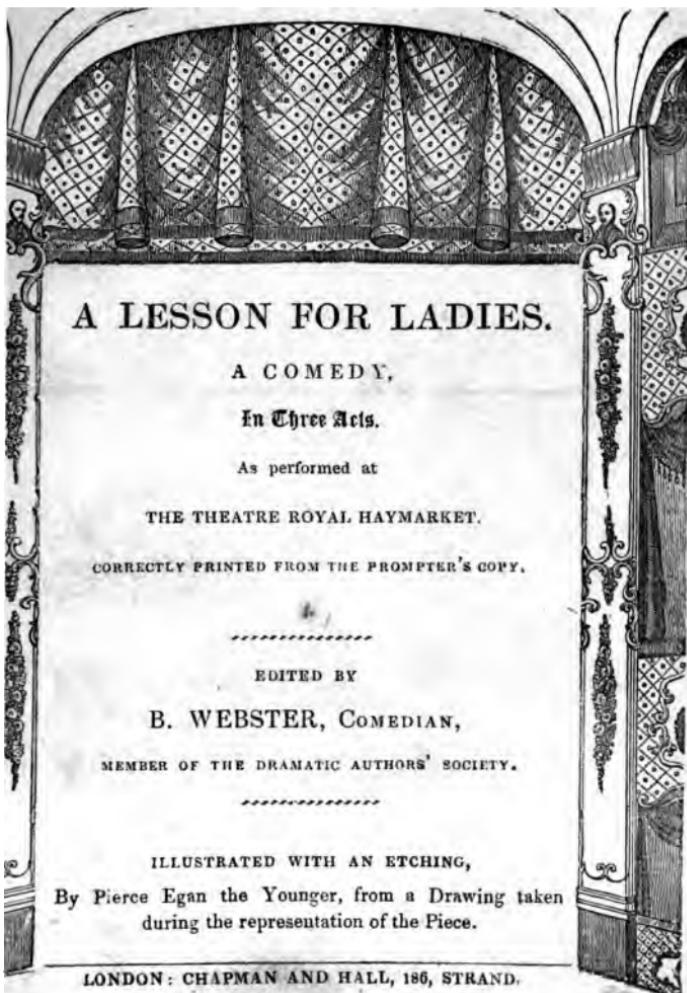
CLERMONT.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

LORD W.
L.

WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

Under the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.







A LESSON FOR LADIES.

A COMEDY,

In Three Acts.

BY J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A few of the *Sir Oracles* of the newspaper press have falsely stated that the following comedy is a translation of some French drama. Their reason for such an ill-mannered contradiction of the author's public declaration of its originality in the play-bill, was grounded upon the comedy being French in its manners, in the names of its characters, and in its allusions. As the scene is placed in France, what nation should its manners, its allusions, and its characters resemble? Surely not the Chinese or the Dutch. The intention of the author of "A Lesson for Ladies" is to present a comedy of intrigue and equivoque, and to portray, in the person of *Mademoiselle Delbieux*, the follies and dangers of a capricious and coquetish disposition. The audience highly relished the intrigue and the equivoque, and, from the loud applause that followed the appeal of the *Countess*, it may be concluded that the intended lesson had not been read in vain.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE AND COSTUME.

First performed September 5, 1838.

MONSIEUR ST. VAL. Salmon-coloured coat, trimmed with silver, loose yellow satin trunks, white stockings, rolled over the knee, high black shoes, with light blue bows, laced cravat, ruffles, hat and feathers, long curled black wig } Mr. LACY.

GIBOLETTE (*a country gentleman*). Green coat, trimmed with silver, yellow trunks, crimson silk waistcoat, high black boots, red striped stockings, rolled over the knee, black hat, pink feather, long curled brown wig } Mr. WEBSTER.

MATHIEU (*a peasant*). Oldfashioned blue waistcoat, worn open, with sleeves, broad green striped, long waistcoat, loose scarlet trunks, light blue stockings, russet shoes, copper buckles, old black three-cornered hat, with roses in it, blue gardener's apron, long flaxen wig } Mr. BUCKSTONE.

FRANCOIS, } (*servants of the Countess*). Rich oldfashioned blue liveries } Mr. CLARKE.

ANDRE } oldfashioned blue liveries } Mr. KERRIDGE.

DUBOIS. Oldfashioned red livery } Mr. GREEN.

COUNTESS DE CLAIRVILLE. Yellow satin dress, full sleeves, of the time of Louis the Fourteenth } Mrs. GLOVER.

MADEMOISELLE DELBIEUX. Pink em-bossed satin, ditto, ditto, long hair on the shoulders } Miss TAYLOR.

BARBARA (*her maid*). Dark brown body, crimson satin skirt, thrown back, displaying a white satin petticoat, the hair thrown back, small round hat, trimmed with pink ribbon, black shoes, with red heels } Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.

THERESA. Plain long-bodied full-skirted silk dress } Miss GALLOT.

Time of representation, one hour and a half.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

A LESSON FOR LADIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An elegant apartment in the country-house of the Countess de Clairville—A door at the back opening to a garden, chairs, tables, &c., a table with writing materials on the R. H.; the ornaments and furniture of the room of the time of Louis Quatorze; the stage covered with a magnificent carpet.*
At the rising of the curtain a bell heard ringing violently—FRANÇOIS and ANDRÉ enter meeting—FRANÇOIS from the back, ANDRÉ from the 1 E. R. H.

And. François! where is Therèse? this is the second time that Miss Delbieux has rung.

Fra. Then she must ring again. Therèse vows she will not attend to her—indeed, not a servant can remain in the house on account of ma'am'selle's caprice. If our mistress, the Countess, had not a little more thought for us than her daughter-in-law, they would soon have to wait on themselves.

Enter THERESE, L. H., hastily.

The. I never went near such a woman in my life—it's lucky there's a new maid coming to-day—I shall not continue another hour in the house—I did not hear her ring—besides, how can she expect me to attend to every thing; all the servants have left but myself and Louise.

Fra. We are following the example of Miss Delbieux's lovers—when I first came here, miss had eight or nine dying for her, but her treatment so wearied them, that they have dropped off one by one, and her only slave is now Monsieur St. Val.

The. Slave, indeed—if as a lover she so torments him, what will be his fate as a husband?

Fra. Poor man! one day she sends for him in haste, as if anxious to see him—when he arrives, he is ordered to depart immediately—now she assures him that her mother-in-law the Countess, will never allow her to marry him, merely to throw the gentleman into despair, and torment him.

The. And to-day, the unhappy swain is to be persuaded into the belief that the Countess forbids him the house—

Fra. Ha! ha! ha! for my part I am almost inclined to think that the Countess is herself in love with St. Val. (bell again.)

The. Miss Delbieux is ringing again; I suppose she must be

attended to, but, thank Heaven, it is the last day that I shall have to wait on such a fantastic lady.

[Exit, L. H.

Fra. When is the new femme-de-chambre expected?

And. This morning, I bear.

Fra. Indeed, and in a week she will be giving place to another, no doubt. Some one is at the gate.

And. (looking out at the back.) 'Tis Miss Delbieux's lover!

Enter SAINT VAL at the back.

St. V. François!

Fru. Monsieur?

St. V. Tell my coachman to return in an hour.

Fra. Yes, Monsieur. [Exit at the back.

St. V. Is Miss Delbieux stirring yet, André?

And. Yes, Monsieur! I will tell Therèse that you are here.

[Exit ANDRE, L. H.

St. V. What will be my reception this morning, shall I be met with a frown, or a smile? all depends upon accident. Alas! the chances are that I shall be received in the old fashion—with a most aggravating pettishness—then why do I love this woman? ah, there's the riddle! I first sought her for her fortune and endured her caprice—her coquetry—sometimes her insults—because I looked for my revenge in the excellent means that would be mine in marrying her—but, alas! the hound Love, hath linked himself to the cur Interest, and both are now so chasing my heart that let me resolve a hundred times a-day never to see her more, my every resolution is hunted down as soon as started. Hark! I hear a light footfall—the rustling of silk—the perfume of a well-disciplined toilette, heralds the lady of my love—and lo! she's here.

Enter Miss DELBIEUX, L. H.

Miss D. Provoking! every thing conspires to torment me—every thing is so contrary that I shall lose my wits. (pacing the stage without regarding St. Val.) Things animate and inanimate league to cross me—relatives—maids—the very pins in my cushion bend at my touch and become unmanageable—my mother-in-law too, to forbid the visits of Monsieur St. Val. Ah, Monsieur! I scarcely perceived you—though my last thought was of you.

St. V. Then am I indeed happy.

Miss D. Though I am terribly exasperated.

St. V. With me, ma'am'selle?

Miss D. No—with my mother-in-law.

St. V. Ah! I breathe again.

Miss D. Yes sir, and with you.

St. V. My offence?

Miss D. Disobedience.

St. V. The ancient sin of poor humanity.

Miss D. Disobedience to my command.

St. V. If I have committed that fault, I deserve to forfeit the elysium of your favour.

Miss D. My mother-in-law, the Countess, forbids you the house.

St. V. Is she so remorseless?

Miss D. 'Tis your own fault. I *implored* you if you wished to continue a welcome visiter here, you could only command access by a feigned attention to her—nay, I *commanded* you to appear to love her.

St. V. Your commands have been so well obeyed, that I am now alarmed at the fruits of my deceit, the Countess believes me sincere. Indeed, her every glance proves me to think rightly.

Miss D. To think what?

St. V. That I have made some impression on her heart.

Miss D. That she *loves* you.

St. V. Even so.

Miss D. Ha! ha! poor Countess—how delightful to imagine her torments when she discovers her mistake! Now, Saint Val, if you think a word of kindness from my lips still precious to you—if you regard my friendship—continue to court my mother-in-law.

St. V. Nay, there you puzzle me—how can my devotion to her obtain your hand?

Miss D. Your attentions will ever command a ready admittance here.

St. V. And when and how can I throw off the mask, and declare my hypocrisy to the countess.

Miss D. You a lover, and ask that question! continue, sir, to obey me, or dread my resentment.

St. V. Is it not ungenerous thus to trifle with her feelings.

Miss D. Is it not ungallant in a lover to question the will of his mistress? be obedient, sir, or I may call in the aid of another more devoted to me.

St. V. What! and that other I presume is Monsieur Gibolette.

Miss D. You are right, sir.

St. V. S'death! I hope you will not for a moment lead that man to think, that you at all regard him with favour.

Miss D. Those who are anxious to obey, and please me, will ever find me grateful. Silence! here is the Countess—to your duty.

Enter the COUNTESS DE CLAIRVILLE, R. H.

Cou. Ah, Monsieur St. Val! Good morning, I trust my delay in leaving my chamber has not caused you any impatience.

Miss D. (aside to St. Val.) Say something gallant.

St. V. I must ever feel impatient when the Countess de Clairville is absent.

Miss D. (aside.) Well said—well said.

Cou. (aside.) 'Tis clear that he loves me—his confusion—his manner betrays his passion.

Miss D. Excellent! she blushes and turns away.

St. V. (to Miss D.) This is insupportable.

Miss D. Proceed—proceed!

St. V. I don't know what to say.





A LESSON FOR LADIES.

A COMEDY,

In Three Acts.

BY J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

hour, I shall expect your final answer—I allow you so much time, that you shall decide upon nothing rashly. Remember to-morrow. The Countess de Clairville poor—or Julie rich. (*aside.*) Now I shall really put his love to the test. [Exit, n. n.

St. V. I could decide immediately—but Julie now thinks that I positively love her mother—and I know her temper so well that it will be many days before I can convince her to the contrary—whilst the Countess must have her reply to-morrow. Julie decidedly I should marry—the Countess decidedly not under any circumstances—but then I cannot comprehend the favour shown to that idiot, Gibolette—Julie may fancy him—for women are strange anomalies. They will tell you they despise a fool, and in the end marry one—I will watch them both—weigh the whole matter well in my mind, and to-morrow return to the Countess with my decision. [Exit at the back.

Miss D. (peeps on, L. n.) What? gone! gone without con-
triving to say one word to me in explanation. Oh! what wild
emotions rage in my breast, wounded pride, anger, jealousy.
Ah! am I jealous? no, no, I cannot, I will not be—yet why
this anxiety? why this feverish fear? This strong feeling of
despair, mingled with a thousand hopes—I am jealous—and to
be jealous, one must love—and alas, after all my caprice, all
my joys in the torments of others, do I find myself enduring
their pangs. I love St. Val. (*sobbing.*) I now feel that I do,
and but for the artful Countess we might have been happy, for
I think he once had a regard for me—but she has inveigled
him, and I am wretched.

(GIBOLETTE looks on at the back.)

Gib. Ma'am'selle, I have been waiting for you this half-hour
—when am I to have the honour of your company in a ride?

Miss D. (starting up.) How dare you sir, ask me that question? what could lead you to presume that I should ever con-
descend to be publicly seen in your society.

Gib. Eh? what? a short time since, miss, you said you
should be charmed in being taught to hunt—to leap the fence
—to sing a song of the chase.

Miss D. Begone! fool!

Gib. (*aside.*) Fool! well this is the oddest change.

Miss D. Do you not hear me?

Gib. Yes, miss—but—

Miss D. Do you not understand me?

Gib. Yes, miss, but—

Miss D. Then obey me, and begone.

Gib. Mad, by Jupiter!—I'll mount and away—oh these wo-
men, there's no knowing when you have 'em, half an hour since
I could have sworn that I was the man of her heart, and now—

Miss. D. François? (calling.)

FRANÇOIS enters at the back.

Turn this person out of the house.

Gib. François need not give himself the trouble, miss—I can

turn myself out without his assistance—mad, stark mad—I'll show my airs now, and feign an indifference.

[Exit humming a tune followed by FRANÇOIS at the back.

Miss D. I hope the fright did not observe my tears—what shall I do? I'll write to St. Val—shall I? I will—he shall have one opportunity of explaining, (sits at table.) Early tomorrow morning before the Countess is stirring, I must visit a relation in the neighbouring monastery. (she writes.) I will give him the chance to meet me on the road. Then from his own lips will I demand my fate—a servant shall attend me—she that I expect from Paris to day—(folding the letter,) it may miscarry if he neglects this last invitation I shall be convinced that he is false—who shall take it for me? none of the servants of the house can be trusted—that lad working in the grounds—his simplicity may be my safeguard, (retires up and beckons, then advances.) Yet where is my pride that I should condescend to write thus? no—no—I'll destroy the letter, and banish him for ever from my heart. (about to tear the letter as MATHIEU is heard singing at the back.)

Mat. Did you beckon me ma'amselle?

Miss D. Yes, boy—come hither—what is your name?

Mat. Mathieu.

Miss D. Who employs you on the grounds?

Mat. Pierre, the gardener.

Miss D. Your father lives near the château, I think?

Mat. Yes, ma'amselle.

Miss D. You are poor?

Mat. We work for our living miss, and they say everybody is poor, who does that?

Miss D. Can you be trusted?

Mat. Eh?

Miss D. Are you faithful to your employers?

Mat. All according to the wages, miss.

Miss D. I wish you to take this letter for me—and this crown—(giving money.)

Mat. Take 'em both miss, with pleasure.

Miss D. Can you be secret?

Mat. Anything you please, miss?

Miss D. You know the meaning of being secret?

Mat. Oh, yes—I saw Pierre the gardener plucking some peaches for his wife the other day—he told me not to say anything about it—and I didn't.

Miss D. But having told me, where is your secret?

Mat. Lord! ah! how stupid o' me.

Miss D. Now you must never breathe a word to a living soul where I have sent you.

Mat. That I won't, miss—because you haven't told me where I'm to go yet.

Miss D. To Monsieur St. Val—you know him.

Mat. St. Val—oh yes—the gentleman that I saw you talking to—I know him.

Miss D. And his house?

Mat. Yes—*(aside.)* Musn't say I don't know it, or she mayn't send me.

Miss D. Then away boy—bring me back a reply, and I may again reward you—*(going, L. H.)* Stay—do not hasten out of the grounds lest it be suspected you are on some errand—I will be watching for your return—be clever and I may be a friend to you.

[Exit, L. H.]

Mat. Something has come into my head, that makes me say to myself—Mathieu, you're in luck—make hay while the sun shines. If I am paid so well for taking this letter, it must be of some great consequence, and somebody may like to know all about it, as well as the gentleman that it is for. There's the Countess—who knows but she may give me more for looking at this letter, than the lady has paid me to take it—and if she does give me more, I think she will have a better right to look at it than any one else.

Enter the Countess, R. H.

Cou. François? *(calling.)*—Who are you, sir?

Mat. I'm a boy—Mathieu—Mr. Pierre's boy.

Cou. What do you want here?

Mat. I want you, ma'am.

Cou. Me.

Mat. Hush!

Cou. Sirrah!

Mat. Come here! *(beckoning the Countess.)*

Cou. Where can François be? This idiot must be sent from the house. François? *(calling.)*

Mat. Should you like to—like to look at a letter—

Cou. What do you mean, sir?

Mat. What I say, ma'am—should you like to look at a letter from your daughter to—to—

Cou. To whom?

Mat. Monsieur—monsieur—

Cou. St. Val?

Mat. Aye—that's he—

Cou. Come hither, my good boy—

Mat. Ha! ha!—I thought she should be glad to see it—

(FRANÇOIS appears at the back.)

Fra. Did you call, madam?

Mat. François—to turn me out of the house.

Cou. Presently—presently François. *[Exit FRANÇOIS.]*

Mat. Ha! ha! how to gain one's ends—always makes us take to people—very odd—

Cou. A letter from my daughter to St. Val!

Mat. *(producing the letter.)* Here it is, ma'am.

Cou. Now am I burning with curiosity to know the contents of that letter—could I read it—I might then learn if I have been duped—Mathieu—

Mat. Your ladyship.

Cou. I wish to look at that letter.

Mat. I know you do.

Cou. Give it me.

Mat. No.

Cou. You will trust it in my hands, surely.

Mat. No!

Cou. Are you so honest?

Mat. When it's worth the while.

Cou. How much has Miss Delbieux given you to go on this errand?

Mat. A crown.

Cou. Here are two. (*gives money.*)

Mat. There's the letter.

Cou. No name on it—shall I break the seal, why should I not do so? does not my duty to my daughter demand that I should; she may be carrying on a correspondence with St. Val—that even propriety may not sanction—she may—ah, how easy it is to find arguments to excuse a wrong—away with sophistry—I am *mean*, I am *curious*—I am *detestable*, for I must know the contents of this letter. (*breaking the seal.*)

Mat. Oh! what have you done?

Cou. Sirrah!

Mat. You opened it.

Cou. Be silent. (*she reads.*) "Meet me to-morrow before the Countess is stirring—wish to hear from your own lips whether you really love her—give you a last opportunity to explain—shall be on my way to the monastery." What can this mean? then there is some understanding between Miss Delbieux and St. Val—I must be at this meeting, and penetrate the mystery—I can imitate Julia's hand—St. Val's writing too is known to me—the time and place of the rendezvous shall be changed—the fountain in the park—there are places of concealment there, and I may be enabled to listen to their conversation—the time shall be to-night—(*she writes*)—sit down, boy—sit down.

Mat. (*sitting.*) I've money enough now to take some companions with me, have a glass on the road, and call about me like a gentleman.

Cou. (*folding letter.*) She has not directed her letter—I will be as prudent—boy—

Mat. Your ladyship.

Cou. Take this letter. (*giving him letter.*)

Mat. That's not my letter—that—

Cou. Do as I bid you, sir—bring me the gentleman's answer—mind you bring it to me—I will have a letter ready for you to give to Miss Delbieux—and mark—if you breathe a syllable of this matter to a living being, you shall be well punished—but do my bidding faithfully, and I'll again reward you.

Mat. I am always faithful to those who pay me best.

Cou. Away and be silent—you comprehend.

Mat. I should be a fool if I didn't. [Exit at back.

Cou. Oh! I'm in a maze of curiosity and anger—but I will grasp the thread that may conduct me out of the labyrinth—let the consequences be what they may. [Exit, R. H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the house of Monsieur Gibolette.*

Enter GIBOLETTE, L. H., reading a letter.

Gib. This is very strange ; the oftener I read it, the more I become perplexed. (looking at the letter.) "Wishes to hear from my own lips whether I really love the Countess." Perhaps she thought my call this morning was only to see the mother, and that may account for the singular alteration in miss's conduct to me. (reading.) "I give you a last opportunity to explain." Umph ! I certainly have behaved politely to the Countess now and then, but never went so far as to cause Miss Delbieux to be jealous. (reading.) "Meet me this evening close to the fountain in the park." Most undoubtely I will. This is the oddest change. But she loves me—I'm sure on't. (hums a tune.) How delighted she was to see me this morning—but then her ordering me to be turned out of the house immediately afterwards—surely no one has whispered of my unfortunate marriage—very like—yet as my wife and I do not live together, and as no one ever hears of her—and as I intend to be divorced, if Miss Delbieux *does* love me so violently, matters may be soon accommodated. Gad, it's worth the trial. My fortune wants repair. Miss is rich, and if she *has* discovered that I am married, a dear affectionate woman is always ready to make allowances.

Enter DUBOIS, L. H.

Dub. The boy who left the letter has called for the answer.

Gib. Let me see him.

A boy ! she has not sent a servant, then. A clever, spirited creature, and perfectly understands the art of intrigue.

Enter MATHIEU, L. H., singing, and rather tipsy.

Mat. Fal lal la, fal lal la, I've enjoyed myself to-day, if I never do so again.

Gib. You are the lad who brought this letter from Miss Delbieux ?

Mat. Yes, sir.

Gib. You have been stopping by the way, sirrah ?

Mat. Only to taste a glass with a few intimate friends.

Gib. You have brought me a very welcome message, or I should chastise you.

Mat. (aside.) I'm perfectly right, I see ; I forget the name, but I recollect I was told to give it to a gentleman who was talking to miss this morning. Yes, yes, I'm right—I saw you together—going to give her a horse, eh ?—a fine woman, sir.

Gib. Silence, boy, and attend to me. I'll not write, in case of accident ; write as few letters as possible in matters of intrigue. Is your memory good ?

Mat. None better, sir. Never saw you till this morning, and I know you again.

Gib. There's money for you. (*giving money.*)

Mat. Well, I never! Of all the trades give me a carrier of love-letters—people never care for expense then—it's only when they marry that they grow mean.

Gib. Haste back—say I feel flattered—

Mat. Feel flattered—

Gib. By the invitation—

Mat. Invitation—

Gib. And burn—

Mat. And burn—

Gib. With impatience for the moment when I can prove my gratitude—

Mat. Prove your gratitude—

Gib. And that I will be punctual. (*aside.*) Yes, yes, as she has been so cautious not to direct my letter, I'll be as cautious and not trust the affair to writing at all. Now, boy, away—the evening is advancing—you recollect—

Mat. Every word, sir—(*aside*)—for what I can't recollect I can easily invent. You're flattered—and burn—and you'll be punctual. You may trust to me, sir; your message will lose nothing by my carrying it.

Gib. Now to make ready for my appointment. [Exit, R. H.

Mat. And now for the ladies—shall have more money from both of them. Bless the love-letters—the best trade that I ever could have turned my hand to. Never will I touch a garden-spade again—as long as ladies and gentlemen continue to burn and feel flattered. [Exit, L. H.

SCENE II.—*Same as scene in 1st Act.*

Enter BARBARA, singing, at the back.

Bar. I can see no boy. I have been waiting at the gate this hour, singing all the love songs I can remember to pass away the time, and not a soul have I set eyes on. Bless me, how strange every thing and every body seems here. I have only arrived within three hours, and already I am Miss Delbieux's confidant—all her hopes and fears have been imparted to me—by which I am to understand that she is in love with a gentleman whom she suspects deceives her—that she has appointed to meet him to-morrow morning, and that I am to be in attendance to see that all the rules of propriety are duly observed.

Enter MISS DELBIEUX, L. H.

Miss D. Well, what is your name?

Bar. Barbara.

Miss D. Barbara, has the boy returned?

Bar. Can't catch a glimpse of him yet, miss.

Miss D. Look out again, and be sure that you bring him directly to my apartment, and as privately as possible.

Bar. Now for another hour at the gate, I suppose. They should have given me the porter's situation at once, and then I should have known my duty. [Exit at the back.

Miss D. What can have detained the boy so long? Perhaps St. Val is from home. What a tremour I have been in since I sent that letter. My pride says 'twas wrong—my love declares 'twas right—and my conscience tells me that I deserve all the consequences of their dispute; but 'tis done, and there's an end on't.

The Countess enters, R. H.

Cou. What can have detained the boy? Ah! Julie here. (aside.)

Miss D. (aside.) The Countess! If Barbara should bring the lad in at this moment, what could I say? I must get her out of the room.

Cou. Well, Julie?

Miss D. Well, mother-in-law.

Cou. Will you do me a kindness?

Miss D. What is it?

Cou. Will you ride to the village for me immediately—you will scarcely take ten minutes preparing—and ask the postmaster if the letters from Paris will arrive to-night?

Miss D. Is that all you require, Countess? Surely a servant might perform such a kindness.

Cou. They are all occupied, and I am impatient.

Miss D. Why not go yourself?

Cou. In truth, I am too indolent.

Miss D. To be equally candid, so am I.

Cou. You will not oblige me?

Miss D. Will you oblige me?

Cou. In what way?

Miss D. By going yourself.

Cou. I am not well enough.

Miss D. I am sure I am not. I am alarmingly ill. The heat—the—without jesting, I am faint—very—very faint—your scents, Countess?

Cou. I have left them in my chamber.

Miss D. (sinking in a chair.) Pray fetch them—my eyesight fails me—the room whirls round. Oh! oh! I shall die.

Cou. My dear, are you really ill?

Miss D. Cruel! Can't you see I am? Oh! oh!

Cou. She is ill, and I must run to my room.

(BARBARA heard at the back.)

Bar. Come along, sir; come along.

Miss D. (starting up.) Ah! he's here! What's to be done? I am ill. (falling again in her chair.)

Cou. It was a trick! her illness was a trick! The boy is here! How shall I act? Go to your room, dear, as you are ill, and I will come to you.

Miss D. No, no, I have not strength. Your scents, or I shall die—I shall die, I tell you.

Enter **BARBARA** at the back with **MATHIEU**; she is running on with the boy when she sees the **COUNTESS**; she utters a shriek.

Bar. Oh, dear—the Countess!

[**BARBARA** and **MATHIEU** stand in the centre, the **COUNTESS** on the R. H., **MISS DELBIEUX** on the L., both endeavouring to assume composure.

Cou. Heyday! what boy is that?

Mat. Lord, ma'am, don't you know?

Cou. Hush! (making a sign of silence to him.)

Miss D. Barbara, why have you brought that boy in here?

Bar. Why, miss, I—I—

Cou. Speak, Barbara.

Bar. Because—he—he's my cousin.

Mat. You my cousin—no, no.

Bar. Yes, yes.

Mat. No, no; all my cousins are boys. Yet, stay. Uncle Oliver had a daughter once.

Bar. To be sure.

Mat. Then you are—

Bar. Yes, I am.

Mat. Then how d'ye do, cousin?

Bar. Silence! Who would have thought of meeting one's cousin here—so glad to see you, cousin.

Miss D. As Barbara seems so delighted at meeting her relation, we had better leave them together.

Cou. Certainly, as they must have some little matters to talk of that they cannot allude to before strangers.

Miss D. Yea, yes; and very natural.

Cou. Very!

Miss D. And as you are going to your room immediately will you be so kind as to search for that old volume of the Troubadours that you promised me the other day?

Cou. I will, dear, it shall be sent to your apartment the moment I find it.

Miss D. Are you going now?

Cou. Directly I have found a memorandum that I left somewhere on this table—dear—dear—where can it be? (affecting to search the R. H. table.)

Miss D. I am safe in trusting him with Barbara. (aside to **BARBARA**.) Bring him to me the moment the countess quits the room.

[Exit **MISS DELBIEUX**, L.]

Bar. May I take my cousin to the servant's room, my lady? he is no doubt thirsty or hungry, indeed he must be after his journey.

Mat. Ah! no—not at all. I've had everything I wanted on the road.

Cou. Don't press your cousin against his will, hark!

Bar. What, madam?

Cou. I surely heard **Miss Delbieux** calling you.

Bar. No madam—I think you mistake—I didn't hear her—and I've great faith in my ears—never deceived me yet ma'am.

Cou. Now I look again at your cousin—he certainly does seem tired and faint.

Mat. Oh no, madam—I—

Cou. You are, sir—and you would like a tankard of wine.

Mat. If you will make me take it. I shan't say nay.

Cou. Go to André—Barbara, and ask him to bring your cousin some refreshment.

Bar. I don't think he wants any, madam.

Mat. You said I did just now.

Bar. I've altered my opinion.

Mat. Now I have altered my opinion and think a little wine would refresh me wonderfully.

Cou. Get your cousin some refreshment instantly, Barbara—you must perceive how faint he is.

Mat. You must perceive how faint I am. The worst cousin, madam, I ever had.

[*MISS DELBIEUX runs on, l. h. The Countess on perceiving her immediately resumes searching the table.*

Miss D. Still here! how provoking! why do you keep your cousin here Barbara, don't you perceive the Countess is present?

Bar. I wish to take him away, miss, but the Countess won't allow it.

Cou. (at the table.) Let the poor boy remain here if he pleases—we should always consider the comforts of those beneath us—where can I have placed that memorandum?

MISS DELBIEUX runs to MATHIEU, and whispers to him.

Miss D. The reply—the letter.

Mat. (shakes his head.)

Miss D. No letter!

Mat. No!

Miss D. No reply?

Mat. No!

Miss D. Did you see him?

Mat. Yes.

Miss D. And no reply! base unfeeling man! insult added to deceit—oh! my heart will burst! I—I—shall go mad! (*she bursts into tears and rushes off, l. h.*)

Bar. She's gone to her room in tears—what can that mean?

(*MISS DELBIEUX's bell is heard ringing violently.*)

Cou. There—there—she rings for you, Barbara—something has happened, go—go.

Bar. Coming, my lady—coming.

[*BARBARA runs off, l. h.; the Countess immediately seizes MATHIEU by the arm and drags him off r. h.; BARBARA immediately re-enters.*

Bar. Help! Miss Delbieux is in hysterics, help! where are the servants? help!

FRANÇOIS, ANDRÉ, and THERESE, rush on at the back.

Run to Miss Delbieux—she is ill—

(*The SERVANTS run off, l. h.*)

Where is the boy? Gone! To ask a gentleman to meet one, and receive no answer! If a man were to treat me in such a manner I'd assassinate him.

(MATHIKU peeps on, R. H.)

Mat. Ma'amselle!

Bar. Oh, there you are, sir. Come hither. Is it possible that you have brought no answer whatever to my lady's note?

Mat. Lord bless you! yes.

Bar. You have! Why did you tell Miss Delbieux that you had not?

Mat. I shook my head, and said "No;" but that was to mean that I couldn't give it before the Countess.

Bar. Give what?

Mat. This letter. (producing a letter.)

Bar. A letter, too. (calling, L. H.) Come back all of you; my mistress is better now.

Mat. But, cousin—

Bar. Don't talk about family matters at this moment, but come to mistress. Come sir, come.

[Exit, dragging off MATHIKU.

The COUNTESS re-enters, R. H.

Cou. Ha! ha! ha! my plan is succeeding admirably—Julie will read the letter that I have written, changing the time and place of meeting. The evening is advancing—I must to my post, and select the best situation to watch and listen.

[Exit at the back.

SCENE III.—An apartment.

Enter BARBARA, followed by MATHIEU, R. H.

Bar. You are a good lad, you have done your task admirably, and here is your promised additional reward for your cleverness. (gives money).

Mat. More money! (aside.) Money twice from miss—money twice from the Countess—money from the gentleman—the finest trade going—if ever I am a family man, all my boys shall be brought up to it.

Bar. Away with you—you are done with now.

Mat. (crossing to L. H.) You'll want me again to-morrow I hope?

Bar. No doubt of it.

Mat. Talk of gold-mines! give me impatient ladies and gentlemen in love. There is more money to be got out of tender hearts than any part of the bowels of the earth. [Exit, L. H.

Enter Miss DELBIEUX, R. H., a letter in her hand.

Miss D. Barbara, you must go with me to the fountain in the park. St. Val has changed the time and place of meeting. His impatience, he writes, will not permit him to close his eyes till he has again seen me. Stay—will it not be dark in half an hour?

Bar. Hush! I hear the rustling of a foot amongst the leaves!
(coughs.)

(*GIBOLETTE coughs without.*)

Bar. (running to *MISS DELBIEUX*.) 'Tis he, miss—I coughed and *he* sympathized—hush! hem! (*she coughs again.*) That is to let him know where we are—now, miss, remain you here—propriety forbids that you should be nearer to a lover—especially one that you are not certain of—at an hour like this.

GIBOLETTE enters, L. H. U. E.

Gib. I thought I heard voices—if my lady has not come alone—I shall turn spiteful—eh—who's there? a female form—ha! ha! my happy moment has at length arrived—hem!

Bar. Hem! (coughs and crosses to *GIBOLETTE* who seizes her hand and kisses it.)

Gib. Loveliest of women, let me thank you for this kindness.

Bar. You are wrong, sir, I am not the loveliest of women—*passable* I know, but nothing more.

Gib. Eb! who the deuce are you?

Bar. Miss Delbieux's new maid.

Gib. My meeting is with the mistress, not the maid.

Bar. I know that, sir.

Gib. Then where is the lady?

Bar. Close at hand, sir.

Gib. Take me to her.

Bar. Stay where you are, sir.

Gib. You will bring her to me.

Bar. No, sir.

Gib. How?

Bar. I shall not allow you to be nearer to her than you are already—I am a female of discretion, sir—in this matter my mistress is entirely under my control.

Gib. Your mistress may be—but I am not, my dear. (*endeavouring to pass her.*)

Bar. (*seizing him.*) If you advance another step—I'll scream out murder—my mistress will run away, and I shall denounce you as a robber.

Gib. What am I to do then?

Bar. Sit here very quietly. (*forcing him into the L. H. seat.*)

Gib. So like an unruly boy I am to sit here on my good behaviour.

Bar. (running to *MISS DELBIEUX*.) Now, madam, what shall I say?

Miss D. Tell him that his conduct has made me very unhappy that after the marks of kindness I have shown him I was not prepared for such hypocrisy.

Bar. You have made my mistress very unhappy—and she says you're a hypocrite.

Gib. (*aside.*) Bless me—she surely must have heard that I am a married man—perhaps wishes me to own it—I'll first understand what she means. (*to BARBARA.*) What does she want?

Bar. (running to Miss DELBIEUX.) What do you think, miss ?
Miss D. Tell him that I allude to his *love*—(I *will* say his *love*, and come to the point at once)—his *love* for the Countess.

Bar. (running to GIBOLETTE.) Miss alludes to your *love* for the Countess.

Gib. *Love* for the Countess ! I *love* that old coquette ! Tell her that she mistakes ; that in my opinion the only charm the Countess possesses is being mother-in-law to the loveliest woman in the world. (*aside.*) That's well spoken, I think.

Bar. (to Miss D.) He calls the Countess an old coquette, and declares that in being mother-in-law to the loveliest woman in the world is her only charm.

Miss D. Ha ! ha ! poor Countess ! Ask him if he will dare say as much in her presence ?

[As BARBARA turns to GIBOLETTE, the COUNTESS opens the door of her hiding-place.

Cou. Ungenerous hypocrite !

[The COUNTESS closes the door again.

Bar. (to GIBOLETTE.) Will you say as much in the presence of the Countess ?

Gib. As much ! ay, and more—at any time and in any place she pleases. And tell my sweet love that these moments are precious ; and though her delicacy at keeping me at this proper distance is much to be praised, yet I am getting very tired of my situation.

Bar. Be patient, my good sir, and perhaps I may allow you to approach presently.

Gib. Take her a kiss for me at any rate. (*offering to kiss BARBARA.*)

Bar. Oh, fie ! he's done, do. If my mistress were to hear you—

Gib. She would send you away, and come to me herself. (*struggles with BARBARA.*)

Miss D. Barbara ! (*calling.*)

Bar. There ! upon my life you will get me into disgrace. Sit down.

[Throws GIBOLETTE into the chair, and runs to Miss DELBIEUX.

Miss D. Why were you so long, Barbara ?

Bar. The poor gentleman is so affected he can scarcely speak. Your doubts wound his tender heart. He says he will say any thing in the presence of the Countess to prove that you suspect him unjustly, for he is very tired of his situation.

Miss D. Weary of the restraint I have placed upon him in compelling him to pay his court to my mother-in-law. But, alas ! that command was made before I knew the state of my heart towards him.

[BARBARA is going ; MISS DELBIEUX stops her. Stay, stay, you must not tell him that. Say that I do not believe his affected indifference for the Countess, nor can I forget that

of which I have been a witness; and, till it is well explained away, I must continue to believe that he is under some secret engagement.

Bar. (*running to GIBOLETTE.*) Miss must believe that you are under a secret engagement till you can explain away events to which she has been a witness.

Gib. (*aside.*) Oho! I understand—she means my secret marriage. Some one, then, has been speaking of it. I had better be candid, and tell her the worst.

Bar. Well, sir, your answer.

Gib. A moment, my dear.

Bar. He's puzzled and agitated—very suspicious—

Gib. Say that I do not deny that I am under engagements—but I can so arrange that they shall never interrupt our happiness—indeed, she shall never hear of them again.

Bar. (*to Miss DELBIEUX.*) He admits being under secret engagements, but promises that you shall never hear of them again.

Miss D. A wretch! then my suspicions have been well grounded—he has deceived me—but I will know all—tell him so, Barbara—tell him to confess at once, that I will know all, that I will understand his meaning of *secret engagements*.

Bar. Better let me send him about his business, miss; I begin to suspect he is a great monster—and unworthy of your notice.

Miss D. First obey me—I will know all.

Bar. (*to GIBOLETTE.*) Sir, you must not conceal one circumstance—your fate I perceive entirely depends on a full confession.

Gib. (*aside.*) I comprehend all now—after her joy at seeing me this morning, some one must have told her of my marriage—let me speak to Miss myself—I can better explain.

Bar. No, sir, you are not to stir till every thing is known.

Gib. Well, then, tell her I am very sorry, but I can, if she pleases, get divorced.

Bar. Divorced! what do I hear?

Gib. We are married—but—

Bar. Oh, heavens!

Gib. Listen to me.

Bar. Not another word—you have said quite enough—remain there, villain—do not stir—my mistress and I are both armed & I must frighten him I see.

Gib. Armed! I shall get murdered!

Bar. Oh, miss, my suspicions are confirmed, what do you think? They are married.

Miss D. (*falling back in her seat.*) Married! I guessed as much! and you dare, sir, to make your addresses to me.

[*Advancing to the centre, BARBARA keeping GIBOLETTE from approaching.*]

I desire no further intercourse with you—'tis a pity but you had made your confession earlier—we had then been spared this

fruitless meeting, farewell, sir, for ever—I wish you every happiness—you have wounded me severely—but never dare to approach me again—come, Barbara.

[Exit, L. H. U. E.

(*GIBOLETTE is about to follow, BARBARA stops him.*)

Bar. Remain where you are—we have done with you for ever—how fortunate I kept the fellow at a proper distance!—I blush for you, sir; were it not so dark, you would see how crimson I am, go to your wife, go.

[Exit, L. H. U. E.

Gib. This is the effect of being candid with the women. They tease and torment you to know the worst—and should you be honourable enough to confess, a tragedy follows—which way have they gone? Had I stoutly denied it now—all would have been well—which way have they gone? I'll after them at all events.

[Exit, L. H. U. E.

The Countess opens the door, and comes from her hiding-place.

Cou. I am perfectly bewildered—I am more lost in the labyrinth than ever. Saint Val married—and dare to address me! can I believe my ears? To what have I listened!—an insolent remark upon myself, and in the end, to hear that the man to whom I have acted so generously is secretly married—I heard Julie's voice in anger—her resentment is to be praised—mine let him tremble at. That he is yet to meet—who could have supposed so much deceit could live in the heart of man?—No wonder he this morning implored my pardon—this was the confession he was about to make—how will he meet me to-morrow morning when he is to come to me with his reply? what new deception will he practise? Well, well, I shall be prepared to receive him—now my mind is at peace again—I feel justified in the meanness to which I have had recourse—for my discovery has saved my daughter. Oh, man, man! henceforth my heart and my doors shall be barred against your whole deceitful, hypocritical sex.

Re-enter GIBOLETTE, L. H. U. E.

Gib. Stole away, by Jupiter! The quandary I am in is extremely perplexing. The woman loves me, that's clear—or she would not have been so violent—what's to be done? I have it—my wife is in Paris—no one has seen her—I'll instantly set about getting my divorce—call on Miss Delbieux in the morning, and tell her it is all a jest, that I said I was married, only to try her love for me—'gad, a clever thought—now that I am fairly warm'd in the hunt, if I don't run my game down in the end—may I be flung at my next leap.

[Exit, L. H.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—(*Same as the 1st Act.*)*The Countess discovered at breakfast, reading.*

Cou. (*throwing down her book.*) I cannot read, I endeavour to fix my attention in vain; the perfidy of St. Val occupies all my thoughts—I strive to banish him from my mind, and look for comfort in my timely discovery. In the anger of Julie, and the entire defeat of the heartless libertine—that he should be married! The word “divorce,” was surely uttered; did he intend to put away his wife, and marry Julie? Most certainly! But why were his attentions at first directed to me? I perceive it all—he has affected to love us both, in the hope of securing one victim—that if he failed with the daughter, the mother might become a sacrifice, and thinking us both rich, he looked to repair his fortune by a connexion here—Julie having discarded him, will his audacity lead him to turn again to me? Time will show!

*Enter FRANÇOIS, at the back.**Fra.* Monsieur St. Val, my lady.

Cou. (*rising.*) Indeed? Now am I in a labyrinth of wonder—at the persevering impudence and well-sustained hypocrisy of this man—who but he—so discovered, so self-convicted would dare to brave another visit here? I will now be a dissembler, and curiously watch how far human deceit can go. Permit the gentleman to enter.

[*FRANÇOIS goes off; the Countess resumes her seat and book, with great composure.*

*St. VAL enters gaily at the back.**St. V.* Ah! my dear Countess!*Cou.* Well, St. Val.

St. V. You look charming this morning—the very incarnation of matured beauty.

Cou. (*aside.*) And you of matured hypocrisy.

St. V. Excuse me, dear Countess—if my vivacity runs away with my prudence, but the morning is so delightful, the sun so bright, the birds too, are singing with such glee, as if in sympathy with my lightness of heart, that were I not here on a matter of vast importance to my happiness, I should be tempted to fall at your feet, or into your arms, for pure joy and admiration.

Cou. Well, sir, have you considered my proposal?

St. V. Yes, dear madam, and my heart is overflowing with gratitude one moment, and remorse the next.

Cou. (*aside.*) Is he about to make a confession! Gratitude do you say?

St. V. Yes, madam, for your surpassing generosity in put-

ting aside all selfish feeling, and regarding only the comfort of your daughter—

Cou. And your remorse, what may be the cause of that?

St. V. Forbear to urge me on that matter at this moment, I pray you. It were best that I see Julie before I confess to an act of hypocrisy, of which I almost blush to think while standing before you.

Cou. (aside.) The man's easy assurance is admirable—I could laugh heartily were I not so greatly offended. Well, proceed with your gratitude before we touch upon your remorse: you say that you have considered my proposal; have you taken your resolution?—if so, pray let me hear it at once, as my impatience can only be equalled by your boasted gratitude.

St. V. Well, madam, I have no hesitation in telling you, spite of appearances, I am an utter foe to deceit.

Cou. Though you may occasionally fight under its banners.

St. V. Only to return to those of truth, with greater zeal.

Cou. Then I may presume that you now are loyal?

St. V. To the death, madam.—The truth is—that—I—I—I find that I have a sufficient affection for Miss Delbieux to warrant my marrying her—and should I be so happy as to receive her from your hand let her be given as a lasting pledge of your friendship and esteem.

Cou. That is to say, in spite of your love for me, you have no objection to oblige me by marrying Julie—if she will have you; I say if she will have you.

St. V. Certainly—if she will have me...

Cou. And if she will not, you are sufficiently accommodating to turn again to me.

S. V. You mistake me a little, madame.

Cou. Be silent, sir—I can no longer control my indignation.—In this affair the mother must look only to her duty—I have been informed, sir, now don't look so hypocritically demure, St. Val, or I'll slap your face—your cold-blooded deceit makes me burn with fury.

St. V. I have been a wretch, I confess.

Cou. A wretch—a villain!

St. V. As you please, madam.

Cou. Then what I have heard is true.

St. V. That unhappy command of Julie's, that I should feign a love for the Countess. (aside.)

Cou. You are silent and it is true.

St. V. Yes, madam.

Cou. Then, sir, how dare you again venture within these doors?

St. V. In the hope to gain your pardon.

Cou. You then consider it a mere venal offence.

St. V. Do you look upon it as a greater one, madam?

Cou. I regard you, sir, as the next criminal to a murderer.

St. V. I may have wounded your heart, madam, but I hope you will survive the hurt.

Cou. Incorrigible being, I can no longer stoop to parley with you—away.

St. V. Your pardon Countess—I confess that—I—I—

Cou. You may well hesitate—go to your wife, sir.

St. V. I will when I am married, madam.

Cou. When! You are married.

St. V. What?

Cou. Privately married!

St. V. Privately married! ha! ha! ha! Privately married—are you in earnest?

Cou. Earnest! look me in the face, sir—calmly, steadily—do you perceive any other expression in my eyes than resentment?—look, sir.

St. V. Well, madam—I do. (*gazing at her.*)

Cou. (*laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! your consummate acting makes me laugh in spite of my anger—ha! ha!—(*falls laughing into her chair.*)

St. V. If you are not jesting, madam, allow me to say, that whoever gave you such information is an impostor, name them that they may be punished as they deserve.

Cou. (*rises.*) Your assurance is bravely carried, but Julie is to be praised for discarding with scorn one who persists so audaciously in a *lie*.

St. V. A Lie! for heaven's sake, madam, let us understand one another,—and do not persist in thus tormenting me. What is it you mean by saying, that I am married? what leads you to suppose that Julie has discarded me with scorn? Pardon my rudeness, but I must say, there is not one word of truth in all that you have uttered.

Cou. You dare maintain that you are *not* married.

St. V. I do, madam.

Cou. Well then, sir, (*aside.*) Stop—stop—I cannot tell him by what means I made my discovery—no—no—I—I learnt it through my daughter.

St. V. Miss Delbieux could never have invented such a falsehood. I understand you, madam, you have planned this charge as an excuse for breaking your word with me. If you repent having led me to believe that I should be your son-in-law, say so openly, madam, and I will take my leave.

Cou. You provoke me beyond measure. Know then, sir,—since you force me to own it, that I last night witnessed your conversation with my daughter in the park, will you deny that she wrote to you? that you agreed to meet her there,—that you spoke of me most disrepectfully—will you deny too owning your marriage? Ah now, I at length see the blush of shame and confusion mantling your cheeks. Away, sir,—strive not to evade my proofs—you are discovered, convicted, and condemned. *

St. V. Madam!

Cou. Sir!

St. V. Either I am run mad, or you are out of your senses Any body but myself would lose all patience with you. I receive

a letter ! Julie meet me in the park ! you dream, madam, you dream,—you have walked from your chamber, and are still sleeping.

Cou. My eyes are open to your villainy.

St. V. Dear madam, awake, this is somnambulism—your wildness alarms me—let me call for help.

Cou. Away, sir—(starting up)—or my servants shall chastise you—hypocrite, monster that you are !

St. V. (falling in a chair.)—Then I must be dreaming.

Cou. I'll call the servants to turn you out, by my faith I will.

Miss DELBIEUX enters, l. H.

Miss D. (aside.) Oho ! the man and wife are quarrelling—I am sorry to interrupt the conjugal tempest.

Cou. Ah, Julie, you are come at an apt moment.

Miss D. Excuse me, Countess, I do not wish to interfere—it is not pleasant to witness such *peculiar* dissensions—prudence commands that we should ever remain neuter in such matters.

St. V. (rising.) I am overjoyed that you are here Miss Delbieux. The Countess is carrying on an excellent jest —ha ! ha ! ha ! but you, my dear Miss Delbieux—(taking her hand)—

Miss D. (aside to him.) Don't touch me, sir.

St. V. (aside to her.) Agsin angry !

Miss D. Angry ! wretch ! (aside to him.)

St. V. What is the matter with the women ? Come, come, let us put aside all ill humour, and proceed calmly to come at a truth. Ha ! ha ! 'tis indeed laughable to think of—your mother has been striving to persuade me that you wrote to me—that I last night met you in the park—and other fancies of the same nature.

Miss D. (aside.) Have I been discovered !

St. V. Now, Julie, you can best decide the truth of the charge—I have endeavoured to assure her of its fallacy in vain.

Miss D. Who can have betrayed me ? surely not Barbara.

Cou. (aside.) Answer, miss—she is confused, I am glad you are not such an adept in hypocrisy as your lover.

St. V. Now, Julie, did I meet you last night ? I have said that I did not.

Miss D. (aside.) Then I must say so too, he is right not to confess it.

Cou. Come, Julie, we wait your answer.

Miss D. St. Val, met me last night ? Mother, what has come to you ?

St. V. That's what puzzles me.

Cou. Do you deny it too ?

Miss D. By what right, madam, do you dare to suspect me of such an imprudence ?

St. V. I did not meet you.

Miss D. Meet me, sir ! Think you that I should allow it ? (aside.) I must second him.

St. V. And the Countess must be dreaming ?

Miss D. Dreaming ! She is insane.

St. V. That I should meet you last night—a likely matter ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Miss D. So at variance with propriety. Ha ! ha ! ha !

St. V. And common sense. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*The Countess rises in a passion, crosses to Miss DELBIEUX, and boxes her ears.*]

Cou. There, miss—that is for lying.

Miss D. To be struck ! to be degraded in this manner—and for what ? Oh, if you were not my senior you should repent this bitterly. To be struck, because I am a victim to a base suspicion—I can't bear it—and I won't—I won't.

[*Miss DELBIEUX falls, crying with rage, into a chair ; the Countess turns to St. Val.*]

Cou. As for you, sir, I shall not condescend to exchange another word with you.

St. V. Well, madam, it is now my turn to express indignation—the charges you have brought against me are utterly devoid of truth, and believe me, it will be long ere I again subject myself to this treatment.

[*Going to Miss DELBIEUX, and speaking to her tenderly. Julie—farewell.*]

Miss D. (aside.) Away, villain !

St. V. Villain ! for what ? what have I done ?

Miss D. (starting up.) Leave me, sir; you know my reasons for addressing you thus, I wonder at your impertinence in daring to speak to me again—begone !

St. V. If two women never lost their senses at the same moment, before—here is at length a melancholy instance—you act wisely no doubt, 'tis a plot to rid yourselves of my company—I own its success, and wish you both a good Morrow, with a speedy return to sanity. Ladies ! addio ! addio !

[*The Countess and Miss DELBIEUX curtsey with profound disdain.*]

Both. Addio, sir !

St. V. (rushing out.) Mad, past cure !

Cou. Well, Julie, you and St. Val seem perfectly to understand each other—you backed him bravely in his falsehood. Oh ! shame upon you, that two persons should so wickedly persist in an untruth, makes me shudder—but you cannot be so hardened, now we are alone, as to declare that you were not last night in the park with St. Val—you cannot deny what I myself saw and heard.

Miss D. (aside.) Saw and heard ! Well, then, madam, I will dissemble no longer. I was there with St. Val.

Cou. I know it, for I watched you, and listened to you.

Miss D. Then you must have heard how I repulsed him when he confessed his marriage ; and, believe me, had I known that

he had so deceived me, I should never have gone to such a meeting—that, I trust, you will give me credit for.

Cou. But when you knew that his attentions were directed to me, why did you strive to estrange them?

Miss D. Pray, madam, ask me no more questions; I am sufficiently punished for any hypocrisy I may have been guilty of. I hope you will believe me when I say that I shall think of him no more.

Cou. Of course not; the man is married and there's an end of him. If any one ought to be wretched, I think it should be myself, for having been the first to encourage so base a creature. His motives for continuing to follow you must have been atrocious. Forget him, forget him Julie; and believe me, when you know more of this affair, you will sink on your knees before me, and call down blessings on my head for your preservation.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Miss D. If a spirit had risen from the tomb to tell me that St. Val were such a wretch, I should have given it the lie. What an idiot have I been, to think that, when teaching him to deceive the Countess—that when by my commands, and to humour a mad caprice, I made him pay his court to her, that all the while they should have been married! Oh! how can I be revenged?

Enter FRANÇOIS at the back.

Fra. Monsieur Gibolette wishes to pay his respects.

Miss D. A fright! Tell him I am still in my room. Yet, stay; may I not make him an instrument of my vengeance? Admit him.

[*Exit FRANÇOIS.*]

Miss D. How can I gratify my spite against St. Val? That he still *loves* me I no more believe—then if he regards me with indifference I am powerless—no coquetry can wound him now. Alas! alas! how have I been punished!

Enter GIBOLETTE at the back.

Gib. Good morning, ma'am'selle.

Miss D. Good morning, sir.

Gib. Find yourself none the worse this morning, I hope, though I think I can see by your eyes that you have been crying.

Miss D. If I have, sir, it is not for you to notice it.

Gib. That may be, miss; and believe me I am very sorry that you should ever have had reason to weep; and, if I have been the cause of your uneasiness, I am willing to make any reparation in my power.

Miss D. You the cause! Oh dear no, sir.

Gib. (aside.) It's very well for her to say so—of course she won't confess it to me. You are surprised, no doubt, miss, to see me here again, after what has happened?

Miss D. I have behaved somewhat rude to you, I admit; but circumstances have strangely altered since then.

Gib. (aside.) I have so managed that no one shall ever hear of my wife again—so I can safely say I was in jest. Matters are not so much altered as you suppose, miss; and as for the marriage—

Miss D. Well, sir, what of it?

Gib. Upon my soul it's nothing more than a jest that was put upon you.

Miss D. A jest! And pray, sir, how may you have gained your knowledge of its being but a jest?

Gib. Gained my knowledge! I think I ought to be the most proper person to know.

Miss D. Why, sir?

Gib. What a question! You are for a little retaliation, I see. Well, all's fair—though if ever I am blessed with such an opportunity again, the devil himself sha'n't keep me at the like distance. I longed to be close to you.

Miss D. Close to me, sir—where, sir?

Gib. Where? Ha! ha! That's right. I've tried a jest upon you, and you are quite free to return the favour. Only go into the park again!

Miss D. (starting up.) What! does this booby know of my folly? Surely the whole world has been watching me! Mr. Gibolette?

Gib. Ma'amselle!

Miss D. I may have been indiscreet enough to be at the place you mention, but I have bitterly repented it, and I trust sir, that you are too much of a gentleman, in spite of appearances, to tattle of my fault to the world.

Gib. Bless your life, I'll never mention it to a living being—and now miss, in one word, as we are both at liberty, when shall I fix the day?

Miss D. For what?

Gib. Our wedding.

Miss D. Ha! (aside.) I have a great mind to marry this brute out of spite. Well, Mr. Gibolette, though gossip has been very busy with your name, when you have well proved that the many reports I have heard of you are untrue, I may perhaps listen to you.

Gib. That's bravely said—and give me a kiss as earnest.

Miss D. There's my hand, sir. (presenting her hand.)

Gib. Look you there now. Why offer me your hand when such a pair of lips are at your disposal?

Miss D. Hold, sir—you wish to arrive at the finale before you have played the prelude—be grateful for what you have—(GIBOLETTE kisses her hand.) As to the marriage you mentioned being a jest—I am too well convinced of its truth.

Gib. Well then supposing it to be so—shall you much heed it?

Miss D. I, bless you! I shall never again concern myself about it, believe me.

Gib. Spoken like a girl of spirit, and you shall never hear of it again—I shall be the last to mention it, if you don't.

Enter the Countess, r. h.

Cou. Ah ! Mr. Gibolette, still persevering, eh ?

Gib. Oh yes, my lady, and with better hope of success than ever—indeed I've kissed hands on the bargain—and though I had rather it had been the lips, yet one must creep you know, my lady, before one can climb—you seem as if you doubted me—look you, my lady—look you.

[*GIBOLETTE* again takes *Miss DELBIEUX*'s hand, when *St. VAL* enters hastily at the back.

St. V. One word before I depart for ever—what do I see ? that idiot kissing the hand of Julie !

Cou. Upon my honour, *St. Val*, the cool impudence with which you enter here after my commands, makes me almost doubt your being in your senses, it will not become me to take forcible means to thrust you hence, but there stands a gentleman who I am sure will cheerfully execute that most necessary act, if I ask him.

St. V. If Mr. Gibolette puts a finger upon me—but I will not utter threats in the presence of ladies, that person is sufficiently acquainted with me, to know that I can resent an insult offered by a man ; for those that I have received from you ladies, I can hope for no revenge. And pray, sir, by what right do you kiss the hand of *Miss Delbieux* ?

Gib. By the best right in the world, sir, her own consent, and when I am her husband—

St. V. Her husband ! how dare you stand unblushing there, and strive so to impose upon *Miss Delbieux*, when you know, villain, that you are, that you're already married.

Cou. Hear ! hear ! hear one rogue bespatter the other—ha ! ha ! ha ! this is excellent, ha ! ha ! ha !

St. V. What do you mean madam ?

Cou. I have answered that question a dozen times, sir.

St. V. Madam, I tell you, you are in error, as for you, sir—(*to GIBOLETTE*)—I am desperate, and care neither for deed nor word—is it you that have thus aspersed me ? is it you I say ?

Gib. Me, sir ?—never mentioned your name.

Miss D. Stay—stay—let me understand mother—speak—I am bewildered—in a mist. Is not *St. Val* married to you ?

Cou. To me, my dear child ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Better and better. *St. Val* married to me ! What could make you dream of such a thing ?

Miss D. Then, sir, who are you married to ? (*loudly to St. Val.*)

St. V. To no one, by heaven !

Miss D. Then why did you confess to me that you were ?

St. V. I never made such confession—never uttered such words. (*crosses, r. h.*)

Miss D. You did, sir, last night.

Cou. Julie's right. You did, sir, last night.

Miss D. You did sir, last night.

St. V. An almanack ! bring me an almanack ! The moon is at the full—lunacy is amongst us ! An almanack, I say.

'Enter BARBARA, L. H.

Bar. We havn't one in the house, sir.

Miss D. (pointing to BARBARA.) Here, sir, is another witness to what I have said.

St. V. Another ! Who is she ?

Miss D. My new maid, sir.

St. V. Never saw your maid till this moment in my life.

Miss D. Speak, Barbara, and confound the cheat.

Bar. Stay, stay, madam—do not be in a haste ; that gentleman's voice—(pointing to *St. Val*)—is strange to me.

St. V. Now, miss, listen to your maid—listen to your maid.

Bar. Oh, bless you, that's not the voice I heard last night in the park.

Gib. That the voice ! of course it was not.

Bar. He's the man—that's the man, my lady. (pointing to GIBOLETTE.) You spoke to me last night in the park, did you not ?

Gib. To be sure I did.

Cou. Then let me ask, sir, by what right were you there ?

Miss D. Ha, sir, by what right were you there ?

Gib. How can you ask me such a question, miss, when here is your own letter making the appointment ? (producing a letter.)

St. V. Julie, is it possible that you can have written to that man ?

Cou. Be composed, St. Val, we have all been in a labyrinth. But I think I have at length grasped the right end of the Cretan thread.

Miss D. (having examined GIBOLETTE's letter.) This is not my letter. The handwriting is very like mine—the terms are the same, excepting the time and place. Who can have written this ?

Cou. I did, my dear.

Miss D. You ! I am more bewildered than ever.

Gib. Was it, then, you—(to the COUNTESS)—that I met ? What ! the deuce ! has it come to us all ?

Miss D. If that is the case, who is the writer of this letter ? (producing her letter.)

Cou. I am, my dear.

St. V. Then how came Mr. Gibolette by any letter at all ?

Gib. That's what I want to know.

Miss D. And I—

Cou. And I—

St. V. And I.

[MATHIEU appears at the back ; the COUNTESS and Miss

DELBIEUX run to him, each taking an arm, and dragging him to the front.

Cou. Come here, sir !

Miss D. Come here, sir!

Cou. Hold, Julie, let me speak to him. What do you want here? (to MATHIEU.)

Mat. To—to know if you have any more letters for me to deliver to-day.

Miss D. I gave you one yesterday..

Math. Yes, miss, and I took it.

Miss D. To whom?

Math. (hesitating.) I—I—

Cou. Don't hesitate, sir—to whom?

Mat. (to the COUNTESS.) I took it to you, my lady.

Miss D. Traitor!

Cou. (producing a letter.) You did, and here it is still. My letter, sir, should have been delivered to this gentleman—(pointing to St. VAL.)

Mat. No, no, you be quite wrong, that's the gentleman—(pointing to GIBOLETTE)—who was talking in a loving manner to miss, yesterday, and to such a gentleman I was to take miss's letter, if you hadn't given me yours instead. (to the COUNTESS.)

Miss D. The mist has passed away, and I now stand in the clear light of truth. Oh, St. VAL! (crosses to him.)

St. V. Say no more, Julie—I see the mistake, and forget all that I have endured in the joy of this moment.

Gib. Thrown out, by Jupiter!

Cou. Barbara, show Mr. Gibolette to the gate and the lad to his work again, we shall have no more need of his assistance, I can perceive.

Gib. Never mind, sir, you have but barely won the race, had you not spurred in at the nick of time, I should have carried off the prize.

Mat. Turned out of my new trade already!

Bar. Come, sir, follow me! Mr. Gibolette, I wait to see you to the gate.

Gib. If I don't have a kiss by the way to console me, I'm no sportsman.

[BARBARA conducts GIBOLETTE and MATHIEU out at the back, and immediately returns.

Cou. Well, Julie, since all at length is explained, our only duty is at this moment to ask and grant mutual forgiveness—I now fully comprehend the attentions of St. Val to me.

St. V. Your pardon, dear Countess.

Cou. I freely give it to you—as for my interception of your letter, Julie?

Miss D. My generosity shall not be exceeded by yours, believe me, Countess.

Cou. And before we attempt in future to trifle with the feelings of others, let us be first assured, that should the tables be turned, we are *ourselves* proof against vexation—and I hope Julie, that the retaliation you have had for your ungentle treatment of St. Val—your commanding him to affect a love for me, to gratify your caprice and coquetry, through which you

had almost placed yourself at the mercy of a fool, will be a wholesome lesson, not only to yourself, but to all ladies. And for you—(to the audience)—

Should you commend the humble means we've used,
To show the mischiefs of all truth abused,
Think what the playwright's most uncertain trade is,
And strive to like his " Lesson for the Ladies !"

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS.

MISS D. COUNTESS. BARBARA.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

WEBSTER'S
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,
Under the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



THE DEVIL'S OPERA.

In Two Acts.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

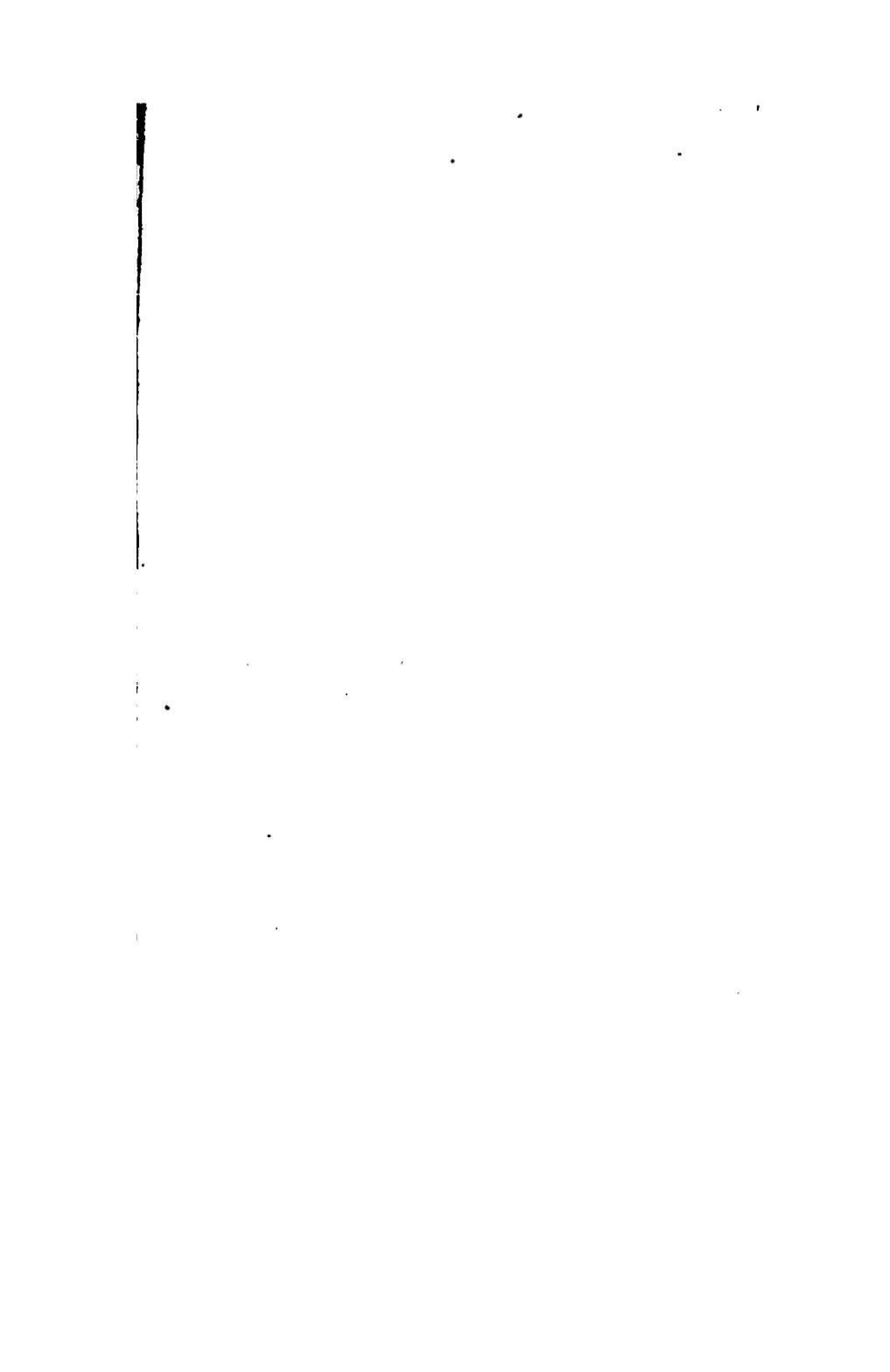
B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

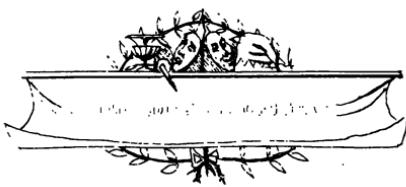
ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

By Pierce Egan the Younger, from a Drawing taken
during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.







THE DEVIL'S OPERA.

In Two Acts.

BY

GEORGE MACFARREN.

The Music composed by

MR. G. ALEXANDER MACFARREN.

First performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA
HOUSE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,
FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS trifle owes a large share of its attraction to the indefatigable exertions and ability of Mr. Wieland, the skilful director of the stage arrangements, and agile personater of the *Impersonal* spirit of the piece. His merits have received a far more gratifying testimonial in the general eulogiums of the public press, and the nightly applause of crowded audiences, than this poor tribute can hope to afford; yet, in justice and gratitude, it cannot be omitted or forgotten.

The author's sincere acknowledgments are due to every one concerned in the production and performance of the *Devil's Opera*, not only for the success of his humble work, but for their kind co-operation in his desire to introduce an aspiring young musician to the public as a British dramatic composer—his feelings of national pride at the result are scarcely outbalanced by the more touching interest which a father naturally takes in the triumph of a worthy and affectionate son.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

MARQUIS POSILLIPO (*a Venetian noble*). Black velvet embroidered coat, and smalls, silk embroidered waistcoat, blue silk scarf, white silk stockings worn over the knees, blue garters, shoes with red heels and rosettes, sword, full-bottomed wig, chapeau-bras, lined ruffles } Mr. E. SEGUIN.

PEPINO (*his page*). Buff doublet with slashed sleeves, white satin puffs, blue full breeches ruffed at the knees, crimson satin cloak lined with white, full yellow boots trimmed with silver, black velvet hat, and plume } Miss RAINFORTH.

COUNT GIULIO VALLARDI (*a Florentine soldier*). Dark blue velvet doublet, full red breeches ruffed, puce velvet cloak trimmed with white satin and gold, full yellow boots and spurs, sword, drab hat, with ostrich feathers, ringlets } Mr. FRAZER.

SIGNOR HERMAN (*a student of the University of Weimar*). Brown doublet, full breeches trimmed with black velvet, high black boots, scholar's gown and cap. 2nd dress, at the marriage. Purple satin doublet, and full breeches, trimmed with white and gold, black velvet cloak lined with white satin, buff boots, sword, velvet hat, and feathers, ringlets } Mr. BURNETT.

GIACOMO (*a gondolier*). Blue shirt, and hose, red full breeches, russet shoes, long red nightcap } Mr. S. JONES.

CHIEF OF "THE TEN." Black silk gown, scarlet belt, silver cross, black velvet cap, black half-mask, with scarlet scarf, pendent from the shoulders } Mr. HALFORD.

COUNCIL OF TEN. Black silk gowas, scarlet belts, silver crosses, black velvet caps, black half-masks.

DIAVOLETTO. Black shaped body and pantaloons, short red drawers trimmed with gold, red slippers, gilt horns, wings, and tail. 2nd dress. Capuchin friar's gown and cowl, mask, and bald head. 3rd dress. Complete suit of armour, black plume, closed visor. 4th dress. White shirt, and hood } Mr. WISLAND.

Throng at St. Marco. Greek, Turkish, Spanish, Polish, Egyptian, &c., costumes.

Peasants. Full breeches, frys, white shirts, coloured hose, long coloured nightcaps.

Nobles and Guests. Various, similar to Herman and Vallardi.

MEDORA (*daughter of the Marquis*). White muslin full sleeves, stomacher, white rose in the hair. 2nd dress. White satin trimmed with pearls and silver, wreath of white flowers, and long bridal veil. 3rd dress. White muslin chemise, blue scarf, flesh stockings, and sandals } Mrs. E. SEGUIN.

SIGNORA GIOVANNINA (*her Gouvernante*). Black brocade dress, embroidered with scarlet flowers, white satin petticoat, gray wig, high head-dress, point ruffles, kerchief and apron, mittens, high-heeled shoes, large fan, long walking-cane, with ivory top. At the marriage, long white veil } Miss POOLE.

Peasant Girls. White chemisettes, coloured bodices, and laced stomachers, coloured, short petticoats, coloured hose, head-dress, silver and gilt bodkins, or broad straw hats.

Bridemaids. White muslin, white wreaths, and veils.

Scene, Venice and environs. Era, 1685.

Time of representation, two hours and fifteen minutes.

THE DEVIL'S OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Piazza San Marco on a mart or fair day; numerous booths and stalls with various coloured awnings occupy the area, in which all sorts of merchandise are exposed for sale; shopkeepers and customers are busily engaged—traders and visitors from all parts of the world throng the open spaces—peasants arrive from the mountains with milk, butter, &c.—others from the country, with fruit, and flowers—a succession of changing groups is continued to the end of the scene. VALLARDI discovered, seated under the silken veranda of a coffee-house, R. H., he is served with refreshment at a small marble-topped table—HERMAN at an opposite book-stall turning over several large volumes attended by the bookseller, he purchases a quarto—PEPINO is seen occasionally threading the throng.*

INTRODUCTION.

Traders. Come ye wealthy—come ye fair—
Here you'll find the choicest ware—
Prices low, and merits high—
Matchless bargains, come and buy.

Her. Blest with such abundant store
Of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew lore,
Wise indeed this town must be:—
Happy Venice—hail to thee?

Traders. Come ye wealthy—come ye fair—&c.
(*PEPINO advances to the front.*)

Pep. Mid this changeful, busy throng,
How swift the moments speed along—
Ever joyous, rich and free:
Happy Venice—hail to thee! (retires.)

Traders. Come ye wealthy—&c.

Val. Queen of cities! ever bright,
With mortal joy and heavenly light—
Wealthy, potent, gay and free:
Happy Venice—hail to thee!

Traders. Come ye wealthy—&c.

[*The music diminishes—the bustle of the mart partially subsides—VALLARDI and HERMAN turning towards each other, a mutual recognition takes place.*

Val. Herman !

Her. Vallardi !

Val. My fellow-student at Weimar !

Her. My noble and gallant friend ! (shaking hands heartily.)

What news from the wars ? what laurels ?

Val. None—in my first rencontre with the Turks, I was captured and sold into slavery.

Her. Abominable !

Val. And at Algiers, I might have worn out my bones with my patience, but for a merry little black slave, who contrived my escape, and aided me to trace my way home.

Her. Admirable !

Val. And you, how has dame Fortune dealt with you since leaving college ?

Her. Jilted me, as of old—gaming emptied my pockets, and death took my rich uncle.

Val. Unfortunate, indeed !

Her. Yet more—I proposed to an heiress at Weimar, lost my heart, and received hers in return—was rejected by her proud father—set out on my travels, penniless—turned successively actor, poet, schoolmaster, and failed in all.

Val. How mortifying ! but matters are brightening, I hope—

Her. Merit is sure, at length, to prosper—last week threw me beneath the notice of a certain half-crazy old marquis, who, on the strength of my studies in Germany, has engaged me to teach him the black art.

Val. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Doctor Faustus the second !

Her. Do not laugh—the infatuated dunce imagines he has discovered a method of reanimating the dead ; to-night he makes the experiment, and his daughter's hand is to be my reward for assisting him.

Val. Excellent ! come—we will drink the lady's health.

Her. Willingly.

Val. And success to your attempt.

Her. Trust me—I will show you how it *must* succeed.

Val. Ha ! ha ! ha ! bravo !

[They retire to the veranda and are served with wine—the music which has continued subdued during this conversation now resumes its former vivacity.

All. As the sun-bright hours advance,
Tune the song and thread the dance—
Toil and pleasure blent should be :
Happy Venice—hail to thee !

[The peasants having disposed of their baskets, &c., join in their national dance,
The Monfrina.

[VALLARDI scatters money amongst them—they retire, and the music again gradually becomes piano. PEPINO

advances towards the coffee-house, having now for the first time observed HERMAN.

Pep. Signor Herman!

Her. Ah! my merry page—your mission?

Pep. This letter will unfold it. (gives a letter—going.)

Her. Stay! (peruses the letter.) Good! Prithee, take this German quarto to his excellency, and bid him rest assured I will make due preparation—(gives the book)—at midnight expect to see me boy. My friend, Vallardi, I claim your excuse—we shall meet anon—your finger on your lip—adieu! (hurries through the strong and quickly disappears.)

Pep. Methought he said Vallardi. (takes another letter from his doublet.) Perchance the noble cavalier I seek—Count Giulio Vallardi.

Val. I answer to that name.

Pep. Profit by this letter. (gives it.)

Val. (glancing over the contents.) Heavens! from my beloved Medora. How is she? where is she?

Pep. Here, in Venice, a prisoner in her father's mansion—she spied you this morning from her lattice, and would fain enlist you in her cause.

Val. My heart—my life—are hers. Say, how can I serve her.

Pep. By aiding her to shun an odious marriage.

Val. With whom?

Pep. Him who has just departed.

Val. Herman—the traitor! So, the inexorable marquis—

Pep. Is the dupe of his dark designs.

Val. Be ours the happy task to controvert them. (kisses the letter and puts it in his bosom.)

Pep. Hush! Herman returns.

[The music again revives, HERMAN returns in conversation with GIACOMO—VALLARDI and PEPINO separate—the dance is renewed.

Pep. Val. Ever joyous, bright, and free:

Her. & Gia. Matchless Venice—hail to thee!

All. Welcome dance and sport and glee:
Happy Venice—hail to thee!

[Exceunt severally, PEPINO and VALLARDI, L. H., and HERMAN followed by GIACOMO, R. H. The traders begin to close their shops—the dance continues and the stage presents an animated tableau as the scene closes.

SCENE II.—*The grand canal and quay.*

Enter HERMAN and GIACOMO, L. H.

Her. So, you are engaged by the Marquis Posillipo, to procure the dead body of a malefactor executed this morning?

Gia. To steal it from the gibbet at nightfall and convey it in my gondola to his house on the banks of the grand canal.

Her. I would spare you the sin of stealing.

Gia. The better for my conscience.

Her. In place of the dead body, I would have you transport a living one—some sturdy fellow from the country, who, for a few piastres, would take part in the harmless joke I will disclose to you.

Gia. My cousin Molino, the miller, is just arrived from Brescia, to join the new regiment of grenadiers. What ho! Molino!

Enter MOLINO, L. H.

Her. 'Tis well—let him personate the corpse, and remain silent and motionless till I give a signal; meantime do you moor your gondola beneath the window—

Gia. At the east end of the pavilion.

Her. Right! thence it is but an easy leap, and you can row him to the opposite shore.

Gia. No wrong, I hope?

Her. A joke, a mere joke—perform it well, and I will double the twenty crowns paid you by the marquis.

Gia. Forty crowns! By San Pietro, a rich joke indeed!

Her. Hush! I hear footsteps—follow me for further instructions, and remember secrecy ensures my future patronage.

Gia. Never fear, signor—every crown is a padlock to my conscience. Molino, follow this way, lad. [Exit, R. H.

Enter VALLARDI and PAPINO, L. H.

Val. You serve the lady Medora—

Pep. Her humble page these eight days past, and happy shall I be to prove myself her friend.

Val. Excellent boy!

Pep. See, yonder is the man. (crossing, and pointing to R.) The agent in this plot.

Val. You gondolier?

Pep. In converse with your friend, Herman.

Val. My friend no more—henceforth I hold him my worst foe—yet, no; his altered circumstances are his excuse—Herman is not naturally base or treacherous.

Pep. (forcibly.) I hope not—(hesitating)—at least, I hope his treachery may not prosper.

Val. Trust to me, I will parley with the gondolier, and unravel their secrets. Meanwhile, away to your lady mistress—tell her I am hers, unchanged, and still unchangeable; and bid her hope, as I do, for a speedy end to all our pain.

Pep. I fly, my lord—(crosses to L. H.)—and like the dove of old, I bear upon my lip an olive-branch of consolation.

[Exit, L. H.

Val. (taking the letter from his bosom.) Yes, beloved Medora, thy letter guesses truly—I do not, cannot forget thee—spite of thy father's enmity, I am still thine own. (perusing the letter, and pressing it to his lips.)

SONG.

Forget thee ? no, never !
 Whate'er intervene,
 Thou art still, and for ever,
 My heart's treasured queen.

When torn from thy bosom, and roaming afar,
 Over desolate mountains, and turbulent seas ;
 I still worship thy beauty in every bright star,
 And return thy fond sigh on each whispering breeze.
 Forget thee ? no, never.
 When surrounded by legions in deadly array,
 Thoughts of thee fired my breast with a warrior's glow—
 Mid the din of the battle, thy voice cheered my way,
 And thy love was the charm that repelled every foe.
 Forget thee ? no, never. [Exit, R. H.]

SCENE III.—*Antechamber in Posillipo's mansion, a door, R. H.*

Enter PEPINO, L. H., and MEDORA, from the door.

Pep. Joy, lady ; joy !

Med. You have found him then ?

Pep. And spoken with him.

Med. And you saw my letter safely in his hands ?

Pep. Ay, lady—and on his lips, and in his bosom.

Med. And he will aid me to avoid this odious marriage ?

Pep. He bids you chide despair, and trust to him.—Yes, lady, to him and to me—what can be, will be done, and more, perchance, than even you anticipate.

Med. Kind boy, take my best thanks.

Pep. Talk not of thanks : I am too happy in the chance that brought me neat your father's roof, and graced me with my lady's confidence.

Med. Preserve it truly, I implore you.

Pep. I will repay it by my own—

Med. What mean you ?

Pep. That, though I am proud to serve so fair a lady, yet I am not what I appear—the smile upon my cheek is but a broidered curtain o'er a mournful mystery.

Med. Reveal it, boy—tell me all.

Pep. Willingly, for so my heart shall be relieved, and you will find my secret a foil to make your own look brighter.

Gio. (without.) Mercy on us ! mercy on us ! impossible to dwell in such a house.

Med. The Gouvernante !

Pep. Provoking ! We must choose an apter moment, lady, for the story is for your private ear.

Enter GIOVANNINA, L. H., crosses to C.

Gio. Heyday ! mercy on us ! here's a discovery ! here's a pretty heterodox situation for innocence and modesty !

Med. What is it disturbs you, signora?

Gio. That which will disturb thee, child—which will excommunicate the house—and, for aught I know, send us all into purgatory! There is the marquis below, in a brown study of the black art—and, would ye credit it, a dead body is to be brought into the house immediately—and, not only the dead body, but the dead body of a thief—and not only the dead body of a thief, but a thief's dead body stolen from his gibbet! Here's a pretty sacrilegious predicament for innocence and modesty!

Med. Patience, Gouvernante, it is my father's harmless hobby.

Gio. Hobby, child—when some people mount their hobbies, they ride to the—

Pep. Ahem! (interrupting her.)

Gio. Mercy on us! St. Barbara prevent us from following in the diabolical cavalcade. Here, boy, take the key of our apartment, and double lock us in to-night. (gives key.)

Med. So soon, signora?

Gio. So soon, child—so late—when wickedness is at work! caution is a virtue—therefore, lock us in, and, harkye, boy! hide the key between the leaves of your mass-book, or any where else that Beelzebub may not think of looking for it. Mercy on us! innocence and modesty are in danger enough from the living men of this world, without contamination by felonious dead ones!

TERZETTO.

All. Good night! may slumber lend its balm,
To soothe each past annoy;
And hopeful dreams, as bright as calm,
Inspire our future joy.

[*PEPINO* kisses the hand of *MEDORA*—*GIOVANNINA* observing, repulses him.

Gio. Heyday! saucy pertling—and you, froward miss—
What presumption—what sad indecorum is this!
Keep those impudent lips from that innocent hand—
Be respectful—be modest—I beg—I command!

Pep. Nay, prithee signora—

Gio. Begone, I desire!

Med. My sweet gouvernante—

Gio. This moment retire!
Sure the world's upside down—both the young and the old
Are alike frail and wicked and wanton and bold.
I protest such vile doings, above and below,
Make me all over blushes from head to the toe.

Pep. Would you check my devotion?

Gio. A vile profanation—

Med. An innocent freedom—

Gio. A brazen flirtation!

The urchin was never so daring and free,
As to practise his innocent freedoms on me—

Nor, when kneeling, has ventured to make me his shrine—

Nor, when kissing hands, e'er presumed to kiss mine.

Pep. & J. Oh ! pardon, signora, your mercy extend

Med. To a sinner repentant and eager to mend;

Who kneels at your feet, and implores you to share
All his homage to wisdom, and love for the fair.

Gio. A sinner repentant, I pardon—I spare—

For his homage to wisdom, and love for the fair.

[*PEPINO and MEDORA kneel on either side—GIOVANNINA is flattered and appeased—she raises them.*

All. Good night ! may slumber lead its balm,

To soothe each past annoy ;

And hopeful dreams, as bright as calm,
Inspire our future joy.

[*GIOVANNINA makes an extravagant cadence, during which PEPINO kisses the hand of MEDORA behind her—GIOVANNINA discovers the trick, and rages indignantly—PEPINO and MEDORA enjoy her mortification.*

Gio. Hence, baggage ! hence, traitor ! impostor and cheat !
I am shocked at your wickedness, falsehood, deceit !

To your chamber, frail madam—my orders obey—

And you to your duty—away, sir, away !

Pep. & J. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! there is nothing so sweet,

Med. As to laugh at false pride, and enjoy its defeat.

[*Exeunt MEDORA and GIOVANNINA through the door, the latter forcing the former off, and threatening the page.*

Pep. Good night ! most vainglorious old lady—to bed and dream that you are young again, with forty lovers at your feet for so some wounded vanity will be appeased. Adieu ! gentle Medora, may visions of returning joy console your anxious heart ! Alas ! would there were such a cheering hope for me.

[*Exit, L. H.*

SCENE IV.—Posillipo's study, furnished with books, globes, telescopes, chemical apparatus, skeletons, &c. A large alcove in the centre closed with a curtain.

POSILLIPO discovered seated at a table, perusing a large volume—a lamp, skull, hourglass, &c., before him.

SONG.

Hail science ! potentate sublime !

Schoolmistress, that all knowledge teaches !

Freeholder of all space and time,

And banker of all wisdom's riches !

Inspired, and cherished by thine aid,

To seek what ne'er was sought before,

A weary pilgrimage I've made

Through all the realms of learned lore :

Mathematics—hydrostatics—

Pyrotechnics and pneumatics—

Metaphysics—economics—
Necromancy and mnemonics—

Necrology—
Astrology—
Meteorology—
Demonology !

At length I reached the happy goal ;—
At length, by my endeavour,
Stern Death shall have no more control,
And life shall last for ever !
Others have died to enter Fame's wide portal,
But I shall live to see myself immortal !

[At the conclusion of the song he retires to his chair.

Pos. Ha ! some one approaches—speak, who is there ?

Enter PEPINO from the alcove—advances, L. H.

My page—'tis well—I sent thee the key of my daughter's chamber—

Pop. Which I have used to its purpose. (gives the key.)

Pos. Thou art a trusty boy, and I will confide to thee still more. Open yon book—it is the volume sent me by professor Herman—peruse the twenty-seventh folio, and thou wilt find ample directions for the great experiment I make to-night. Thou canst read German ?

Pep. Fluently, my lord—it is my native tongue. (turns the pages of the book and reads.)

Pos. Methinks the gondolier is tardy.

Pep. My lord, he is here.

Enter GIACOMO from the alcove—advances, L. H.—

Pos. Good—and the malefactor—

Gia. Is solemnly laid out, in the recess yonder, by the page's directions.

Pos. Thou art sure the figure is perfect, and in its prime ?

Gia. A pattern figure for the new regiment of grenadiers.

Pos. Thou hast done this duty well.

Gia. Not without danger and compunction—alas ! both my gondola and myself must perform a week's penance ere the holy fathers of San Pietro will grant us absolution.

Pos. This will buy their prayers. (gives a purse.)

Gia. Thanks. (aside.) If not, at least, 'twill soothe my conscience. [Exit, L. H.

Pos. Away ! By my hopes, the work speeds well. Now, boy—hast thou conned thy lesson ?

Pep. (referring to the book.) Studiously, my lord—already the chief directions are fulfilled—the corse is extended on a bier and sprinkled with essential salts—revivifying fires are kindled—the stimulative unction has been applied to the lips—the searing irons are heated—the mystical caldron is prepared.

Pos. Faith ! a most diligent boy—bring hither the fumigating powder compounded in yon mortar.

Pep. (taking several preparations from a side-table, L. H.) 'Tis

Here, my lord, and also the fulminating balls made yesterday—
(gives them—POSIILLIPO places them on table, r. h.)

Pos. Good. And now, from the alembic, fill this phial with the precious elixir that has cost so many years of study.

Pep. (filling the phial from a small still, in operation.) 'Tis done: my lord. (placing the phial on the table, r. h.)

Pos. Then all is ready, and time wastes.

Pep. Good, my lord; it wants a full half-hour of midnight; the time professor Herman promised to be here.

Pos. So much the better—the triumph will be all my own.

Pep. (aside.) So I would have it.

Pos. Yes, Herman has shown me where the treasure lies, be mine the glory to secure it.

Pep. And you will not wait the professor's coming?

Pos. Not a moment—thy watchful care has put the work in progress, and I will profit by it.

Pep. (aside.) Excellent!

Pos. Get thee hence, boy; send the domestics to their pillows, to dream away their brief lives, and wake to-morrow in perpetuity!

Pep. Good night, my lord—may zeal and perseverance prosper you.

Pos. Good night—good night—thy diligence shall not lack reward.

Pep. (aside.) Heaven grant me the reward I seek. [Exit, l. h.

RESUSCITATION SCENE.

(Accompanied by characteristic music.)

Pos. Now to my wondrous work. Ye ever moving stars! halt and look down—and thou, mysterious Fate! suspend thy task awhile to witness mine.

[Extinguishes the lamp—draws aside the curtains of the alcove, discovering the bier—the figure is covered with a white linen cloth—vases emitting lurid flames are placed at the head and foot—a caldron is blazing.

By my hopes,* a noble subject for my philosophic labours. (presses the chest.) And, lo! already the stimulants begin their operation—warmth is engendered round the heart—let me apply the elixir. (sprinkles from the phial.) I feel pulsation—good—the fumigating powders. (throws powders into the caldron—vapours rise—a groan is heard.) Propitious stars! he breathes—now, to produce sensation by these redhot irons to the feet. (takes the searing irons from a furnace—the figure moves, he starts and drops the irons.) Behold! vitality returns. Quick, quick, the fulminating ball, to wake him from his trance. (throws a ball into the caldron, which explodes—the figure is violently convulsed—he exults.) Victory! victory! he lives again!

Wonderful! glorious!

Triumphant am I!

The fame of Posillipo

Never shall die.

[The Domestics enter, startled, from their chambers, in great dismay.

Domestics. Horrible ! monstrous !
 For succour we cry—
 Sure the world's at an end !
 Pandemonium is nigh !

[*The clock strikes twelve—monstrous sounds are heard—*
DIAVOLETTO rises from the bier enveloped in a blaze of
fire. POSILLIPO is amazed, the Domestics stand aghast
or swoon in terror—and the scene closes amidst explosions,
shrieks, yells, and general consternation.

SCENE V.—Saloon in Posillipo's house—a large window in the centre closed by external blinds—a chimney, R. H.

Enter HERMAN, L. H. .

Her. Midnight has sounded, and triumph is at hand—yes, triumph for me, the beggared Herman, on whom frail fortune has so often frowned—at length she deigns a smile, and well have I secured the lucky chance that brings me wealth, honour, favour, and a lovely bride! True, I might spare the lady, beauteous though she be—for ah ! the heart she ought to claim must ever be another's—but truce to qualms ; we should not sigh that summer, with its golden fruit, brings needless flowers. (*a violent explosion and screams, are heard.*) Ha ! what sounds are these ?

Enter several *Domestics*, R. H. ; they pass across in great dismay and confusion ; exunt, L. H.

Stay !—what means this commotion ? (*attempting in vain to arrest their flight.*) Speak ! tell me your terrors. Pshaw ! it is some other extravagant folly of the Marquis, I dare swear. See ! he comes !

Enter POSILLIPO in ecstasy, R. H.

Pos. My enlightened preceptor !

Her. My illustrious disciple !

Pos. Come to my arms. (*they embrace.*)

Her. To the study, Marquis. I burn with impatience to do this mighty deed !

Pos. The deed—is done !

Her. (*startled.*) Impossible !

Pos. Science can do impossible things.

Her. How ? I bade you wait for me till midnight.

Pos. Science, like time and tide, will wait for no man.

Her. You have ruined all my hopes.

Pos. I have exceeded them. Your hope was, to restore the body ; my glory is, to have recalled the spirit !

Her. The devil !

Pos. Yes, the devil indeed ! My dear preceptor, there was a slight oversight in the choice of our subject—from the body of a malefactor, what other could be expected than an evil spirit ?

Her. I shall die of vexation.

Pos. Do, my dear preceptor—do die at once, that I may have the glory to reanimate you, and so make perfect the experiment!

Her. (aside.) I tremble for the fate of the unfortunate grenadier. *(aloud.)* Tell me—the person brought here by the gondolier—what has become of him?

Pos. The person — evaporated amongst the famigation powders!

Her. (aside.) So, I trust he has escaped.

Pos. But his spirit rose in the likeness of the devil himself—a miniature portrait, but quite as black as he is painted—and, after a thousand devilish pranks, flew up the chimney in a volley of fulminating fire!

Her. What mad delusion can this be? *(to himself.)*

Pos. Come—droop not that I have plucked the first leaf of everlasting laurel—I will keep my sworn faith with thee, and thou shalt marry my daughter at sunrise.

Her. Well, I am bewildered! *(crossing to R. H.)*

Pos. And I am satisfied! What ho! some wine! We will drain a bumper to our mutual prosperity!

Enter *Domestics* with a table, lights, a silver flagon of wine, and two goblets—chairs, &c., which they place R. H., and *assent*.

DUET.

Pos. Fill the votive goblet high!
And drown each doubtful care—
The laurel wreath shall never die,
That Science bids me wear.

[Fills the goblets.]

Her. Fill the goblet to the brim,
Each fear to distance flies—
The silly fool enjoys his whim,
And yields to me the prize.

Both. Hence with every dull annoy!
Thus hand and heart we graft—
And, with a pledge for mutual joy,
We'll drain the votive draught.

[They embrace, during which DIAVOLETTO descends the chimney and drains their goblets; he disappears.]

Pos. Professor!

Her. Marquis!

Pos. I opine,
Thou hast drained my cup—

Her. Nay, you've drained mine.

Pos. Both empty?

Her. Both—

Pos. And yet, I vow
I filled them to the brim just now—

Her. And drained them, too, 'tis very plain—

Pos. Ne'er heed—I'll fill them both again.

[Replenishes the goblets.

Both. Hence with every dull annoy! &c.

DIAVOLETTO reappears, and again empties the goblets.

Pos. Alack!

Her. How now?

Pos. Was ever such!

Her. 'Tis clear he's had a drop too much—

Pos. As sure as fate, the new-born thief—

Her. A drunken story, past belief—

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Pos. A thirsty elf—

Each fill a goblet for himself—

Her. Agreed—

Both. And now, secure from evil,

We'll drink, in spite of thief or devil!

[HERMAN proceeds to replenish the goblets; a stream of fire issues from the flagon; both are startled; DIAVOLETTO again appears, and pursues them round the stage; dances with wild exultation.

Her. Astonished! bewildered! in doubt and surprise—

I dare not believe what is plain to my eyes!

Pos. Triumphant! my fame through the universe flies!

Over earth, over water, and e'en to the skies!

[*DIAVOLETTO* leaps out of window, exunt, l. n.

SCENE VI.—*The antechamber, as before.*

Enter MEDORA and GIOVANNINA through the door, r. h.

Gio. Here's a transmogrification! a night of horrors changed to a marriage morning! I wonder we are not scared out of our seven senses, and the maiden blushes bleached from our cheeks. But, St. Barbara be praised, my nerves are as well as could be expected, and you look—just what a bride should look.

Med. Then are my looks traitors to my heart; for ah! this cruel message from my father, obliging me to marry where I can only feel disgust—

Gio. Go to, child. Signor Herman is a proper man enough—a goodly person, and a head well stored with wit—

Med. With cunning, to beguile and to betray. Sure I was born beneath a frowning star, and all my summer is doomed to waste 'mid wintry storms!

Enter PEPINO, l. h.

Pep. Lady, the Marquis bids you to his presence—the bridegroom waits, and the assembled guests attend your coming.

Med. Back to my father, page, and say I cannot—will not go to church.

Gio. Mercy on us! here's a consternation! What with infatuated fathers and obstinate children, the world is coming to a fine pass. They may talk of this improving age—but, ah! since I was in my prime, all things are bettered for the worse.

Pep. (having whispered MEDORA.) Lady, I dare not take this message to my lord ; beseech you, change its character.

Gio. A wise boy—a considerate boy—ay, and a prudent—. Prithee, child, follow his counsel.

Med. (hesitating.) Well—if it must be, be it so—and Heaven grant me courage to support the trial.

Gio. A pious resolution! just such a one as I should make, were marriage forced on me. Come, let us haste to join the throng, and make joy doubly joyous by your free consent. (crossing to the centre.)

Med. Bear it quickly to my father, good Gouvernante, and say, I come to prove myself, if not a happy bride, at least, a dutious daughter.

Gio. Well said, well said—I hasten with the tidings.

Pep. Signora, you will use my arm? (bowing ceremoniously.)

Gio. Foregad! a gallant boy—and a wise boy—and a considerate boy—St. Barbara is praised that innocence and modesty at length have made due impression! Follow quickly, sweet lady. (kisses MEDORA's forehead.) Lead on, most courteous boy. (taking his arm with great formality, *exsunt* GIOVANNINA and PEPINO, l. H.)

Med. What the page means I know not—he bids me hope and banish fear, and though my heart be heavy, Vallardi's love is as the spreading sail to bear it o'er Fate's billow.

SONG.

In my bosom dwells a sorrow—
Silent, tender, sad, and deep—
That clouds the dawning of each morrow,
And haunts my fancy while I sleep.

'Tis a poison blight, that lowers
O'er the wreath by true love twined ;
Scattering all its genial flowers,
Leaving but its thorn behind.

Come, sweet Hope, thy smile can nourish
All who feel Oppression's dart ;
Bid the fading blossoms flourish,
And restore the drooping heart.

[Exit through the door.

SCENE VII.—*The cloisters of Sant' Ambrogio—the church at the back—the door closed—the entrance-gate to the cloisters, l. H., is open—morning, enter VALLARDI at the gate.*

Val. The bridal procession comes this way—my beloved Medora is led to the altar, a victim to her father's folly and Herman's ambition—and shall I suffer this? No—not while I have an arm to shield her, or a hand to strike in her defence. They come—they come! [Retires behind a column, r. H.

Enter at the gate, a group of *dancers* strewing flowers—*Domestics* in rich livery—*Posillipo* followed by *PEPINO*—*MEDORA* veiled and

led by HERMAN—GIOVANNINA—Bridesmaids—Guests—Attendants.

FINALE.

Guests, &c. Thread the dance, and swell the song—
Every lip the strain prolong—
To cheer with rapture, hail with pride,
The happy bridegroom and the beauteous bride.

Val. (*advancing from behind the column.*) Hold! no longer I dissemble—
Forbear these impious rites, or tremble!

All. Heaven shield us!

Her. Why this outrage? Say!

Val. To claim my bride.

Pos. Traitor, away!

Med. & Val. Think of your promise—

Her. 'Tis most strange—

Pos. I have just reasons why I change;
And haate to join my child for ever
To this immortal worthy.

Val. Never!

Her. Hear me, Vallardi—hear your friend—

Val. My direst foe—draw and defend—

For by yon shining skies I swear— (*draws*)

Pep. Med. & Gio. Be patient!

Her. Loose your hold!—(*draws*)

All. Forbear!

Val. & Her. Fearless alike of death or blame,

My sword shall prove my juster claim.

[*They fight.*

Pos. (*going to the gate*)

What ho! assistance! soldiers, ho!
Seize yon fierce knave, my house's foe—
I charge ye, check this lawless deed,
And let our sacred rites proceed.

All. Prevent the sacrilegious deed,
And let the nuptial rites proceed.

[*The Guard enters, Vallardi is disarmed and secured.*

Pep. Ye powers of Mercy, hear my prayer,
Save us from each wily snare!

Med. Ye powers of Mercy, hear my prayer.
Save, oh save me from despair!

Gio. Ye powers of Mercy, hear my prayer,
Save the innocent from care!

Val. Ye powers of Mercy, hear my prayer,
Kindle joy, and banish care!

Her. Ye powers of Mercy, hear my prayer,
Grant to me the charming fair!

Pos. Ye powers of Mercy, hear my prayer,
Crush the foe, and bless the pair!

Pos. Now to the altar lead your bride,
And let the nuptial knot be tied.

MEDORA is led by POSILLIPO and HERMAN towards the church-door—she breaks from them and returns to the front—VALLARDI, after struggling, escapes from the guard and rushes to her.

Med. & Val. They may force us to sever,
And wound by their ire,
But no tyrant endeavour,
Can stifle Love's fire:
Though each fond hope be blighted,
And changed into pain,
Still, for ever united,
Our hearts must remain.

Pos. Tear them asunder—my orders obey!
Her. Soldiers, the voice of a father obey!
Pep. & Gio. Mercy! kind Heaven, let mercy have sway!
Guests. Tear them asunder, no longer delay.

(VALLARDI is again secured—the procession is re-formed, and advances towards the church—the doors are thrown open, discovering the interior—the bishop, priests, and choristers advance.)

Hymn.

Let the choral anthem rise,
And supplicate the bounteous skies,
To solace grief, and banish care,
And bless the happy pair!

MEDORA is led towards the altar—the rites proceed—the ring is about to be placed on her finger—a Capuchin monk, who has assisted in the ceremony, throws aside his robe and cowl—when **DIAVOLETTO** appears—general consternation.)

All. A spirit of evil!
A demon! a devil!
Holy saints, hear us!
Save us and spare us!

(**MEDORA** swoons—**DIAVOLETTO** takes her in his arms and rushes out—**VALLARDI** breaks from the soldiers, and follows them—**GIOVANNINA** faints—**PEPINO** supports her—**HERMAN** stands aghast—**POSILLIPO** is absorbed—officers of the Council of Ten enter, envelop him with a black cloak and force him away—terror and dismay pervade the assembly—tableau.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The saloon, as in Act I.*
PEPINO discovered writing at a table, with light, &c. l. h. A large travelling-trunk, r. h.

SCENA AND BARCAROLE.
Pep. “ Dear sister—pray believe me true,
Although my letter's overdue—

Excuses, I've a score, at least—
For instance—sorrow, much increased—
My state forlorn—my secret smart—
Low spirits and a heavy heart—
In short, my dear"—Nay, 'twould be worse than mad-
ness,
To fill my sheet with nought but cares and sadness.
 { Tears the letter

[Tears the letter.]

Calm thee, foolish fluttering heart,

Nor sigh in vain

For one who never heeds thy smart,
Nor feels thy chain.

Gondoliers (without.) Cantare
Sul mare,
Beato rematori.

Pop. Hark! methinks, far off I hear
The night-song of the gondolier—
Sweet music has the magic power
To soothe the heart, and cheer the dullest hour.

[Opens the blinds—*Venice by moonlight seen through the window.*

Hark! hark!
O'er the smooth waters,
So calm and serene,
Soft music is stealing
From songsters unseen—
It floats through the night,
Like some fairy spell,
O'er the magical notes
Of an ocean shell!

Gon. (without.) *Or an ocean shore.*
Cantare
Sul mare,
Beato remator.

Gon. (without.) Cantare
Sul mare
Beato remator.

[Closes the blinds and returns to the writing-table.]

Pep. Truce to melancholy—the courier starts for Weimar to-morrow morning, and I would not lose my opportunity; so my gentle sister, again I essay to give you tidings of myself and of my secret.

Enter GIOVANNINA, L. H.

Gio. Mercy on us! was ever such a catastrophe to a nuptial morning—was ever such a consummation for a marriage night! The bride eloped with an imp of darkness—the Marquis summoned before the terrible Council of Ten, for inviting the said imp to the ceremony—the house deserted by all, but a strong smell of brimstone—in short, the very devil to pay, and I left alone to settle the account.

[*Seats herself in a chair, R. H., so as not to perceive PEPINO.*

Pep. (*aside.*) So—the Gouvernante—despatch, despatch.

Gio. Was ever innocence and modesty in such a predicament! Alone, in this house of abominations, without one male defender—without one masculine supporter of my shattered nerves—even the little ugly black slave of Count Vallardi, whose visits used to torment me six months back, would be welcome now—heigho!

Pep. Viva! my letter is accomplished. (*sealing it.*)

Gio. Mercy on us! the page here—so then, the amorous coxcomb has not departed, and matters are not quite so bad—true, he is but a stripling, but then necessity has no law, and so—good evening, gentle page. (*approaches him.*)

Pep. At your service, signora.

Gio. I fear I disturb you from some interesting correspondence—a billet-doux—a love-letter, perchance—

Pep. Merely a family affair—a letter to my sister.

Gio. Go to—such insinuating fellows find a sister in every female descendant of Adam.

Pep. Nay! the profound respect—the admiration—the devotion I owe to you—look on the letter and be convinced. (*shows letter.*)

Gio. (*reading.*) “To Agnes Altenberg, at Weimar.” Well, well—I—that is, I feel that my ruling stars have destined you to be the guardian angel of innocence and modesty.

Pep. Your ruling stars inspire me to fulfil the honourable post.

Gio. Most pious page! already you have proved yourself; for, when the fiend flew away with my young lady—alack! I shudder to think of it—your soft voice recalled my scattered senses—when the Marquis was dragged away to the dungeons of the Council of Ten, your arm supported me in my second trance; and now, when all the cowardly lackeys have deserted the house, and all the cavaliers shun the doorway, behold! you are here, fulfilling the duty of the brave, by guarding the fair!

Pep. Most complimentary, signora!

Gio. Most glorious page!

Pep. And you shall escape from this odious house, and be placed beyond the reach of danger, if you will follow my poor counsel.

Gio. Sagacious page! I will follow your counsel. Ay, marry, and yourself too—to the extremity of time, and the end of the world!

Pep. Your journey need not be so far, signora ; with Count Vallardi, you may find an hospitable welcome.

Gio. Count Vallardi !

Pep. In his villa, two leagues hence, on the shores of the Brenta, he offers an asylum to all who truly loved our lady Medora.

Gio. Magnanimous Count !

Pep. To-morrow I accept his shelter—see, my travelling-trunk is ready—(*points to it*)—and, if you will confide in me—

Gio. Fond and generous youth ! to-morrow we will quit Venice together—we will waste a week in overwhelming sorrow for the past—another in mutual consolation—a third in dallying courtship—and then sweet page I promise—

Pep. Nay, hear my promise, and believe me—all I can be to woman, I will be to you !

DUST.

Gio. Fond seducer ! dare I trust
Those looks, and sighs, and vows ?
And will you never prove unjust,
As lover, or as spouse ?

Pep. By the wanton winds, I swear !
And by the roaming tide !
Never to woo another fair,
Nor wish another bride !

Gio. But should you ever frown, or fret,
Then, I shall learn to scold—

Pep. And if you prove a coy coquette,
My love will soon grow cold.

Gio. Hence, cruel boy—

Pep. With all my heart.
Gio. Adieu—

Pep. Farewell—

Gio. Yet stay—
Trust me, I'll con the bridal part—

“ Love, honour, and obey !”

Both. Then through the world we'll trip along,
With a merry, merry dance and song ;
Loving and loved, for the rest of our lives,
The envy of husbands—a pattern for wives.

[*They dance—PEPINO steals away—DIAVOLETTO appears and supplies his place—the dance continues—GIOVANNA discovers the change, faints, is placed in the travelling-trunk, and borne away, R. H.*

SCENE II.*—*A street in Venice.*

Enter VALLARDI and GIACOMO, L. H.

Val. So, your patron, the Marquis, is in jeopardy ?

Gia. Summoned before the terrible Council of Ten, and dragged to their dungeons.

* This and the following scene are occasionally omitted.

Val. Unhappy Marquis! and your other patron, Signor Herman—

Gia. Has escaped from Venice, no one knows whither—the worst rogue always fares the best.

Val. Nay, they have both paid dearly for their rashness.

Gia. Excuse me, the Marquis paid for his in advance, but the professor—

Val. Is on your books.

Gia. Yes, my black books—and if ever I—

Val. Hush! bear no malice.

Gia. Christian charity forbid! but the forty golden crowns he promised me, are a heavy weight upon my memory.

Val. Will fifty in your pocket counterbalance the evil. (gives a purse.)

Gia. My lord! (pocketing the purse.) My conscience was a little lopsided, but it rights again.

Val. 'Tis well—perform the task I have set you, faithfully, and I promise—

Gia. Enough—I want no more promises—Signor Herman is a scholar, dealing only in words, but you are a soldier, with far more forcible arguments.

Val. Speed, to prove that they are effectual—quick—

Gia. As a four-oared gondola with the stream. Trust me I shall be at your villa ere sunset. [Exit, L. H.

Val. What a vortex of difficulty and danger I have to encounter—courage, Vallardi! the struggle is a glorious one—the prize—beyond estimate.

Arietta.

Like him who sails the midnight deep,

From home and haven far,

My venturous course I boldly keep

By one bright, beaming star.

Yes—though rude dangers circle me,

Though gloomy clouds obscure,

Medora's lasting love shall be

My faithful cynosure.

[Exit, R. H.

SCENE III.—A vaulted cell, supposed to be three stories beneath the shores of the Adriatic, to which the only entrance is through a trap-door in the crown of the arch, which is closed—a large crucifix on the left side—the rack on the right—a table, chairs, &c. covered with black, in the centre. The scene very dark.

Enter POSILLIPO, groping his way from the back.

Pos. Science! thou queen of mysteries! let thy phosphoric lantern, penetrate this double darkness—neutralize the noxious odours of the place, and condense its loathsome vapours into something palatable for a hungry stomach. In vain I cry—in vain I petition—not even Science can penetrate the intricate passages and winding stairs by which I have been dragged to these miserable cells, far beneath the bed of the sea! slack! I begin to fear my great discovery will be lost to the world; for immortality itself must perish in an abode like this. (the clash of

chains is heard above.) Ha ! that sound—some one approaches by yon awful entrance which I had thought to be hermetically closed for ever. Philosophy befriend me, now ! (retires.)

[*The trap-door above is opened with a crash—the pavilion of "The Ten," slowly descends by chains and windlass—it is a spacious canopy hung with black velvet, a tripod on each side with fumigating frankincense, and a bell suspended in the centre which is tolled occasionally. "THE TEN" are seated within, they are robed in black and masked, two armed men attend them with battle-axes and closed visors—the pavilion having reached the floor, they advance and kneel before the crucifix.*

CHORALE.

Great Heaven ! in thee we trust—
Inspire us to be firm as just,
And bid the erring sons of men,
Tremble at "The Ten!"

[*The armed men having lighted tapers on the table, the Council take their seats.*

All. Honour to our chief.

Chief. Peace to the brotherhood ! What ho ! familiar.

Familiar. (above.) Speak, mighty one.

Chi. Close up yon entrance, and fix your seal-iron upon our secret doings, till the signal-bell's loud tongue warn you to raise us to the wholesome atmosphere again. Mark !

Fam. We obey. (*the trap-door is closed, chains and locks are heard.*)

Chi. Silence is ours—brethren the time is come—

All. 'Tis well.

Chi. Bring forth the attainted.

[*The armed men bring Posillipo forward blindfolded.*
Pos. Whither would you lead me ?

Chi. No further.

Pos. Acoustics be praised ! at last I hear a voice—say, where am I ?

Chi. In presence of "The Ten."

[*The armed men take the bandage from his eyes.*
Pos. Optics, I thank ye ! though the sight is by no means invigorating. Alack ! I feel a cold dampness creeping over my skin—pshaw ! that is vapour—my knees totter, but that is from exhaustion, not terror—and my teeth are chattering, with cold, not fear. No, I quail not, for science will protect her darling votary.

Chi. Peace, culprit—you are here to answer for a heinous crime against your fellow-men, the state of Venice, and our holy Church—you have dealt with evil spirits—what say you in defence ?

Pos. Science !

Chi. How will you repair the wrong ?

Pos. Science pays all, and ennobles the world.

Chi. Venice is not to be so trifled with—the Church will not be so appeased—they cry aloud for retribution.

Pos. The peacock screams upon the brink of a pool, which the wise goose swims over!

Chi. Tremble and obey! To repair this outrage, you must sign a deed yielding your whole estate to the church for ever.

Pos. Impossible—I shall want it for ever.

Chi. Then take your doom—the rack.

[*The armed men seize POSILLIPO and drag him towards the rack—he looses their hold and advances.*

JUDGMENT SCENE.

Pos. Spirits of all the wise and great!
Victims of folly, power, and hate,
Behold a martyr—proud to be
One of your goodly company!

The Ten. Peace and obey!

Pos. I scorn your power!

The Ten. Your time is come,

Pos. A glorious hour!

The Ten. Madman!

Pos. The wisest of the wise
Seem always mad in folly's eyes!

The Ten. No more, the rack—despatch him strait!

Pos. I laugh at all the frowns of fate!

[*Ascends the steps of the rack bombastically; the armed men prepare to bind him on the wheel; becomes terrified.*
Yet, stay—'tis not that I'm in fear,
But, if a corpse they make me here,
Where none my secret know—'tis plain,
A lifeless corpse I must remain—
Therefore I wisely yield.

The Ten. Proceed!

[*The armed men place the cords round him.*

Pos. Hear me!

The Ten. No more!

Pos. I'll sign the deed.

The Ten. 'Tis well—your lands you hereby sever,
And yield them to the state for ever.

[*The deed is prepared; he is led to the table.*

Pos. (aside.) A transient mortgage! a final measure
Which I can outlive at my pleasure!

The Ten. Attest the deed!

Pos. Agreed! agreed!

The Ten. For aye, your right and title it renounces.

Pos. Ha! ha! ha! ha! the poor short-sighted dunces!

[*POSILLIPO takes the pen to sign the deed; a third armed man enters from the pavilion, in person and habit undistinguishable from the others; he dashes the two to the ground, throws aside his helm and corslet, and discovers himself to be DIAVOLETTA; THE TEN start from their seats appalled; he tears the deed; takes the*

MARQUIS on his back to the pavilion, and strikes the bell violently; the trap-door above is opened, and the pavilion ascends amidst blazing fireworks, leaving the Council in terror and dismay.

SCENE IV.—*The shores of the Brenta, a short distance from Venice.*

Enter HERMAN, L. H.

Her. Lost!—ruined!—again the victim of most cruel mischance, I am doomed to wander through the world in fear and beggary—scorned by my fellow men, and sighing o'er my blighted hopes for ever. Ambition! hence, I spurn thy dazzling wiles, and claim of pity one kind, soothing tear.

BALLAD.

Oh, blame me not, that I have strayed,
Where firmer foot was oft betrayed;
Nor chide the sad and lingering sigh,
That bids ambitious Hope “good bye.”
The giddy moth, allured at night,
To flutter round some dazzling light,
Pays for his rashness far too dear,
And claims a pitying tear.

Oh, I was born for happier hours,
For sunbright lawns and moonlit bowers,
To sport amid the gayest throng,
And soothe life's journey with my song:
Now, doomed to pace a lonely way,
And mourn my glory's darkened ray—
Remembrance of the past shall be
A beacon light to me.

[*Going, R. B.*

Pep. (without.) Pass on. I will but halt an instant, and quickly follow.

Her. That voice!—it is the page.

Enter PEPINO, L. H.

Pep. Stay, signor!

Her (hesitating.) Dare I answer?

Pep. Signor Herman!

Her. I must learn to forget that name.

Pep. Whither in such haste?

Her. Any where, to hide my shame—my misery. A galley sails to-day for Aleppo—I wait its coming by the tide, and far away shall find at least the wretch's solace—oblivion.

Pep. Be not rash. Excuse me that I presume to offer counsel to a wiser head—

Her. A weaker, boy—and a sore, trembling heart.

Pep. I would soothe it—hear me, Herman, suffer me to aid you.

Her. Inconsiderate boy!

Pep. I have a purse—'tis scantily provided, but it is yours, if you will take it. (*offers a purse.*)

Her. Away! it is poison—if indeed you pity me, hide the glittering tempter that has caused my ruin.

Pep. Be comforted—I will do any thing, to calm and restore you.

Her. Kind boy! without another friend in the wide world, I gladly confide to you, ere I quit that world for ever, the last and dearest treasure of a broken heart.

Pep. Herman!

Her. I am going amongst strangers—infidels—tyrants—and I would save this from their pollution. (*draws a locket from his bosom.*)

Pep. What do I see?

Her. A lock of hair from beauty's forehead—a pledge that I have never merited—a prize that I would preserve from falling into unholier hands. True, I might plunge it into the sea, but that were profanation—if I give it you, will you promise to keep it sacred?

Pep. Trust me.

Her. Take it. (*kisses the locket and gives it.*) And now—farewell for ever. (*hurrying away.*)

Pep. Stay—Herman—I implore you.

Her. But one word more—if aught ever lead you near to Weimar—

Pep. It is my native city.

Her. Happy chance! there dwells the beauteous Stella Altenberg—she whom I have truly loved, though wronged—she whom I still must love, whatever fate awaits me—bear this token back to her at Weimar, and say—

Pep. In vain—she dwells no more at Weimar—her relentless father dead, her fortune and her hand at her own disposal, she obeyed her heart and left her home in search of him to whom that heart was plighted.

Her. Excellent Stella!

Pep. She traced his wild, uneven course—she watched him anxiously at every step from dissipation into danger—she thought him still faithful—she saw him err—she heard him repent.

Her. Too late—too late.

Pep. Not so—she pitied him, she pardons him, and she would save him, for—she loves him still!

Her. Do I wake? is this some fresh delusion—some romantic dream of my bewildered fancy?

Pep. A dream of truth, which I most gladly solve, Herman—I am Stella Altenberg. (*throwing off hat and plume, her ringlets fall about her shoulders.*)

Her. Stella!

Stella. Yes—your own. (*they embrace.*)

DUETTINO.

Both. Transporting moment! joyous light!

Our hearts forget their chill dismay;
As dewdrops, frozen in the night,
Dissolve and shine at break of day.

Her. The sailor, in the sinking wreck,
Forgets each tie, and hopes no more;
But soon his native spirits wake,
When anchored near the welcome shore.

Both. Transporting moment! &c.

Stel. The woodbine, clinging to the oak,
Droops by the selfsame winter stroke—
Revives in spring, more fresh and free,
And blooms to cheer the stricken tree.

Both. Transporting moment! &c. [Exeunt, L. E.]

SCENE V.—*Gallery of enchantments in the villa of VALLARDI—embellished with pictures, statues, &c.—a large painting of Helle with her cup and flagon, leaning on an eagle, is in the centre.*

[*POSILLIPO discovered asleep on a couch, VALLARDI is watching him.*

Val. Thus far my magic prospers bravely—the infatuation of the Marquis is shaken by his terrible misadventures, be it my happy task to charm his cure—Soft! he wakes.

Pos. (rising) Where am I? what bewildering remembrances are these that haunt my brain? remembrances of impossible things, that Science herself cannot reconcile! But now, methought, I mounted in the air—even from the black bowels of the earth—into ethereal brightness! anon I hurried over a rapid stream, I know not how nor whither! and now, I find myself—say—thou whose gaze, half recognised, bewilders me still more, say—who art thou? and where am I?

Val. Safe, in the villa of Vallardi—two leagues beyond the power of Venice.

Pos. Vallardi! my worst foe!

Val. Your friend—if you will judge him rightly. Listen, marquis, you have been the dupe of Herman's dark designs!

Pos. The diabolical professor!

Val. You have suffered grievously—

Pos. Manfully, I trust, and philosophically.

Val. Hear me, marquis, I was the fellow-student of Herman—we were emulous rivals at the university of Weimar—our course of study was the same—whatever he knows of science or the cabalistic arts, such I know—and something more, perchance, than he has ever yet accomplished. If you will trust me, the skill I have shall be exerted to unlock the spells with which he has enthralled you; to give you peace, restore your liberty, and bring back your daughter.

Pos. Sweet words! dare I believe thou hast this mighty influence?

Val. Be convinced—

Pos. Thou saidst my daughter will return—

Val. I dare not promise, but I will try to bring her back to your embrace.

Pos. If so, she shall reward thy superhuman skill.

Val. Inspiring thought!, sit in this magic chair. (*handing him towards a large chair in the centre.*)

Pos. No more of magic, I beseech thee! (*shrinking.*)

Val. Nay, but while I perform my needful conjurations, courage, marquis, confide and fear not—I will bring strange visions round you, with naught of danger—one caution only I impose—whatever you behold, venture not beyond the charmed circle which I draw around you; so shall you escape from every ill.

[*POSILLIPO* being seated, *VALLARDI* puts on the robe and cap of an enchanter, and taking a wand in his hand, which becomes suddenly ignited, traces a circle of fire on the floor round the magic chair.

INCANTATION SCENE.

Val. Hear me, spirits of Joy and Mirth!
That soar above this drowsy earth,
And people the romantic plains
Of Fancy's bright domains!
Elfin, Fairy, Imp, and Fay—
Draw near,
And own my magic sway!

Invisible choir. We hear—
And we obey.

Val. Come, with a sweet melodious measure,
Soothing as the summer shower,
When it sprinkles drops of pleasure
O'er the parched and drooping flower.
Balmy notes can heal the smart
Of wounded mind and grieving heart.

(*Numerous Elves and Spirits appear mysteriously.*)
Now, trip it to a livelier sound,
And weave the nimble dance around—
Every charm and spell employ
To banish care and welcome joy.

Elves. Trip it,
Skip it,
Neatly,
Featly!
Wreathing,
Breathing
Pleasure's
Measures.
Every spell and charm employ,
To enhance the reign of joy.

(*Imps and Fairies dance round the magic ring.*)

Pos. Wondrous! do I on earth remain!
Sure Paradise is come again!
A thousand fond delights infold
My senses—

Val. Peace! listen and behold!
[*Waves his wand—the picture of Hebe becomes animated, MEDORA appearing as the figure.*

Pos. What do I see ?
 Med. O ! trust to me—
 Your guardian spirit I will be.
 [The eagle expands its wings, MEDORA sits on its back, and
 is born from the picture-frame, alighting, L. B. of the
 magic circle.

Canzonet.
 I come from the realms of cloudless blue,
 Where the star of evening gleams,
 With a flagon of rich, ambrosial dew,
 Distilled from the sunset beams—
 He that would sleep, as the angels sleep,
 To wake without fear or stain ;
 Let him drain my goblet, long and deep,
 And forget every care and pain.
 Pos. Give me—I thirst—though it be simple water
 I'll drain it—
 [MEDORA fills her cup, and hands it to POSILLIPO, who
 drinks.

Thanks—ha ! who art thou ?
 Med. Your daughter—

Pos. Medora !
 Med. Father !
 Pos. Sweetest and most fair,

Elves. Come to my arms—
 Pos. The magic ring, beware !
 Pos. Nought shall control me now—

Val. Rash man, forbear !
 [POSILLIPO advances to embrace MEDORA, overstepping
 the magic circle, DIAVOLETTA, appears between them.

Pos. Perdition ! hence—nor deeper make my smart—
 Deceitful vision—raised but to break my heart.
 [Falls back on the chair ; DIAVOLETTA vanishes, STELLA
 and HERMAN enter at the back, repeating a part of their
 Duet, R. H.

Ste. & Her. } Transporting moment ! joyous light !
 Her. } Our hearts forget their chill dismay ;
 As dewdrops, frozen in the night,
 Dissolve and shine at break of day.
 Pos. Avant ! to thee I owe each bitter sigh—
 Be thine my curse—my vengeance—traitor, die !
 [Draws his sword, advances from the circle, and attempts
 to stab HERMAN ; DIAVOLETTA appears and disarms him.

All. Forbear, forbear !
 Beware, beware !
 [POSILLIPO falls on his knees, DIAVOLETTA vanishes.

GIACOMO enters, R. H.
 Her. & Pos. } Propitious stars ! exert your wonted power,
 Stel. & Med. } To solve the mystery of this fitful hour.
 Stel. & Med. } Propitious stars ! exert your wonted power—
 Med. } Dispel the dangers of this fitful hour.

Val. & Gia. } Ask not the stars, 'tis I, alone have power
To solve the mystery of this fitful hour.

Val. (speaks, accompanied by music.) What ho ! my faithful black slave !

[DIAVOLETTA appears behind the couch.

Behold the chief actor in these mysteries—a practised Egyptian juggler, and master of all the magical dexterity of the east.

[POSILLIPO rushes to catch him, he leaps through the couch, and disappears.

Forgive him, Marquis, for his whimsical adroitness has surmounted every obstacle, and proved him to be a conjurer indeed. Friends, the reign of delusion is at an end—unmask, and let mirth prevail.

[The Elves and Fairies throw aside their fantastic disguises, and appear as guests and friends.

All.

Ha ! ha ! ha !
A truce to frowns and sighs—
Ha ! ha ! ha !
Be merry and be wise.

[POSILLIPO is at first greatly perplexed, but gradually recognising his friends, partakes the general merriment.

Pos. Medora. (embracing her.) My deliverer from man's worst disease, a bewildered imagination—take the prize thou hast won, and give me happiness by beholding yours.

[Joins the hands of VALLARDI and MEDORA.
My diligent page, thou and I will con in future some more pleasing study, and learn the way to science by a flowery, not a thorny path. Come, hither, my good boy !

Ste. No longer so—I serve another master now, and henceforth study with a husband—the perfection of that sweetest science—the mutual power to please.

Pos. Amazement ! ab, me—I hardly yet believe myself escaped from that enchanted shore, to which my last mysterious voyage was directed.

Gia. (advancing, r. h.) Your pilot in that voyage, marquis —my gondola is ready to convey you back to Venice, and my lip most willing to unfold the mysteries by which these two days have been crossed.

Pos. No more—no more—I must sleep before my brain can comprehend them. [All retire up the stage.

Enter GIOVANNINA, L. H.

Gio. Where is he ? where is the truant page ? where is the deceiver ? Was ever innocence and modesty so jilted ! to be brought from Venice here on a fool's errand—here, where the false one promised I should find a home—a consoling partner

All. The Gouvernante !

[MEDORA embraces GIOVANNINA.

Gio. My pupil—what do I see? my lord—my truant seducer—all here! sure I am charmed, bewildered, enchanted!

Her. So are we all—not least, I trust, the happy bride of Herman. (*leading STELLA forward.*)

Gio. A bride—a cockatrice! a living double entendre.

[*Turns away enraged—VALLARDI meets her, L. R.*
Val. Be consoled, sweet Gouvernante—you were promised here a home and a husband—the home is yours, I trust to be a happy one; and for a husband—I have a faithful agent in these necromantic doings, on whom you have sometimes deigned to look with favour—we all are in his debt for the happiness we now enjoy, marry him, sweet Gouvernante for his reward!

Gio. Marry him—innocence and modesty preserve me! marry whom?

Val. My deliverer from captivity in Algiers—my faithful black slave, whom I from this moment make a free man with an ample dower. Diavolotto!

Enter *DIAVOLETTO* *habited as an Egyptian slave—advances to GIOVANNINA—kneels and protests.*

Gio. Mercy on us! was ever such a proposition—was ever such presumption! was ever innocence and modesty so perplexed! a black spouse—what an unfair proposal! Were I to consent, I should expect the devil himself to fly away with me.

[*DIAVOLETTO takes her in his arms and mounts into the vacant picture-frame which becomes illuminated by fireworks.*

FINALE.

Happy, happy throng!
 Raise the votive song;
 Bosoms fondly plighted—
 Hand in hand united—
 Discord ne'er the bond shall sever;
 Thus we'll live and love for ever.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

{ *DIAVOLETTO,* }
 { *GIOVANNINA.* }

GUESTS.

<i>GIA.</i>	<i>HER.</i>	<i>PEP.</i>	<i>Pos.</i>	<i>MED.</i>	<i>VAL.</i>
R.					L.

GUESTS.

WEBSTER'S TING NATIONAL DRAMA.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

TOM NODDY'S SECRET,

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

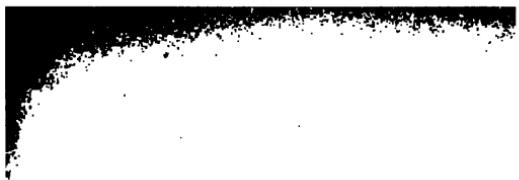
ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

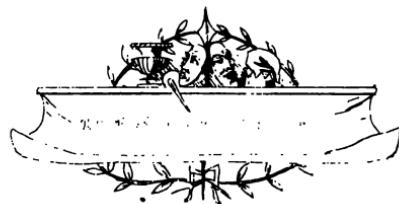
By Pierce Egan the Younger, taken during the
representation of the Piece.

LONDON: WEBSTER AND CO., 36, HAYMARKET;
SHEWWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER, PATERNOSTER ROW.

G. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 5, NASSAU STREET, BOMBAY.







TOM NODDY'S SECRET.

A F A R C E,

In One Act.

BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULPRIT," "THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER," "YOU
CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER," &c. &c

As performed at
THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
JOHN ROAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

WEBSTER AND CO., 36, HAYMARKET;
SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER, PATERNOSTER ROW.



Dramatic Personae and Costume.

First performed Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1838.

CAPTAIN ORMOND (*a faithful adherent of Charles II.*) Scarlet doublet with gold lace, trimmed with blue, blue trunks trimmed with gold-lace at the knee, blue silk scarf, cuirass, hat and feathers, black wig (King Charles), yellow boots with lace, spurs } Mr. HEMMING.

INKPEN (*his assistant*). Light drab jacket and trunks, black stockings, russet shoes } Mr. BUCKSTONE.

TOM NODDY (*schoolmaster of Worcester*). Brown tabbed jacket, full trunks trimmed with red braid and black velvet, black satin cloak, long black satin waist-coat, long red stockings, black shoes } Mr. STRICKLAND.

MARY. Blue silk and black velvet, point lace . . . Miss COOPER.

GABRIELLE. White dress, point lace, hat, &c. }
—Second dress. Scarlet doublet, trimmed with gold, white trunks with gold, yellow boots, black hat } Miss TAYLOR.

Time of representation, forty-five minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



TOM NODDY'S SECRET.

SCENE I.—*The best room in Mr. THOMAS NODDY's house ; globes, books, oldfashioned furniture, a door in c., opening to a garden, a window to the R., and on the same side a table, with writing-materials ; on the L. a door.*

Enter INKPEN and MARY, c.

Ink. Am I never to have an answer, Miss Mary ? I've waited till I can wait no longer, you know I love you, will you be mine ?

Mary. You have my answer, Mr. Inkpen ; I've referred you to my uncle.

Ink. But what's the use of my going to him ? You know very well that there's no getting a plain answer to a plain question out of him. He never can make up his mind, as to what he ought to do, until it's too late to do it—and even if it were otherwise, his memory is so bad, that he would never remember to-morrow the decision he came to to-day. What's the use of asking his sanction to our marriage ; his reply will be, " We'll see about it, I'll not forget to remember to turn it over in my mind by-and-by ;" and then he'll tie a knot in his handkerchief, and entirely forget ten minutes afterwards why he tied it.

Mary. (n. h.) It is too true, yet I cannot marry without his consent—can't you be content to enjoy my society daily ?

Ink. No, Miss Mary, I can't, because other young men come and get smiles surreptitiously, that ought by rights all to belong to me.

Mary. I'm afraid you're of a jealous disposition !

Ink. I am—desperate jealous, because I can't be sure of your not marrying another, but if you were once to become Mrs. Inkpen, I should be as tranquil, and happy, and confiding as possible !

Mary. Confiding ! I'm sure I see no symptoms of that.

Ink. Because nobody can help admiring you, and because you take pains to be admired—to-day, now, you look so smart !

Mary. Oh, because we expect strangers.

Ink. Young men, I dare say—very well—you'll break my heart—I can't rule the boys' copies straight while you go on like this.

Mary. There now ! well, you shan't know who is coming—the other day you actually got angry with a young man, because he looked at me.

Ink. And very natural too !

Mary. Very natural that young men should look at me !

Ink. Oh, Miss Mary, you really will be the death of me ; it's this terrible uncertainty that ruffles my temper, and wears me to a shadow.

Mary. Oh, no fear of your vanishing entirely—but be quiet, for here comes my uncle !

Nod. (without, c.) We'll see about it—I can't give any answer now ; we'll see about it.

Enter NODDY, c.

Nod. Really I am perplexed with so many things upon my mind. Ah, you there, *Mary* ; the boys want a half-holiday—and press for an immediate answer—impossible !

Mary. Impossible ! Then you have refused the poor fellows.

Nod. Ah, no ! not refused—I could not take upon me decidedly to refuse—but I said that I'd see about it—stop—I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief, and then I shall recollect to take it into consideration. (*ties a knot in his handkerchief.*)

Ink. (aside.) When the day is over, he'll consider whether it ought to have been a holiday ! just the way he serves me. (aloud.) Good morning to you, sir !

Nod. Ah, you're there, are you ? good morning—do you wish to speak to me ?

Ink. Yes ; and on the old subject.

Nod. What, spelling-books wanting for the little boys, or rulers, or slates, or—

Ink. No, no ; I come once more to ask your consent, Miss *Mary* refers me to you, and—

Nod. Yes, yes ; very proper—I'll see about it—we'll talk of this another time—this day week—or—stop—I'll put my ring on another finger, and then I shall remember to—(*looks at his hand*)—

Ink. I cannot be put off any longer, sir ; you know I have a little independence, and you must decide one way or another—yes, or no.

Nod. (who has been looking puzzled.) Well, I declare, I had already changed my ring from the forefinger of my right hand, to the forefinger of my left—do you see that ?

Ink. What has that to do with my question ?

Nod. (trying to remember.) I must have changed that ring, because I had a particular reason for wishing to remember some particular thing—something that I wished to see about.

Ink. I dare say it was my marriage with *Mary*.

Nod. Hey ? your marriage—it might be—but no, I don't think that was it—you confuse me, putting two ideas into my head at one time—it's too much—let me see—that ring—

Ink. Well, stick to one idea—my marriage is to take place ?

Nod. We'll see about it, you're a very excellent good creature, but it's impossible for me to give you an answer to-day.

Ink. Oh, yes, come—let me go, and buy the ring.

Nod. (looking at his hand.) The ring—I must have changed it for some very important reason.

Ink. Sir, you are very unkind.

Nod. Hey—what were you saying?

Ink. Very! for you know I would do anything to serve you.

Nod. I believe it, I do indeed! You're a good creature, and now you really can serve me materially.

Ink. Only tell me how?

Nod. Just by going away, and leaving me alone with my niece to collect my ideas and—(looking at his hand)—Why, in the world, did I change my ring. (crosses to L. H.)

Ink. (angry.) Oh, this is too bad! Sir, I'd have you to know—

Mary. (advancing from her work.) Hush—my uncle does not mean to offend you—pray leave us together.

Ink. I cannot stand this; I'm furious!

Nod. Yes—yes—good by, Inkpen; go and keep the boys in order, and as for you, Mary, we'll see about it.

Mary. (aside.) Go—go—make no reply. I will see you again, by-and-by!

Ink. (r. u.) Remember your promise: as for your uncle, if he does not soon give me an answer, I'll run away with you.

Mary. Yes—yes—we'll see about it. Ha! ha! go along.

[Exit INKPEN, r. u.]

We are alone now, uncle: he is gone.

Nod. I'm delighted to hear it, for he ruffled my temper and confused my ideas at a moment when I require all my self-possession; this day my head ought to be particularly clear. (takes out his handkerchief, and notices the knot which he made when he first entered.) Heyday what's this? a knot in my handkerchief! dear me, I must have made it because I wished particularly to remember something—but what it was, I have now entirely forgotten!

Mary. How very unfortunate!

Nod. Yes; but I know how to remedy the evil. I'll make a knot in another corner to remind me to take care and recollect what reason I had for making the first knot. (makes another knot.)

Mary. But what was it you were going to tell me, uncle? You said you would require all your self-possession.

Nod. Ay—very likely—I often do—but why more particularly at this moment I really forget, but we'll see about it; and, perhaps, by changing my ring from one finger to another, I may by-and-by be able to—

Mary. (aside.) Oh, this is hopeless!

Nod. Ah now, I know—yes—yes—it has just flashed upon me.

Mary. Then make haste and tell me, for fear you should forget it again.

Nod. Yes—yes—It is because I expect Captain Ormond arrive to-day.

Mary. His servant is here already, and is now preparing his chamber.

Nod. Very good—let me see there was something else I had to ask—oh—and Gabrielle—is she arrived yet?

Mary. No! and pray why have you sent for her from her school at Tewkesbury?

Nod. Because I had a letter from the captain. Oh, my dear, you don't know the bother I'm in! I sent a coach and horses for her, I could not do more, and she ought to have been here by this time.

Mary. And do you expect the captain to-day?

Nod. To-day! I trust not! but very probably, and at all events sooner or later the worst must be known.

Mary. What can be the matter now? whenever Captain Ormond has been mentioned of late, you have seemed so frightened, dear uncle, if there be any little difficulty let us talk it over before he comes.

Nod. Little difficulty! he'll very probably kill me, he'll be so furious.

Mary. Oh, impossible! pray tell me all.

Nod. Hey! all? all what? Oh, I know—about Captain Ormond—yes—yes—you were too young to remember the circumstances—you could not have been more than eight or ten years old—for that was in the year 1651—and we are now in the month of June 1660. So it's nine years ago, and I then lived just where I live now, in the environs of Worcester town, and had written in letters of gold over my door—"Mr. Tom Noddy, teacher of Latin, Greek, Writing, and Arithmetic." And it had a very striking effect as it has now. One day—no, it was not in the day—but it was one night—just after the terrible battle which took place here; when the streets were strewed with dead bodies, when our present good King Charles was conquered, and William the Conqueror—no—no—I don't mean him—but the forces of Oliver Cromwell gained the day. Well, one night a rap came at my door, and the battle being quite over, when the rap had been violently repeated six or seven times, I desired somebody to open it, and there was a soldier, one of the royalist party, a handsome young man of nineteen or twenty, who bore before him on his war-horse a beautiful little boy.

Mary. And the young soldier was Captain Ormond?

Nod. Now you really put me out; he certainly was not a captain then, and if I call him a captain in that portion of my story when he was not a captain, I shall never be able to retain the thread of my discourse.

Mary. Well, pray go on.

Nod. He held by the hand, as he entered my house a beautiful little boy, about eight years old, "Sir," said he, bowing to me gracefully, "you are, I believe, an instructor of young gentlemen?"—"Sir," said I, "I'm Tom Noddy, and such is

my profession."—"Well," continued the little fellow—no, the soldier—"here is a little fellow that I wish to have in your care—here is a purse, containing fifty broad pieces, and you shall yearly receive an adequate sum for his maintenance and education. I have not time to say more, my royal master is closely pursued, I must rejoin him, adieu!"

Mary. And thus he quitted you?

Nod. Yes; he remounted his horse, and galloped away—I took up the purse, and I looked at the—the—little—individual—I resolved to do my duty, and certainly the stranger was as good as his word, for his remittances have regularly reached me.

Mary. Hark! I hear a carriage! (*GABRIELLE speaks without, c.*)

Nod. Ah! it is Gabrielle! How delighted I am that she is arrived before the captain!

Enter GABRIELLE, c.

Gab. (*runs to NODDY.*) My dear friend, I am so glad to see you, and you too Mary—how you are improved! I'm so glad to see this place, for it is the first home that I can remember.

Mary. (*r. h.*) We are equally glad to see you, dear Gabrielle—I declare she is quite grown, is she not, uncle?

Nod. (*l. h.*) I really cannot take upon myself to answer that question decidedly at the moment, but we'll see about it—we'll measure her.

Gab. I'm sure you will not hesitate to say that you are glad to see me, which is much more to the purpose.

Nod. Glad! why, really—I—I don't know what to say, my dear, for my mind is sadly harassed.

Gab. I suppose something extraordinary has occurred, by your sending for me in such haste.

Nod. My dear, I was obliged to send for you, for a most embarrassing reason—very embarrassing indeed!

Gab. Indeed!

Nod. Yes; in fact Captain Ormond is coming.

Gab. Captain Ormond! What my kind benefactor who has been absent for so many years, has so regularly remitted to you such large sums on my account—ah, how I do long to see him—he has been to me a father—brother—friend. But for him I might have perished, or should at all events have been poor and uneducated, did you say he was coming here?

Nod. Why, certainly I committed myself so far, having received a letter from him, to—

Gab. To announce his arrival! Then I was not mistaken; I have already seen him.

Nod. Seen him—oh, dear!

Gab. A few miles from hence as the carriage was passing a gentleman on horseback—the horse started, reared violently, and he was thrown, but in a moment he regained his saddle, and gaily waved his hand to me to assure me of his safety—I am sure it was Captain Ormond; I could not imagine when or where I had seen him before, but now I can have no doubt.

Nod. Oh—impossible you should remember him ; you were a mere child when last you saw him.

Gab. True ; but I was a child who looked upon the preserver of my life—such impressions are not easily obliterated.

Nod. She knew him—dear me—dear me—how very embarrassing !

Gab. And he wrote to you ?

Nod. Hey ? yes, here's his letter.

Mary. Well then, you had better read it to us—we shall understand all about it.

Gab. Yes—yes ; read it !

Nod. (crosses to c.) What ?—read it you say ? Why yes, perhaps that is the step I ought to take. (reads.) “ London, June 21st, 1660.—Dear Sir,—I have been at length enabled to accompany my royal master to London, after a long and painful exile.”

Gab. A painful exile ! poor fellow !

Nod. (reads.) “ Though I have not heard from you, I have ascertained that you are living in the same place ; my remittances have, I trust, reached you with punctuality, and I now am most anxious to see the dear child I placed under your care, I long to embrace him, and to call him my son !”

Gab. His son !

Nod. (confused.) Yes, it is in the letter (spelling.) M Y—
—S O N Son ! my son !

Gab. Ah, then Captain Ormond left another child in your care ?

Nod. No—oh dear no—only you.

Gab. But he says—

Nod. Yes, he says “ my son ”—and you see that is precisely what renders my situation at this moment so peculiarly embarrassing ; but the mistake was natural enough, for when he found you first, and indeed when he brought you to me, you had on a little pair of—that is—I mean—you were a little boy —no—no—dressed in boy's clothes.

Gab. Boy's clothes !

Nod. Yes—I suppose, in time of trouble, little boys are supposed to be in less peril than little girls, and so those about you, in the midst of the battle and murder that was going on in the town of Worcester, thought it prudent to put you in a little pair of—

Gab. (hastily.) But Captain Ormond—he knows all this—of course you told him !

Nod. Told him, my dear ! I've never seen him since !

Gab. But you wrote to him—it was your duty to write to him !

Nod. My poor wife, who was living then—though you're aware, that now, unfortunately, she—

Gab. Yes—yes—but Captain Ormond go on.

Nod. Why my wife, who of course had the care of you, certainly advised me to write to the captain—and tell him that we would take great care of his little girl—*little girl* of course dashed—

Gab. Well—and you—

Nod. I always said, I'd see about it! and—

Gab. But you *did* write?

Nod. Why, I put it off so long that I did not know what excuse to make for not having done it before—and at last—

Gab. Well, at *last* you wrote?

Nod. No. At last, there was a difficulty about his address—he was following in the suite of the exiled king—now in the low countries, now in the high countries, now in France, and now in Holland; so that unless I had directed my letter to "Captain Ormond, Poste Restant, Europe," it stood no chance of reaching him!

Gab. Oh, what a sad error! this dear friend that I have so longed to meet—may look on me with disappointment. He hastens to meet a son!

Nod. Yes—yes—it's dreadful! I see all the difficulties of my situation!

Gab. He will look upon me as an annoyance—he must have arranged all his plans.

Nod. Oh yes, and has sent a beautiful horse, for his son to ride upon—and the prettiest uniform I ever saw in my life; he has secured you a post near the king!

Gab. Poor fellow! what a disappointment! Oh, that I were a boy! to be a son to him, I would love him, how I would exert myself to please him!

Nod. What will become of us? and the horse too? and the uniform? He ought to have sent you virginals, or an embroidery frame.

Gab. He must know the truth at once!

Nod. To be sure—we'll see about it—and, by the by, I think you'd much better tell him yourself.

Gab. Impossible! he would dislike me—and were he to frown on me, it would kill me.

Nod. Kill you! That would be serious! Then Mary, my dear, *you* had better tell him!

Mary. Remember, uncle, that after all you will be responsible, for to you the child was confided—you must tell him yourself.

Nod. Dear me, we'll see about it—we certainly—

Gab. Hark! I hear a horse—it stops at the gate—'tis Ormond!

Nod. Oh! what will become of me?

Gab. Had not this cruel concealment been carried on, how joyfully should I have met him!

Mary. Come with me, Gabrielle, my uncle must first see him alone. [Exeunt *GABRIELLE* and *MARY*, R.

Nod. Don't leave me! They are gone! She talked of a cruel concealment! cruel! They'll all execrate me—here he comes!

Orm. (as he enters, c.) Very well, I shall find him, I dare say. (sees Noddy.) Oh yes, here he is—give me your hand—I no remember you perfectly, I must consider you an old friend.

Nod. (embarrassed.) I—yes—certainly. (aside.) What will become of me?

Orm. And the child—my dear boy—my adopted son—how is he? is he here? I long to see him!

Nod. And—and you *really* knew me?

Orm. Oh yes, the same honest, open, frank countenance; no deceit, no!

Nod. Hem!

Orm. But where is my boy?

Nod. You must be fatigued!

Orm. No—no—where is he?

Nod. But you are scarcely arrived, and—

Orm. My only object is to see him!

Nod. You must take some refreshment, and then we'll see about it.

Orm. I require no refreshment; besides, I met with a slight accident—

Nod. An accident—dear me!

Orm. Oh, nothing—a mere trifle—I am not so *au fait* with my horsemanship, as I was before I left England, my steed threw me—at the moment, the prettiest little woman I ever saw in my life, passed in a carriage; she looked frightened out of her wits, and was out of sight before I could do more than assure her by a gesture that I was safe.

Nod. Safe—I'm very glad. (aside.) I should not have objected if a few little bruises had detained him at the inn!

Orm. But the boy—pray fetch him.

Nod. What boy? I beg pardon—yes, I know.

Orm. But by what name do you call him? I forgot that.

Nod. Oh, Gabrielle! (pronouncing it as a female name.)

Orm. Gabriel! (pronouncing it as a male.) Why did you choose that name—it savours a little of the Puritans—but no matter, the days of Oliver are at an end—and Gabriel—yes, I dare say I shall like that name very well.

Nod. I'm glad you don't object to the name, because you see viewing names historically, there are many names—

Orm. Methinks I see the dear boy now.

Nod. (aside.) I wish you did with all my heart. (aloud.) I can fully enter into your impatience—for when one has saved the life of a fellow-creature, it is natural that one should—by the by, I don't think I ever exactly knew *how* it was you saved the—the—little individual's life? You had not time to see me, and the—the—individual was so young that—

Orm. You must remember the situation of this town after that unfortunate battle; as I rode from the field I saw crouching beneath tent the form of a beautiful woman—she was dying, and by her side was a lovely boy.

Nod. A boy!

Orm. The mother expired, but I snatched up the child and bore him to your house; you know the rest, and now at once, let me see Gabriel.

Nod. I must speak.

TOM NODDY'S SECRET.

A F A R C E,

In One Act.

BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULPRIT," "THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER," "YOU
CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER," &c. &c

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
SPENCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

WEBSTER AND CO., 36, HAYMARKET;
SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Orm. A tiresome old man ! But if he has done his duty to my boy, I shall excuse every thing—every moment seems an age. (goes to window.) Nobody in the garden, not even that pretty girl I saw just now—she might have amused me.

[While he looks from the window, NODDY enters in front with GABRIELLE, in a handsome uniform, a. n. h.

Nod. (aside.) Why am I to come with you? you had much better go alone.

Gut. (aside.) I dare not, I am so frightened !

Nod. (aside.) But I don't understand what you are going to do or say ?

Gab. (aside.) Present me—name me—that is all I ask—I will then speak for myself.

Nod. Oh, well—if that's all, certainly. Captain Ormond?

Orm. (turning.) Yes ; who is this ?

Nod. (pointing to GABRIELLE.) The—the individual.

Orm. Gabriel ?

Nod. Yes.

Orm. (runs to him.) My dear boy—my dear son ! (grasps her hand.)

Gab. Oh, my friend—my dear—dear benefactor !

[Falls on her knee, and kisses his hand—ORMOND raises and embraces her.

Orm. My son—my dear son !—Hang it, I can't see ; I surely can't be crying ! Call me your father.

Gab. Oh, no—you don't look like my father, you are so young.

Orm. And my uniform fits you ! yet I must confess I expected to see a taller and more military figure.

Gab. You are disappointed.

Orm. No, on my honour—just as I see you now, I would have you ever remain—I feel happy while I gaze on you. (aside.) What can the old man be fidgeting about ?

Nod. I'll leave you together now.

Orm. Do so, by all means—

Nod. Certainly. (aside.) He'll soon know all ! I should like to lock myself up in the coal-cellars. [Exit, r.

Orm. Give me your hand, are you glad to see me again ?

Gab. Oh, yes ! indeed I am, very glad—I never was so happy before.

Orm. (sits.) You would not have remembered me ?

Gab. Oh, yes ; I have never forgotten you—I have thought of you, dreamt of you. (aside.) I could not have said that if it had not been for the uniform !

Orm. And you would have known me ?

Gab. (bringing a chair rather near him.) Yes ! (aside.) I did know him when he fell from his horse, but I must not say so !

Orm. But you don't seem at your ease with me. You're not afraid of me ?

Gab. (drawing nearer.) Oh, no, sir, not at all !

Orm. Sir ; you are not to call me " Sir "

Gab. Well then, Captain ?

Orm. Captain ! just as bad !

Gab. What would you have me call you ?

Orm. Remember I have protected you since you were an infant—you have known no other father—what then does your own heart bid you call me ?

Gab. (taking his hand.) Ormond, dear Ormond—

Orm. That's right, dear Gabriel !

Gab. You cannot doubt my love—my gratitude I mean—and I only fear I shall prove unworthy of your unceasing kindness—I have no friend but you—and should you ever desert me, I am lost.

Orm. I desert you ? Never !—always come to me in any difficulty, you will find me ready to assist you. Even now I see that there's something the matter—you are anxious and embarrassed—tell me what annoys you—perhaps you've killed a man in a duel ?

Gab. Oh, no, no ! What a strange notion ! (aside.)

Orm. Well, I only asked the question ; be assured, at all events, that you will always be the first object with me !

Gab. Not if—if you marry.

Orm. Marry ! I marry ! I'm not likely to do that—I consider you my own child—and with such a companion, I shall not think of marriage—my mind will be occupied teaching you how to be a soldier !

Gab. (timidly.) Would a—a daughter have been equally interesting to you ?

Orm. A daughter ! oh, dear no—I should never have known what to do with a daughter—always sitting at work. The eternal snip, snip, snip, of her scissors ringing in my ears ! Then the difficulty of getting a daughter settled in life, as the saying is. Oh, it would have bored me to death. But a boy takes up his little knapsack, eats what you eat, drinks what you drink, and is always content with a little homely bed spread in the corner of your tent. No, no—you are my son—and as for marriage—I swear—

Gab. Oh, don't swear you'll never marry—

Orm. And why not—but dear me, now I look at you again, I see a likeness.

Gab. Indeed !

Orm. Yes, to a young girl I saw just now in the garden.

Gab. Indeed ! Oh ! very likely—a family likeness !

Orm. What do you mean ?

Gab. That was my cousin.

Orm. Your cousin ! how came you by cousins ?

Gab. Yes ; one cousin—only one !

Orm. Then have you discovered your relations ?

Orm. Oh ! Mr. Noddy will tell you all about that by and by—I have no relation but that little cousin—and yourself.

Orm. And what is she ?

Gab. An orphan like myself.

Orm. Where does she come from ?

Gab. She has been under the care of a governess at Tewkesbury, and came here to-day.

Orm. True—I overtook her on that road this morning.

Gab. Oh, yes! she told me that.

Orm. Your cousin is a charming girl

Gab. I have often been told that.

Orm. And do you admire her?

Gab. Oh yes—certainly.

Orm. Then perhaps you are in love with her.

Gab. Oh dear no! I'm told she has had excellent offers, but has rejected them all—she is very difficult to be pleased.

Orm. Indeed?

Gab. Oh, very—even I have failed.

Orm. Wonderful! but she may like another after all.

Gab. I'll bet you a wager you don't succeed.

Orm. Oh, you lay wagers, do you? Well, suppose I try.

Gab. I advise you not.

Orm. Well, perhaps you are right—so I think the sooner we leave this place the better—I sent you a spirited horse—and I long to see you bestride him.

Gab. (aside.) Oh, dear me! (aloud.) A spirited horse! Remember what happened to you this morning?

Orm. (laughing.) You are at liberty to laugh at me—but for all that we must go.

Gab. Oh, but I can't go.

Orm. Why not?

Gab. (aside.) What excuse shall I make? (aloud.) It is—I don't know how to tell you—but—the fact is—I'm in love.

Orm. With your cousin?

Orm. Oh, no!

Orm. Who is it? Who is the lady?

Gab. We have been brought up together, our hearts, are closely twined, you cannot tear them asunder.

Orm. I must know who it is.

Gab. The niece of Mr. Noddy—the adorable Mary.

Orm. This is what old Noddy wanted to tell me! this is the mystery! I must meet the old man, and speak my mind on the subject.

Gab. Then you will not force us asunder? No, no. Ah! she is here. (aside.) What will poor Mary think?

Enter MARY, R.

Mary. Captain Ormond, if you wish to repose, your chamber is ready for you.

Orm. Ah! dearest, best, how welcome, are you. We were talking of you. Most adorable creature, we are never to be separated. (aside to MARY.) Take the hint from me—deny nothing.

Orm. This is the niece, then?

Mary. (aside to GABRIELLE.) What can it mean? (aloud.) So you've told all?

Gab. Yes; and he consents to our union. Happy man that I am!

Orm. Here's a pretty piece of business!
Geb. (*runs and embraces MARY.*) Dear, dear Mary! are we not a fortunate pair?

Enter INKPEN, R. H.

Ink. Hey! what! a soldier kissing Mary? Well, in my life I never saw any thing to equal that! and another soldier looking on!

Mary. (*aside.*) Ah! what a rage he will be in!

Orm. You seem to have a rival, Gabriel!

Ink. You did not expect me quite so soon, it seems, Miss Mary Noddy. Now I understand why I could get no answer this morning. Now I know why your uncle said he'd see about it! and I'll see about it too, I can promise you.

Orm. (*aside.*) I wish this little third person would interfere, and break off the match.

Ink. (*cross to GABRIELLE.*) Though you are a soldier, sir, and I am usher, you'll find, sir, that it will not be easy to interfere with my pretensions with impunity. You wear a feather in your cap, sir, and I only a pen behind my ear, but I don't want for valour, sir, and that you shall find. (*crosses to c.*)

Orm. (*aside to GABRIELLE.*) You must not allow that man to insult you—answer him!

Ink. You little whipper-snapper, I despise you!

Orm. (*to INKPEN.*) Sir, you are behaving improperly.

Ink. (*to ORMOND.*) Sir, you are meddling in what don't concern you.

Gab. (*aside to ORMOND.*) Don't condescend to notice him—I'll settle this.

Mary. (*to INKPEN.*) I beg to say that I am mistress of my own actions, and you are intrusive.

Ink. I intrusive! I—and I'm to be told so by a girl who lets the soldiers kiss her!

Orm. (*to GABRIELLE.*) Speak to him—say one such soldier is worth a bushel of writing-masters.

Gab. Yes; one soldier is worth a bushel of such writing-masters.

Orm. (*aside.*) Excellent!

Ink. (*advancing.*) A bushel, sir! take care or you'll be in a peck of troubles.

Mary. You'd better stop, Mr. Inkpen.

Ink. No power shall stop me—shall I be supplanted by a little contemptible—boy—B O Y—a thing of one syllable.

Orm. (*aside.*) Box his ears!

Gab. (*aside.*) Do you bid me do it?

Orm. (*aside.*) If you don't I'll do it myself.

Ink. A little weak effeminate— [GABRIELLE boxes his ears.

Orm. Excellent, again!

Gab. (*aside.*) Oh, dear! how I've hurt my hand!

Ink. (*furious.*) A blow!—I'll be revenged!

Orm. I'll arrange this affair—you will require satisfaction, contemptible as you are; you shall have it, what are your arms?

Ink. (furious.) Blunderbuss, rifle, musket, pistol, broad-sword, small sword, sabre, cutlass, bayonet, knife, hatchet, tomahawk, penknife!

Gab. Hush, little man, you mean birch-rod, cane, and rule.—
Name your hour.

Ink. Hour, sir! All day long, from dawn to sunset, and even then I'll fight by torchlight.

Orm. At seven o'clock, at the back of the garden.

Ink. I will be there, to avenge that blow! No man ever struck me and lived.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Enter NODDY, R.

Nod. Oh, dear! what a noise! what's the matter?

Orm. (coolly.) Oh, only a duel!

Nod. A duel! and who is going to fight?

Orm. My little Gabriel.

Nod. The individual. (*aside to GABRIELLE.*) I know how to prevent that. I'll tell all.

Gab. (*aside.*) No—no—be silent—keep my secret—come

Mary. [*Exeunt GABRIELLE and MARY, L. H.*]

Nod. Dear me a duel! what is he going to fight about?

Orm. You may thank your silly blindness.

Nod. My silly blindness! why now really—when you talk of — blindness I—

Orm. I know all; deception is useless.

Nod. Oh, you know all? So much the better.

Orm. Then you approve of their attachment?

Nod. I don't know what you mean.

Orm. Don't you know, you weak old man, that my adopted son Gabriel wants to marry your niece, and that if we don't keep a good look out they'll run away with one another?

Nod. La! bless me! what a heap of circumstances to come together in one day. The—the individual run away with my niece! I don't think that likely, but we'll see about it—indeed if you wish it, I'll speak to my niece on the subject, and that I may remember to do so, I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief. (*takes it out.*) Well I protest here are two knots already, and I have not the remotest idea why I put them there; however, I'll make a third. (*ties knot.*)

Orm. It is on account of his absurd attachment to your niece that Gabriel is going to fight that usher of yours.

Nod. And Gabrielle's really going to fight.

Orm. The duel once over we shall immediately leave this place for ever. Send Gabriel to me, I must see him fence before his life is placed in peril. Should I not find him equal to the task, I myself will take his place. Be sure you do not alarm his fair cousin.

Nod. (*aside.*) His fair cousin! who's that I wonder?

Orm. (*looks from the window.*) Ah, there she is: she is walking in the garden, and alone, I will hasten to speak with her. Be sure you go to the boy, and bid him meet me here. [*Exit, c.*]

Nod. Things must come to a crisis, soon: I wish this captain had never come, what shall I do about the duel, I must tell

him all ; yes—on second thoughts I'll write—yes—now for it. (sits at table, L., puts on spectacles.) It's much better to write. If the news irritates him, he then in his fury can only tear the letter, but if I were to go and tell him in *propriâ* personâ he might tear me, so I'll certainly write.

[He writes and reads the letter.

"Honoured Captain.—We must in this life be prepared for any wonderful event that may occur, you once saved the life of a fellow-creature—you brought the individual to my house, and you said, 'educate this boy !' But it is my duty to inform you that the little boy was a little girl ; and to make a long story short, she is the bearer of this letter. I am your humble servant, *Tom Noddy*." [Seals and directs the letter. There now—that's a relief to my mind, and now I'll give it to Gabrielle, and she shall deliver it.

[He rises and is passing the window.

Enter ORMOND, c., with *foils*.

Orm. What you still here !—where's Gabriel ?

Nod. Gabrielle ?

Orm. Yes, I told you to send him here, half an hour ago.

Nod. Yes—but—but—was he not in the garden ?

Orm. Oh, no ! I have been walking in the garden with his cousin, he was not there.

Nod. (aside.) His cousin ! One mystery follows another so quick that I get bewildered. I think it would be better to go and have my head shaved.

Orm. She is a charming girl ! it is high time I and Gabriel should be off, for I could not answer for my heart, were I to remain in her safety ; but pray go and send Gabriel to me immediately.

Nod. Yes, certainly. (aside.) I'll go and give her the letter, and then she must come and deliver it. [Exit, L.

Orm. Ah, he is here—come, my dear Gabriel.

Enter GABRIELLE, c.

Gab. I have been looking for you every where !

Orm. I've got news for you—the old man is reasonable, and does not insist on your marrying his niece, so the duel once over, we will be off to London.

Gab. Indeed ! Then you are impatient to go ?

Orm. Yes, for two reasons—you will be far safer, out of Mary's way, and I too am in danger as long as I remain here.

Gab. Indeed ! why so ?

Orm. I dread your cousin's fascination.

Orm. (aside.) Ah ! I rejoice at that. (aloud.) Then you think you could like her ?

Orm. Yes ; she is both beautiful and agreeable.

Gab. Oh, then, why should we go ? if you ask her prettily, perhaps she may marry you.

Orm. No—no—it is not your interest that I should marry.

Gab. Indeed but it is though.

Orm. But you are forgetting your duel—courage will not do well—skill is also required, so take that foil, and we will have a little practice together. (gives foil.) Now for it.

Gab. (aside.) I've seen people—so I'll do my best.

[They fence, after a few passes GABRIELLE cries " You'll hurt me!" and drops the foil—ORMOND throws aside the foil and supports her, who seems ready to faint.

Orm. The foil must have been broken; let me bind up your head my poor boy. What a little hand for such rough exercise!

Gab. (recovering.) Oh, it is nothing. I feel quite well now!

Orm. Take courage!

Gab. (aside.) I don't know where to find it?

Orm. I shall meet your antagonist; this wound shall be your excuse.

Gab. You meet him—oh, no!

Enter MARY, L., with a letter.

Mary. (aside.) Oh, dear, what shall I do? She is not alone. (goes to GABRIELLE.) How pale you look!—are you ill?

Orm. He does look pale indeed. Go Gabriel and recover yourself. (aside.) I did not expect to find an effeminate boy.

Mary. You've hurt your hand. (aside.) Are you going?—You must deliver this letter to the captain before you go.

Orm. They are whispering together; I wish we were off. (goes up and sits at table.)

Gab. (aside.) Give the letter yourself.

Mary. (aside.) But my uncle said most particularly you were to give it.

Gab. What can it signify which gives it—you do it at once. I go, but shall soon return as my cousin. [Exit.

Mary. Dear me, she is gone—I hate delivering this letter to the captain, and what can it signify who delivers it, provided he gets it.

Enter INKPEN, R. H.

Ink. What Mary here, and with the officer again!

Mary. Ah, here is Inkpen, he shall deliver it. Take that letter and give it to the captain.

Ink. I give it—I be your postman! I give another man a letter from my soul's idol—I-d-o-l—Idol.

Mary. Nonsense, you little jealous fool, it is not a letter from me, it's a letter from my uncle.

Ink. Oh, a letter from your uncle!

Mary. Yes, look at the direction—you know his hand. I ask you to deliver it, because I do not wish to speak to the captain myself.

Ink. Quite right, I will deliver it—go along—there's a good girl.

Mary. Be sure you give it to him.

Ink. Of course I shall. [Exit MARY, L. It is her uncle's hand—let me be sure of that. Yes, that's his capital O. (aloud.) Captain!

Orm. Well, what do you want?

Ink. A letter for you, sir.

Orm. (coming forward.) A letter—give it to me. (opens and reads it.) What is this? from Mr. Noddy—ha! the little boy. What “the little boy” is a “little girl,” and the bearer too? “girl.” (looks at INKPIN.)

Ink. (aside.) How he does stare at me!—in such a very peculiar way.

Orm. Is it possible? a female—and such a female! This then is the individual for whom I have interested myself for ten years! Oh, what a fool I have made of myself!

Ink. (aside.) He seems remarkably angry!

Orm. I shall go mad—yet—why should I be angry with this poor young woman?—she, at all events, is not to blame—no—no—it is unjust—poor girl, her appearance is not in her favour!

Ink. (aside.) What girl is he talking about—how singularly he fixes his eyes on me!

Orm. Do not be frightened—I am not angry with you—you can't help it—I can feel for a timidity so natural in one in your situation. But now tell me frankly, who is that young lad—whence does he come—what is his name?

Ink. What young lad? know nothing about him.

Orm. No—no—of course you have not been permitted to associate with young men—but you must know who he is.

Ink. I'll be shot if I do though.

Orm. (aside.) How coarsely she expresses herself! (aloud.) Remember I have been your friend from infancy, the orphan girl is surely not ungrateful?

Ink. And who the devil's the orphan girl?

Orm. Hush—you use expressions little becoming those lips—since I now know the truth let me see you in your own clothes.

Ink. My own clothes—what do you want?

Orm. In your present costume you are naturally awkward—I cannot wish you to be otherwise; but when you assume the petticoats—

Ink. Petticoats!

Orm. When you stand before me in the dress that befits your sex, I doubt not that I shall find graces and charms that are now obscured by—

Ink. He's mad—he must be mad!

Orm. Of one thing be assured—if that young man really loves you—

Ink. What!

Orm. If you love him—your union shall no toe opposed by me—I have taken an interest in your welfare for so many years, that I cannot, at all events, become indifferent to you—therefore, dear girl—

Ink. Dear girl! Zounds, I'll beat any man black and blue who turns me into ridicule—I'll call you to account, sir—dear girl, indeed!

Enter MARY, L.

Mary. Oh dear me, what's the matter?

Ink. I gave him the letter—and he has done nothing but insult me ever since.

Mary. Oh dear me, I ought to have given it to him myself as I was desired.

Orm. As you were desired! Oh, then I see the cause of this confusion—you were told to give me that letter—you then are the little girl. (aside.) This is, at all events, a relief to my mind.

Mary. Yes—I was certainly told to give you that letter.

Orm. Then come to my arms.

Mary. Good gracious!

Ink. Hollo! don't you go near him—don't dare!

Mary. Keep your distance, sir!

Orm. It must be my adopted child—how well do I remember finding you in your little jacket and trousers.

Mary. My jacket and trousers!

Ink. Her jacket and trousers! what do you mean?

Orm. Little girl, go away—you know not the interest I take in that dear girl's fate.

Ink. Dear girl's fate! he was for calling me a dear girl, just now.

Orm. (kissing MARY.) You have always been accustomed to look to me for support—and I will not desert you now—I forgive you for the deception practised upon me.

Ink. There, that's the second soldier that has kiss'd Mary today! Miss Noddy—little ones, and big ones—subalterns, and captains, seem all alike to you!

Orm. Really your intrusion annoys me.

Ink. No doubt of it, and really I wish you at the bottom of the sea. I come here purposely to meet my rival, and now I pop upon another. If I were to meet all my rivals, I've no doubt I should find myself in a crowd!—a regular military muster.

Mary. You are very impertinent, sir!

Orm. I forbid Mary to receive you in future.

Ink. You forbid! you! come, I like that—what authority have you I should be glad to know?

Enter NODDY, L., with his spectacles pushed up on his forehead.

Nod. There seems no end to worry—what is the matter now?

Ink. A pretty thing, indeed! Soldiers kissing your niece!

Orm. Nonsense! she is not his niece.

Mary. What can he mean now?

Nod. Not my niece—where are my spectacles—has any body seen my spectacles? (looks for them on table.) Captain did you happen to take my—(MARY points to them.) Oh, here they are, and now let me look at the young woman! (adjusts spectacles and looks earnestly at MARY.) Captain Ormond I am sorry to contradict you, but I do positively affirm that this is my niece.

Orm. Then explain this, sir—I—

Ink. No explanation, here, sir; at the proper hour—in the proper place—with the appointed weapon—seven o'clock—garden-wall—small sword—come, sir—it only wants a few minutes—I hasten to the spot.

[*Exit, c.*

Orm. Thank goodness he's gone! What did you mean by this letter? you explicitly say in it that the bearer—this young lady is the child I saved.

Nod. Bless me! that young lady! my niece! oh, no. This is too much for my poor head—another perplexity.

Mary. I see the error now—'twas I gave that letter to the captain.

Nod. Then you've made matters worse. I who thought I was explaining every thing! in two words I can make it all clear.

Orm. Then the sooner you utter those two words the better.

Nod. I did not intend *her* to deliver that letter.

Orm. No?—Who then?

Nod. Another person.

Orm. (takes him by the collar.) Speak! who then was to deliver it? Speak—

[*GABRIELLE* has listened at centre in a female costume, advances R. C.

Gab. I ought to have delivered it.

Orm. (n.) You! Oh, do not deceive me!

Nod. (L.) She just came in time to save me from suffocation.

Gab. Pray pardon me—you ought long since to have been undeceived—but in that, I was not to blame.

Nod. (aside.) Oh, no—she'll tell him 'twas all my fault.

Gab. I knew not of it until this morning just before your arrival; and then, not having courage to meet you, I made my cousin take my place.

Nod. Her cousin! She's floundering into another mystery.

Gab. At length I venture to appear before you—

Orm. As my adopted child?

Gab. Yes; a daughter—you'll never know what to do with a daughter—always sitting at her work—the eternal snip, snip of her scissors ringing in your ears!

Orm. My own words! Who could have repeated them to you?

Gab. A person who heard you utter them, and who has no secrets from me.

Orm. Think no more of them—I have changed my mind—when I look on you, I feel that I am fortunate in having escaped the guardianship of a rake and a ruff.

Gab. But you forget—"the difficulty of getting a daughter settled in life, as the saying is."

Orm. Alas! I shall rather sigh over the probability of your being soon snatched from me by some favoured lover!

Gab. Then you never wish to see my cousin again?

Orm. Oh, no—and yet I do wish to see him, for he seemed to love me.

Gab. I share all his sentiments, as he feels so I feel, and were we in the same dress, I do not think you would know one from the other.

Orm. But will you be as unreserved, will you give me your hand as he would have done?

Gab. (gives her wounded hand.) That will I, and as frankly.

Orm. What! this wound!—It is Gabriel!

Gab. I feared to lose your affection, and therefore ventured to assume the uniform. Gabriel never existed, but Gabrielle lives to thank you for your kindness.

Orm. To be my only love—my wife! (embraces her.)

Enter INKPEN, c., with a long sword.

Ink. Pretty soldiers, indeed! There have I been under the garden-wall, this half-hour! For shame—poltroons! cowards!

Orm. Pardon me, I quite forgot you altogether; but there is your antagonist, the lady who boxed your ears.

Gab. And quite ready to apologize for her flippancy.

Ned. I do think matters are taking a more favourable turn. You must not be angry, my good usher.

Ink. Angry! no I feel honoured. I don't care if she beats me again with that lily hand: but you are not a young lady in disguise too; are you? (to ORMOND.)

Orm. Why no, certainly not—but you have a right to ask, as I actually took you for one of the fair sex: but be assured that I have no pretensions to Miss Mary?

Ink. Indeed? Well then, old Tom Noddy, now give me an answer—am I to marry Mary?

Nod. We'll see about it—we'll see about it. I'll not forget to consider of it by-and-by. I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief. (takes out handkerchief, and crosses to c.) Three knots already! I quite forget what about—I'll tie the fourth however—and dear me, my ring changed too! I wish I could recollect what it was that I wished to remember—can any body tell me? Oh, I recollect. (to audience.) Will you be kind enough to try and remember not to forget to tie knots in all your handkerchiefs that you may not fail to remind your friends how you approved of TOM NODDY'S SECRET.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

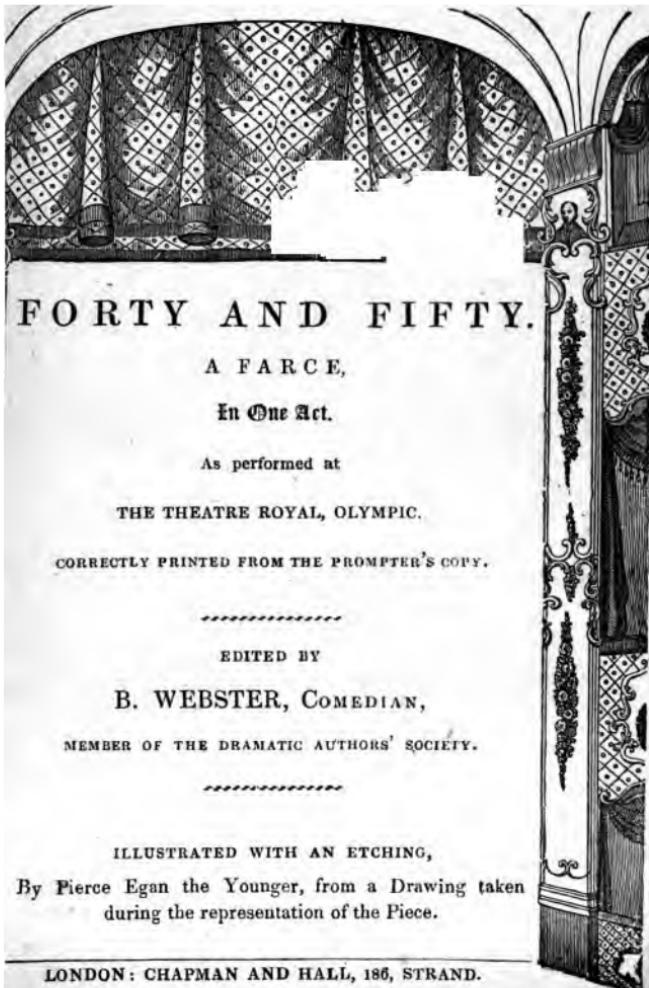
ORMOND. GABRIELLE. NODDY. MARY. INKPEN.

R.

WHITING, BRAUPTON HOUSE, STRAND.

Price 6

WEBSTER'S
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,
for the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



FORTY AND FIFTY.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

By Pierce Egan the Younger, from a Drawing taken
during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.





FORTY AND FIFTY.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As first performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

WHITING, BEAUFORT, HOUSE, STRAND.

TO JOHN LISTON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

To you I beg to dedicate this little Farce, thanking you very much for your admirable performance of *Mr. Lily-white*. I have long been under obligations to you, for contributing to the success of "*My Eleventh Day*" and "*A Gentleman in Difficulties*," and I gladly avail myself of the present opportunity of subscribing myself, with much esteem.

Yours, very faithfully,

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Dramatis Personae and Costumes.

First performed March 3, 1836.

MR. LILYWHITE.	Light blue coat, light waistcoat, drab trousers	{ Mr. LISTON 1838, Mr. FARRE
ALTAMONT FITZWHITE.	Infantry officer's uni- form	{ Mr. J. VIN
PETER.	Dark suit	Mr. WYMAN
MRS. LILYWHITE.	White silk dress, pink cap	Mrs. ORGER
CLEMENTINA.	Pink silk dress	Miss LEE.
JESSY.	Cotton gown, plain cap	Miss GOWAN

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

FORTY AND FIFTY.

SCENE I.—*A room in Mr. LILYWHITE's house—in the centre large folding doors—a window r. s.—a door o. p.*

Enter JESSY and PETER, r.

Jes. Well, this is the oddest family I ever saw ! I begin to wish Miss Clementina had never brought me here, that I do ; I've been here but a week, and I am quite ready to start again.

Pet. And pray why so ?

Jes. I never heard such a fuss about love in a family before — I mean a married family.

Pet. And do you like it the worse for that ?

Jes. Oh yes, such old people ! Love among the roses is very agreeable, but this is love among the elderberries !

Pet. Elderly people ! Well, for that matter, though my mistress is bordering on the forties, she's still uncommon good-looking ; and then my master, who is fifty, is—

Jes. Yes, yes—they are all very well in their way—but they have been married four-and-twenty years.

Pet. And love each other all the better.

Jes. Well, they know best ; but tell me why there is such a to do in the house to-day ?

Pet. It's master's birthday, he is fifty to-day.

Jes. I can fancy it's a bore to be fifty ; but why are all the family to be disturbed about it ?

Pet. This is not only Mr. Lilywhite's birthday, but also the anniversary of his marriage ; and as he and my mistress have lived so happily and lovingly together for four-and-twenty years, he wishes to make his fiftieth birthday a sort of fête—a sort of wedding-day over again ; he the loving bridegroom, and she the loving bride.

Jes. What silly old folks ! Well, and now tell me, have they really been as loving for four-and-twenty years as they would fain make us believe ?

Pet. Of course—I suppose so—

Jes. Why you ought to know, you have lived with them ever since they married.

Pet. I was a boy when they married, ten years of age—I was Mrs. Lilywhite's page, in a green close-fitting jacket and trousers, and half-a-dozen rows of gilt sugar-loaf buttons.

Jes. Bachelor's buttons, Mr. Peter, for you've never found a wife. Well, and have you seen no little tiffs?

Pet. Tiffs—no, no—that is—

Jes. Ay; now for it.

Pet. Why not exactly tiffs, but—

Jes. Well.

Pet. Why little differences of opinion arising out of master's over much love and affection.

Jes. What, for somebody else?

Pet. No, no.—You see, loving my mistress in such a mad-like way, he never thought she could love him well enough; and so now and then, and off and on, he had little jealous vagaries! and indeed he has 'em still, for the matter of that. But now from this day all's to go smooth; and I heard him say no longer ago than last night, "Arabella, my fairest, I'll never be jealous again; to-morrow we'll have a new wedding-day, and you shall find me a new man."

Jes. A new man! an old man, I should say.

Pet. If you call a man old at fifty, don't let my master hear it. But I can't stay idling here, I must go and ice the champagne, and do fifty things for dinner. [Exit, L.

Jes. Heigho! I wish instead of making believe a new wedding-day for themselves, they'd have a real wedding-day for me, or at all events for my young mistress—ah! here she is.

Enter CLLEMENTINA, R.

Cle. Oh! Jessy, Jessy!—I've been looking for you every where, I've seen him again!

Jes. Seen what, madam?

Cle. My dear Altamont! I was sitting in the garden thinking about him, when he jumped over the wall in full regiments, and knelt before me.

Jes. Oh, how pleasant! go on.

Cle. But I was obliged to tell him the truth.

Jes. Then you told him that you loved him?

Cle. Oh, I told him that long ago; then I made him happy, but now I make him miserable. I told him that my uncle Lily-white never would give his consent to our union.

Jes. But your aunt does not so much object.

Cle. No, no, I told him, and he left me swearing he would throw himself at her feet, and implore her intercession: I trust if he does so, he will choose a favourable moment. I declare my uncle and aunt are coming; go, Jessy, I must offer them my congratulations on this double anniversary, but I shall do it with a heavy heart.

Jes. Only look! here they come, Darby and Joan fashion, and billing and cooing like a couple of doves. [Exit, L.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. LILYWHITE, c. d., arm-in-arm—very smart: she in white, he with a bouquet.

Mr. L. Come, my Arabella, let us forget the lapse of four-

and-twenty happy years, and imagine that I am now about to hand you a blushing virgin to the altar of the parish church.

Mrs. L. Ah, Damon ! Were that day to return, would you indeed again select me ? Have you seen no faults, no little failing, hey ?

Mr. L. No, sweetest idol of my beating heart ! no, by this fair hand, I vow it. We have been a lucky pair : when we married, and became Mr. and Mrs. White, we had a competence ; and then when old Lily died, and left us his name and his fortune, we became rich.

Mrs. L. Yes, dear ; and besides, double names are so genteel now : White was all very well, and appropriate too—the emblem of purity, you know (*Mr. L. looks annoyed*) ; but Lily White has quite a dash with it, and is purer still, you know.

Mr. L. True, love, true. Ah ! here's Clementina—come, and wish us many happy returns.

Cle. I came on purpose to do so.

Mrs. L. Thank you, dear child ; I know all you would say ; and I hope, Clementina, when you have been married as many years as I have, you will love and be beloved as fondly.

Mr. L. Look at us—no cloud ever yet darkened our matrimonial sky.

Mrs. L. None at least but passing clouds, love.

Mr. L. No clouds of any kind, dear.

Mrs. L. None that did not soon blow over.

Mr. L. Blow over ! what do you mean, dear ?

Mrs. L. Your jealousy, love, your perpetual jealousy.

Mr. L. Oh ! but that, you know, was all complimentary to your charms.

Mrs. L. But it's very disagreeable to be suspected, especially without a cause.

Mr. L. Much worse when people have done something that is likely to be found out—(*aside*)—I know that by experience.

Mrs. L. I think you will admit, on 'this our hymeneal anniversary, you never had real cause for jealousy.

Mr. L. No, never !

Mrs. L. Yet how recently did you again suspect me !

Mr. L. Why, for the matter of that, my dear, I could as little tolerate the pointed attention of any young puppy now as I could have done ten or fifteen years ago—you are still so lovely ; such a very fine woman !

Mrs. L. Oh, my dear Damon !

Mr. L. We both wear uncommonly well—hey, Clementina ?

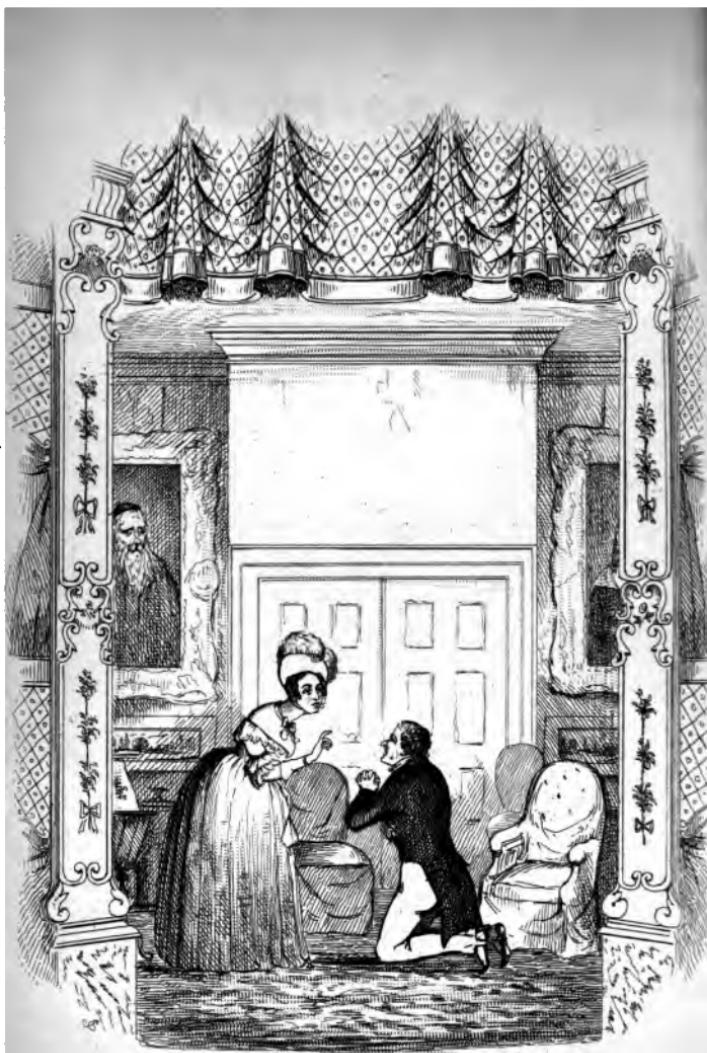
Cle. You were formed for each other, dear uncle.

Mr. L. So we were—bespoke, I'm sure of it. There's an old adage, that marriages are made in heaven, and it's true.

Mrs. L. Yet the lives some couples lead might make one fancy the marriage manufactory was—somewhere else.







I'll make amends—I'll never suspect my wife again, and I'll go and tell her so—I'll tell her—*(goes to centre doors, throws them open, and discovers ALTMONT on his knees before Mrs. LILYWHITE—Mr. LILYWHITE starting back)*—Is it possible! Oh, Mrs. Lilywhite! is it come to this?

Mrs. L. (coming forward.) What do you mean, my dear—how could I help it?

Mr. L. She says she could not help it!

Alta. And the lady says true,—I took her entirely by surprise.

Mr. L. He took her entirely by surprise!

Mrs. L. Hear me, dearest Damon!

Mr. L. Black-hearted Mrs. Lilywhite, I won't!

Mrs. L. One word.

Mr. L. I'll go and get a deed of separation drawn up! Oh! madam, this double anniversary will be the death of me!

[Exit, p. s.

Mrs. L. (sinks into a chair.) Young man, you have been the ruin of me!

Alta. Don't say so,—indeed I don't clearly understand what the gentleman means;—I only came to ask you to intercede with him about Clementina.

Mrs. L. He will never believe that Clementina is your attraction here.

Alta. But let me marry Clementina, and his suspicions must end.

Mrs. L. Really, young man, you don't want for assurance.

Alta. I've had to make my own way through life, ma'am, and never yet found that I gained a step by modesty.

Mrs. L. I very much doubt your ever having tried the experiment. Who and what are you?

Alta. I am a soldier, madam; and though young and inexperienced, I have been favourably noticed by my commander.

Mrs. L. But your family, sir,—who's son are you?

Alta. To be candid with you, madam, I really don't exactly know.

Mrs. L. Not know!—candid, indeed!

Alta. I was brought up by a very worthy man in the island of Antigua, and all that he ever told me about my birth, I will frankly tell you.

Mrs. L. Thank you, sir, if you please;—my husband was once in the West Indies, and may possibly throw some light on the subject.

Alt. Well, madam, all I know is this:—my father, one-and-twenty years ago, left England for the island of Antigua, and during the tedium of a long voyage became attached to a widow lady who went out in the same ship.

Mrs. L. Very natural; well, sir?

Alt. Yes, madam, very,—so natural that—

Mrs. L. You hesitate, sir.

Alt. I am that gentleman's natural son.

Mrs. L. Oh, dear me—my husband, sir, will never consent to your marriage with my niece.

Alt. Who my father was I have in vain endeavoured to ascertain; I have, however, obtained from my early friend and guardian his picture.

Mrs. L. Is't your father's picture?

Alt. Yes; I always wear it—I will show it to you.

Mrs. L. No, no! he must have been a very shocking person—take it away—I won't look at it.

Alt. Nay, pray look; for, as you said just now, your husband may throw some light on the subject.

Mrs. L. True; give it to me—(looks at the miniature)—Ah! as I live, it's Damon!

Alt. Who, ma'am?—Damon?

Mrs. L. It's Damon!—my Damon!—my husband!

Alt. (kneels.) Your Damon!—then perhaps you are my angel mother!

Mrs. L. No, sir, no!—out of my sight!

Alt. But, madam, twist and turn the story how you will, surely I was not to blame.

Mrs. L. One-and-twenty years ago!—the very period of Damon's trip!—oh! it is too evident. Oh, that ever it should come to this!

Alt. Really, do you know, I think both you and I are very much to be pitied.

Mrs. L. I am to be pitied—I, the injured wife, who spent those two long years in solitary lamentation. He has made me miserable.

Alt. He makes every body miserable that belongs to him. If I am his natural son, I'm sure he is my very unnatural father.

Mrs. L. (drying her eyes.) I feel for you, young man; don't cry, there's no use in crying, and I will be kinder to you than he has been—in one thing, at least: I'll have my way—you shall marry Clementina; go to her, and leave this picture with me.

Alt. My more than mother—I hear somebody coming—is it my respected—

Mrs. L. Respected! Begone!

[Exit ALTAMONT at door'.
The sums that he expended!—I know now where they went—to the worthy guardian of this youth;—I'm glad, at all events, he did not leave them to starve. I must command my feelings, for here he comes—the libertine—the Don Juan!

Enter MR. LILYWHITE, L. H., with great dignity and coldness.

Mr. L. You are alone, madam—'tis well!

Mrs. L. Yes, sir, he has this moment left me—poor young man!

Mr. L. I did not quite expect an allusion to him. I say, madam, that exceeds my expectations.

Mrs. L. A great deal comes to pass that we little expect, sir.

Mr. L. I little expected we should ever part, madam.

Mrs. L. (pointedly.) We did part once, sir.

Mr. L. Umph!—Yes, yes—once; but now we part never to meet again—I am determined to separate—determined!—we part to meet no more!—nothing can move me!—I'm granite—nothing now can make an impression on me!

Mrs. L. Very well, sir—I give my free consent; but ere we part, I beg that you will hear me; nay, I demand a hearing!

Mr. L. A confession, madam, I suppose?

Mrs. L. Yes, sir, I think that it *must end* in a confession.

Mr. L. Proceed then, madam—proceed.

Mrs. L. A chair if you please, and one for yourself, for I have much to say—much that may upset you.

Mr. L. Upset me, madam! On, woman, woman! (*he places chairs—they sit.*)

Mrs. L. You may remember, sir—indeed, under *all* circumstances, it is impossible you should forget that one-and-twenty years ago business called you to Antigua, and for two years I was left in a solitary mansion on the coast of Devonshire.

Mr. L. Yes, madam, you could not accompany me, and my absence was unavoidable; I left you with all your little comforts about you.

Mrs. L. I could not bear my solitude—I avoided society, save now and then the converse of some chosen friend,—I read—I worked—I wrote—I sang—I drew—I netted—I knitted—I knotted—and I tatted, and rambled every evening over the romantic scene around me. You left me young, and you said that I was handsome—you may well imagine then, that left alone as I was, the glance of admiration followed me.

Mr. L. Good gracious me! what's coming now? I actually groan with terror! Admiration!—oh!

Mrs. L. I know not how to tell the rest; I blush from head to foot.

Mr. L. (starts up.) I can't sit still—(*sinks into the chair again*)—and yet I cannot stand. Madam! madam! I must know all.

Mrs. L. You shall know all—here's my bottle of salts.

Mr. L. Salts! away with them—give me oxalic acid! Something dreadful—something deadly!

Mrs. L. I'll pause till you recover yourself.

Mr. L. Recover myself! never! life's a burden! Farewell to all my little comforts! My garden, with my pinks and carnations! my cucumber-frame, and my polianthuses!—all my innocent avocations!—the pigs and poultry I used to feed!—Farewell! a long farewell! Lilywhites occupation's gone!—But go on, madam, go on.

Mrs. L. The—the result of your absence was—how shall I ever speak it!

Mr. L. Well, madam, what was the result of my absence?

Mrs. L. That young man you saw kneeling at my feet.

Mr. L. That young man! Oh! mountains bury us both!—I'll be revenged! I'll rummage the wide world till I find his hated father. Blood! blood! blood!

Mrs. L. Nay, sir, I have no concealments now. I am ready to tell all I know.

Mr. L. Then, while I have power to listen, speak. Tell me the name of the culprit.

Mrs. L. No, sir! I cannot speak the name; but here, sir, is the portrait of that young man's father. (gives miniature.)

Mr. L. If he still lives, madam, I tell you candidly I'll shoot him—I'll annihilate him; his unburied bones shall—(opens miniature)—confusion—my own portrait!

Mrs. L. Now, sir, produce your deed of separation, and doubt not I will most willingly sign it.

Mr. L. (falls on his knees.) Arabella!

Mrs. L. Give me pen and ink, I am ready.

Mr. L. What shall I say?

Mrs. L. The less you say the better, I think.

Mr. L. Only two words—forgive and forget.

Mrs. L. I may forgive; but you must teach me to forget. If ever you are jealous of me in future, I shall know it is your own guilty conscience that suggests the possibility of my misconduct. Rise, sir!

Mr. L. If you call me sir, I shall die.

Mrs. L. Well Damon, here's my hand; but remember, if your son prove worthy of her, he must marry his cousin.

Mr. L. With all my heart, poor boy. His mother—

Mrs. L. I'll thank you not to mention her.

Mr. L. "Oh, no! we never mention her!" but she was more to blame than I; I was young and inexperienced, and knew not her character; she was forty—a widow, and—no matter! When we landed she avoided me, and till this day I never saw my son—tell me, does he know—

Mrs. L. He does.

Mr. L. It's very agitating! I think I'd rather never have seen his cherub countenance—Is he like me? Has he my eye, and the dimple I have in my chin?

Mrs. L. I confess I see no likeness.

Mr. L. That's odd, now; I suppose he's dark, like—hem! Upon my life, I feel quite overcome.

Enter ALTAMONT and CLEMENTINA, R.

Mrs. L. Embrace your father, young man.

Alt. My father! I'll kneel to him. (kneels.)

Mr. L. (aside.) I never felt so awkward. I wish Mrs. Lily-white wasn't in the room. (aloud) My boy! yes, I do believe it is! dark eyes—black hair. 'Gad, a fine young fellow! A very good figure—excellent figure! Like me, in figure, at all events.

Alt. I hope to be welcomed kindly, sir.

Mr. L. Kindly! Get up!—Kindly, to be sure, my own flesh and blood. (*aside.*) Hold! 'twont do to be *too* glad to see him—my wife won't like that—it's very awkward.

Mrs. L. I begin to think I do see a likeness.

Mr. L. No, do you? Well, there is something pleasant in his expression. But, Arabella, 'pon my life, I'm very much ashamed.

Alt. I grieve to give you pain. I am grateful to you for your liberality.

Mr. L. Pain!—no, no, pleasure! My poor boy!—the secret's off my mind, and I may openly embrace you. 'Gad, after all, you'll make it a happier birthday than 'twas likely to turn out. I say, Arabella!—a nice young man, isn't he?

Mrs. L. You had better ask Clementina.

Mr. L. Clementina, come here. Take her, boy, and make her a good husband.

Mrs. L. And take my advice, my dear; should business ever call him to Antigua, never mind the voyage, be sure you go with him.

Mr. L. Well, I'm not sorry it's off my mind—but I trust it will go no further.—(*stepping forward.*)—In fact, I must make it a most particular request, that those friends who have unavoidably been made acquainted with this little domestic secret, will not make it a matter of public *censure*, but imitate my very dear Mrs. Lilywhite, and smile upon me as usual.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

ALTAMONT.

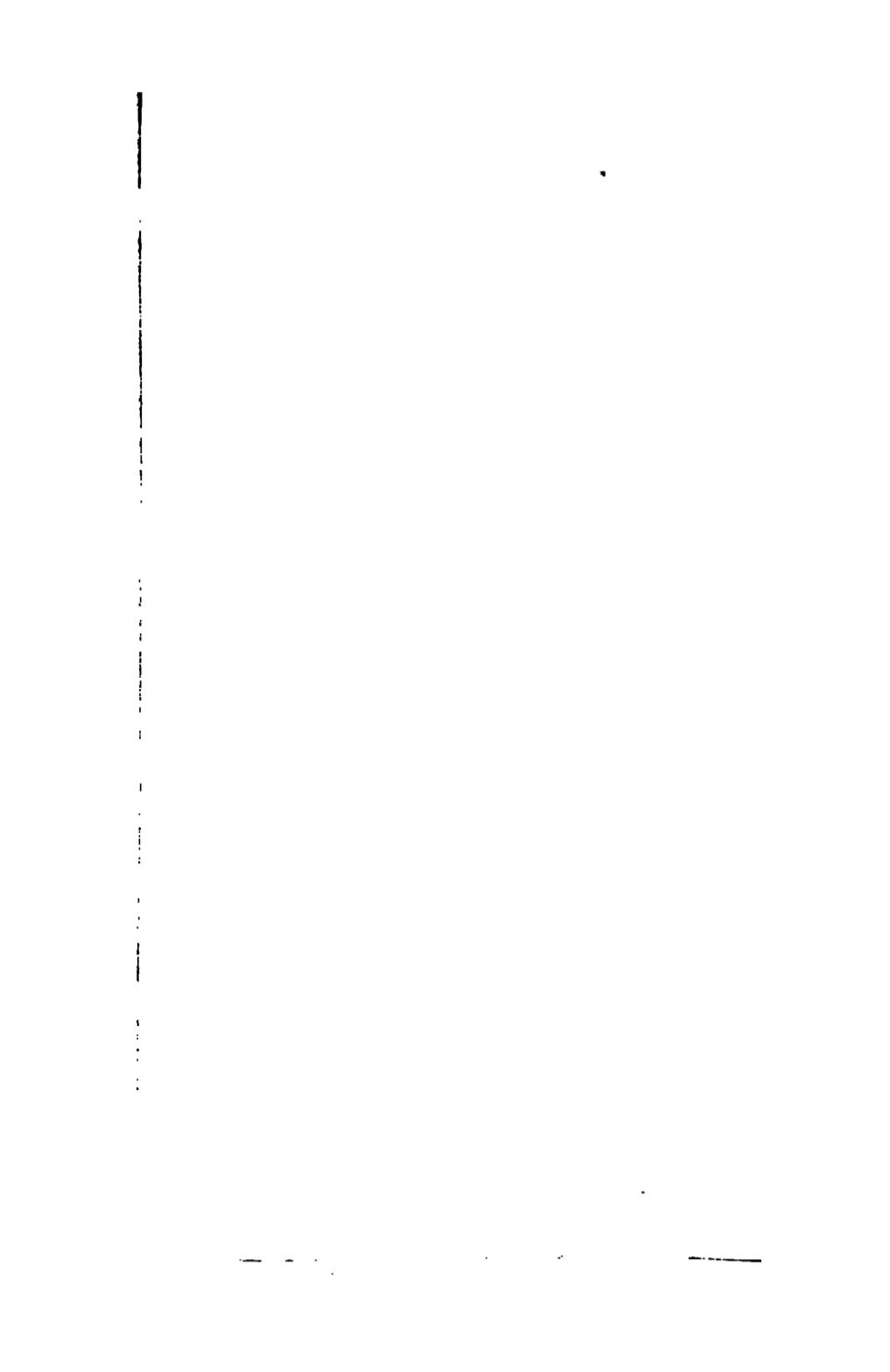
CLEMENTINA.

LILYWHITE.

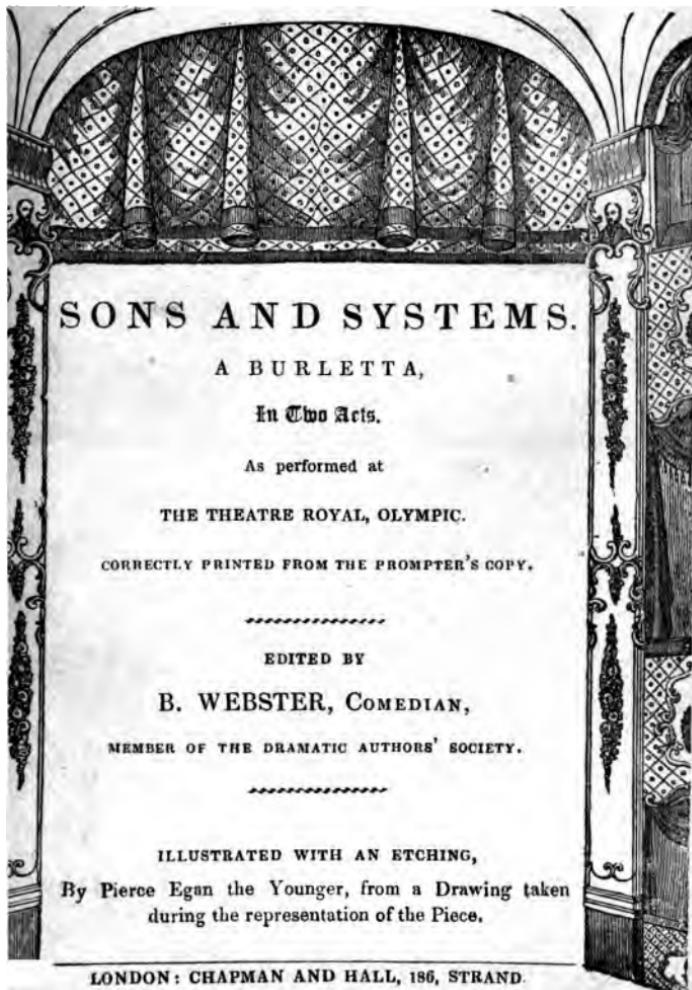
MRS. L.

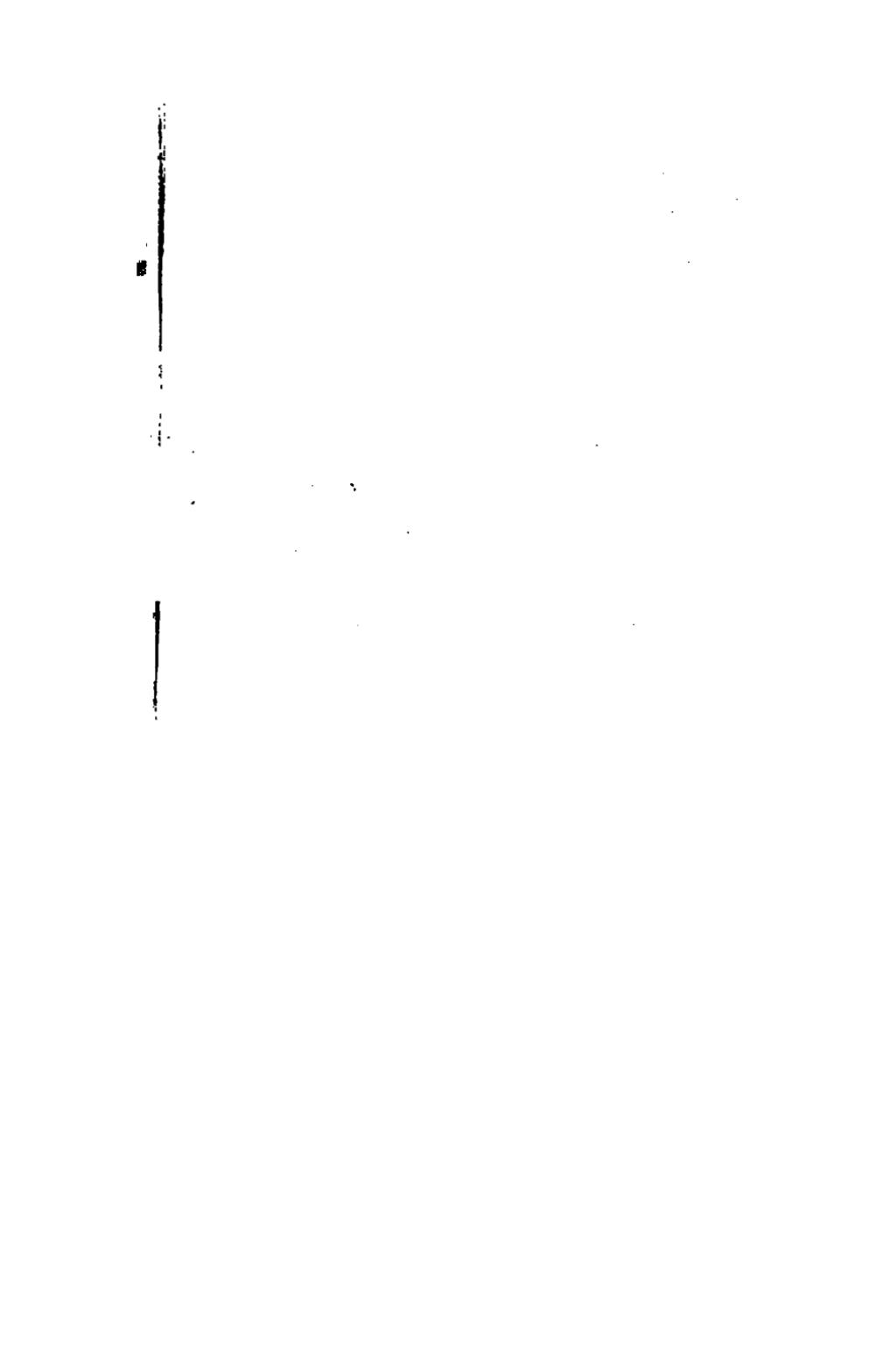
R.

L.



WEBSTER'S
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,
Under the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.









SONGS AND SYSTEMS.

SONS AND SYSTEMS.

A BURLETTA,

In Two Acts.

BY CHARLES DANCE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

MADAME VESTRISS ROYAL OLYMPIC
THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSI-
TIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

WHITING. BEAUFORT HOUSE. STRAND.

TO THE PERFORMERS ENGAGED IN THE REPRESENTATION OF "SONS AND SYSTEMS."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

AN Octogenarian who has seen every actor and actress of celebrity from Garrick downwards, and who is in full enjoyment of all his faculties, was present on the fifteenth night of this little drama. His remark afterwards was, "I must give up the old actors at last, for I never saw any piece so thoroughly well performed in all its parts in my life." I have great pleasure in communicating to you this well-merited compliment, which I will not run the risk of weakening by endeavouring to strengthen it.

I remain, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your very obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE AND COSTUME.

First performed September 29, 1838.

MR. LEMON SOWERBY. Pepper and salt short-tailed coat, black tight pantaloons, black stockings, white waistcoat, and neckcloth. 2nd dress. Flannel nightcap, and morning gown } Mr. FARREN.

GEORGE SOWERBY. Blue coat and trousers, white waistcoat, black satin stock } Mr. GREEN.

EDWARD SWEETMAN. Blue dress-coat, crimson figured satin waistcoat, gray dress pantaloons, black satin stock, boots } Mr. SELBY.

ROOTZ (*a gardener*). Red waistcoat, brown short-legged trousers, blue worsted stockings, half-boots, round black hat, shirt-sleeves, canvass apron } Mr. OXBERRY.

DONALD O'MAC SWEENEY. Brown jacket, Scotch waistcoat, brown cord breeches, gray worsted stockings, highlow shoes, canvass apron } Mr. BROUGHAM.

Servant. Plain livery.

MRS. SWEETMAN. Blue silk high dress, trimmed with black lace. 2nd dress. Chintz } Mrs. OCKER.

LAURA HARCOURT. Yellow silk dress. 2nd dress. Brown silk pelisse, bonnet, trimmed with blond. 3rd dress. White muslin trimmed with white lace } Mrs. NEBBIT.

BLANCHE HARCOURT. Ditto, ditto, ditto Miss MURRAY.

Time of representation, one hour and a half.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

SONS AND SYSTEMS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lawn and shrubbery of Mr. SOWERBY's house in the country; the back of the house, with double bay-windows, occupies the stage, L. H., and on the opposite side a hedge-row crosses it angularly from R. H. to back, L. H., dividing the grounds from those of the adjoining house; open country beyond; sunset; Mr. SOWERBY is discovered sitting in bay-window, L. 2 E., of first-floor next the audience, reading the newspaper, with spectacles on his nose; Mrs. SWEETMAN, at the other, L. 3 E., working, also with spectacles on; the windows are both wide open; during the scene it gets gradually dark.*

Sow. And serve him quite right, I say.

Mrs. S. Are you speaking to me, brother?

Sow. Good gracious! sister, I never knew such a strange person as you are. Can't I speak without speaking to you?

Mrs. S. My dearest Lemon, you can do any thing you like.

Sow. Can I? I should like to make you prove your words.

Mrs. S. Well—there—I'll say no more.

Sow. (to himself.) Isn't it a devilish hard case

Enter Roorz, watering the flowers, 1 E. L. H.

that my sister won't let me talk to myself without asking me whether I'm talking to her?

Roo. There's master and his sister both at their windows still. It's really, in my humble opinion, any thing but a misfortune that they are both near-sighted. We poor labouring gardeners perform our variegated duties all the better for not being too closely watched. Talking of variegated duties, I delivered the note to Mr. Edward, and I wonder if the person or thing who threw it over the hedge to me is there still. (standing on tiptoe.) Hang it, I ain't tall enough to see over, and I suppose he, she, or it, is afraid to show themselves, for fear master should see them. They needn't be alarmed—he's got no more eyes than a new potato. I must deliver my message at all events, and, if nobody is there, why, nobody'll hear me. (coughs.) If the person or thing who a short time since threw a note over this hedge directed to a certain gentleman, at a certain house, not a hundred miles off, wishes to see that gentleman, he, she, or it, will be sure, in about five minutes from this time, to find themselves on the right side of the hedge.

"Nota bene."—The last enclosure was hardly heavy enough to make the note fall in the right place. (*aside.*) He, she, or it, can't be such a fool as not to understand that, I should think.

[*A note is thrown over, U. E. R. H., which falls at his feet, taking it up, and shaking a crown piece out of it.*

A crown piece—that's the right weight. Now, that note fell twice as well as the one that had only half-a-crown in it. (*reads.*) George Sowerby, Esq. (*aloud.*) All right. Young master will attend to the note—(*aside, and pocketing the money*) —and the gardener will look after the enclosure.

[*Exit, 1 E. R. H.*

Enter, 1 E. R. H., EDWARD SWEETMAN, cautiously; he looks about, goes up to hedge, and then claps his hands three times.

Edw. Laura! Laura! Laura!

Lau. (*appearing on the other side of the hedge.*) Behold! The enchanter claps his hands, and the genius of the place appears!

Edw. Ready to obey him in all things?

Lau. Most decidedly not. The comparison ends where I ended.

Edw. But, my dearest Laura—

Lau. Now, don't call me your dearest Laura, because it looks as if you had half a dozen more Lauras.

[*SOWERBY looks out of window.*

Edw. The world has not half a dozen more Lauras.

Lau. Don't be a goose, but look at your uncle; he's putting his head out of window, and he'll see us.

Edw. There's no fear; he can't see half the distance.

[*They retire.*

Sow. I couldn't interrupt myself in the middle of a paragraph—but pray, Mrs. Sweetman, what made you clap your hands just now?

Mrs. S. Me! my dear? I didn't clap my hands, I assure you.

Sow. Good gracious! That's right—contradict me.

Enter GEORGE, R. H., goes up to hedge.

You've a charming temper of your own, I must say. (*resumes his seat, and again reads the paper.*)

GEORGE SOWERBY claps his hands three times; MR. SOWERBY starts up.

There, now say you didn't clap your hands then—do, pray.

Mrs. S. My dear brother, I'll say any thing.

Sow. To be sure you will—there's no doubt of that. (*resuming his seat.*)

Geo. She hasn't heard my signal, or she is not come yet. (*puts his head over the hedge.*) Blanche!

Bla. (*appearing on the other side, and putting her head close to him.*) Hush! George, don't call my name out—it's so imprudent.

Geo. Give prudence to the winds! Had I as much as would

stock the pericranium of a prime minister, it would all vanish at the sight of my adorable Blanche.

Bla. Then there is the more occasion for me to exercise it—the situation we are in is extremely awkward.

Geo. Confoundly awkward. I wish this hedge were anywhere else.

Bla. Your father has no idea of our meetings.

Geo. My father is rather an unreasonable man. He is of opinion that one Sowerby may steal a horse when another mustn't look over this hedge. [SOWERBY rises.

Bla. He moves—do you observe him?

Geo. Yes; and I am happy to observe that he can't see me.

Bla. What! do you triumph in the infirmities of your parent?

Geo. By no means; but, as he is near-sighted, I rejoice that it prevents him from seeing what I fear might be disagreeable to him. (throws his arms round her neck and kisses her.)

Bla. George, shall I ever cure you of this imprudence?

Geo. It is to be hoped not.

Bla. See! he seems about to speak to your aunt—wouldn't it be prudent to listen to what he says?

Geo. Perhaps it would. (steals across the stage, and places himself under the window, L.)

Sow. I should be sorry to disturb you from so important an occupation as trimming a nightcap, but it's past nine o'clock, and if I am to be allowed any supper to-night, it's time it was ordered.

Mrs. S. Whenever you please, brother, I was only waiting for the boys to come in.

Sow. The boys—that is to say—my boy will be in at half-past nine; he knows my hour—he has been properly and strictly brought up, and he will not dare to be absent. You can sit as long as you please after we have done, and wait for your spoilt child!

Mrs. S. I am aware that it has been my habit to try kindness—

Sow. I'll be obliged to you not to sneer at my system of education.

Mrs. S. Mayn't we both be right?

Sow. No.

Mrs. S. Mayn't we both be wrong?

Sow. No.

Mrs. S. May I go and order the supper?

Sow. Yes—no—yes.

[Exeunt from window *Mrs. S.* and *SOWERBY*.

Geo. Victoria! the enemy retreats for the night, and the field, or rather the lawn, is our own. Edward Sweetman—Laura Harcourt—and Blanche Harcourt—come in to court.

[He opens a small gate, U. E. L. B. *LAURA* and *BLANCHE* enter. *EDWARD* re-enters R. H. A servant is seen in the lower chamber to lay the cloth, place candles on the table, and pull down the blinds.

Edw. (rushing to meet LAURA.) Here—

Lau. (as he embraces her.) Here—

Bla. (remaining at the gate.) And here—

Geo. (bringing her down and embracing her.)

Bla. Is this prudent?

Lau. It's too late to inquire about that, my friend.

Edw. It is—in five minutes George and I must go in to supper.

Lau. (a.c.) To supper? Have my sister and I been throwing away our time in waiting for two greedy creatures who would leave us for their supper?

Edw. (a.) We are forced to go in and partake of food which, purchased by the loss of your society, becomes absolutely loathsome.

Geo. (l.) Well said, cousin Edward;—Laura, your suspicions do us injustice. Can you seriously think that men whose bosoms swell with love almost to suffocation, can look on cold pigeon-pie and cucumber as any thing but an intrusion?

Bla. (l. c.) Judging from my own feelings, I should say we ought to believe them.

Lau. I don't know what to say to it;—a very clever novel which I have just finished reading, tells us that we never ought to believe what any man says.

Edw. And its authoress married in three months after she had written it.

Lau. You don't say so?—why if the women are as bad as the men what a wicked world it must be!

Geo. Why, to a certain extent it is; and yet, after all, perhaps the community of human weakness makes us all fitter for each other's society.

Bla. Indeed, dearest Laura, I must confess I think there is sound sense in that remark.

Lau. And if my prudent sister thinks so I suppose there can be no harm in my thinking so too.

Edw. And this fortunate remark leads directly to a matter of the greatest importance which George and I have to communicate to you two.

Geo. And which, as two minutes out of the five he spoke of have already elapsed, must be communicated without loss of time.

Bla. George, you alarm me.

Lau. Edward, you rouse my curiosity.

Edw. In two words then—

Bla. Yes—

Lau. Well—

Edw. In one word then—

Lau. & { Pray go on.

Bla. {

Edw. I can't.

Geo. Nonsense, man. The sun is down—the moon is not up—and these kind souls will give you at once credit and pardon for your blushes.

Lau. If you are going to say any thing that you ought to blush about, I shall beg leave to wish you a good evening.

Bla. Nay, love ; surely it would be proper to hear before we condemn.

Lau. Well, if you think so, we will.

Geo. My dearest Blanche, and Edward's dearest Laura, you are aware that you are both as helpless as you are lovely—

Lau. (*indignantly, and going to BLANCHE.*) Helpless ! Mr. Sowerby ? Do you wish to insult us ? Lovely we *may* be—but helpless we are not.

Geo. The more lovely, the more helpless.

Lau. We have neither father nor brother, it is true ; still we can take care of ourselves, and, if need be, of each other.

Bla. True, Laura.

[*They embrace and go up.*]

Geo. (*To LAURA.*) When I said you were helpless, mutual protection was not exactly the sort of protection I was going to suggest that you required.

Lau. What other protection, pray ?

Geo. That which nature points out.

Lau. And what may that be ?

Roo. (*calling without, 2 H. 1 E.*) Mr. George ! Mr. Edward !

Lau. (*screaming and rushing to EDWARD.*) Ah ! what's that ?

Bla. (*screaming and rushing to GEORGE.*) Ah ! what's that ?

Geo. I say, Laura, that which nature points out—

Lau. You monster ! I'm afraid I understand you.

Bla. But what noise was that ?

Edw. It was Rootz, the gardener, sent to find us.

Bla. Let us fly !

Geo. That's exactly what I was going to propose ;—fly, both of you, and let us fly with you.

Lau. What ! at this time of night ? for shame !

Edw. No, Laura, no ; not exactly at this time of night : we rather thought in about an hour from this time.

Lau. Worse and worse. What can you mean ? and whether would you fly ?

Geo. From the hands of tyranny to the arms of freedom !—to unite the destinies of two affectionate sisters with those of two loving cousins.

Edw. What say you, Laura—will you consent ?

Lau. I don't know what to say—I was joking just now, and I thought that *you* were joking ; but you grow serious, and you make me more so. I am giddy, I know, and thoughtless, but I am not unfeeling ; I was unprepared for this sudden proposition and it frightens me—not merely for myself but for Blanche, whom I love *as* myself. I have not the heart to say no—perhaps not even the wish ; and I want the courage to say yes. Blanche—(*louder*)—Blanche ! speak you, for I confess that I am terrified.

Bla. (*putting her hand on LAURA's mouth.*) Laura dear, pray be more prudent and speak lower—I am as much frightened

as you can possibly be, but I wouldn't show it on ~~any~~ account for fear of accidents.

Lau. Well—what are we to say to these troublesome creatures?

Bla. Why dear, we have been so very imprudent in going as far as we have gone that I fear the only prudent course now is to say yes. (gives her hand to *GEORGE*.)

Lau. (to *EDWARD*.) You heard what my sister said. (gives him her hand.)

Edw. With rapture—now hear our plan. In an hour our early folks will have retired to rest—then meet us at yonder gate, and we will conduct you across our lawn, and through a side door into the lane, where a carriage and pair will be waiting to receive us.

Bla. (aside.) A carriage and four would have been more prudent.

Lau. Blanche and I have no one's inclination to consult but our own—but are you sure that your mother would not consent if you were to ask her?

Edw. It would be useless—she has always told me that she would forgive me anything but marrying against her wish—but I shall do it because she has always been so indulgent to me that I'm sure she'll soon get over it.

Lau. (to *GEORGE*.) Would not your father consent either, think you?

Geo. Most certainly not—and therefore I mean to marry Blanche without—my honoured father is sure to find fault with me whatever I do—and I therefore consider it my duty as a good son to furnish him with proper cause.

Bla. Under all the circumstances I must honestly own that I think it will be most prudent to deceive them.

Roo. (calling again.) Mr. George—Mr. Edward.

Geo. He's coming this way—we had better run for it.

[They all run to the gate which *LAURA* and *BLANCHE* pass through.

Edw. Farewell. In less than an hour we meet again.

[The ladies disappear, arm in arm.

Enter *ROOTZ*, calling, l. 1 E.

Roo. (l.) Mr. Edward—Mr. Geo—(*GEORGE* stops his mouth.)

Geo. What a devil of a row you're making—what is it you want?

Roo. You, sir—and Mr. Edward—the supper's waiting and the man servant says that master's quite out of temper.

Geo. That's very extraordinary.

Roo. Yes, sir.

Geo. Why you know that it is not extraordinary.

Roo. Oh yes, sir.

Geo. Why did you say yes at first then?

Roo. Because I always feel inclined to say yes to every thing that you and Mr. Edward say.

Edw. (n.) Indeed! keep in that mind and it may be useful
 you as well as to us.
Roo. Yes, sir.
Edw. You brought us notes not long since.
Roo. Yes, sir.
Edw. Where did you get them?
Roo. I weeded 'em off that bed at the bottom of the lawn, sir.
Edw. Do you know from whom they came?
Roo. I don't think they came from a gentleman.
Edw. (to *GEORGE.*) He's a discreet fellow, and we may trust
 him.
Geo. I think so too. (to *Rootz.*) Rootz attend to me—you're
 a d—d rascal.
Roo. Yes, sir.
Geo. You have behaved exceedingly ill in bringing those notes
 to us, and deceiving my father, whose servant you are.
Roo. Yes, sir.
Geo. You are not naturally a rogue.
Roo. Yes, sir—(checking himself)—No, sir.
Geo. But you brought us those notes because you were paid
 for it.
Roo. Yes, sir—you see I'm forced to get money as I can—
 it's a thing I never could get to grow.
Geo. If my father knew what you had done, he would send
 you to the devil.
Roo. Yes, sir.
Geo. He can but send you to the devil—do what you will.
Roo. Yes, sir.
Geo. Well then—we have a plan—assist us in it—and you
 shall have more money.
Roo. Oh yes, sir.
Geo. When the family have retired to rest a carriage will
 draw up in the lane—the two young ladies who live at the next
 house will meet us at this gate—perhaps you can guess the rest.
Roo. Well sir, I shouldn't wonder.
Edw. And in case of any alarm being given get one of the
 men from the farm, upon whom you can depend, to assist—he
 shall be rewarded also.
Roo. Say no more, sir—I know the very man—he'll do any
 thing for money—I'll get my new mate, Donald O'Mac Sweeney.
Geo. Who the devil is he?
Roo. Why he calls himself a Scotchman, sir—but he don't
 speak much like one; in short if you hear him he's an Irishman
 —but if you believe him, he's a Scotchman.
Edw. (taking *GEORGE's* arm and going.) Well—remember that
 you are answerable for him.
Geo. (stopping at wing and turning.) Certainly—and if he play
 us any trick, we murder you. [Exeunt, c. glass d., L. H.
Roo. That's pleasant—it's bad enough to answer for a man
 when you know him—but when you don't!—well, well, I've sown
 the seed and I must reap the fruit—where is this Master Donald,
 I wonder! (*DONALD* comes through the small gate singing part of any

well-known Scotch song with a broad Irish accent.) Hark ! that sounds like his voice. *-(calling.)* Donald, is that you ?

Don. Who the devil's that ? Wha wants me ?

Roo. Donald, I say.

Don. *(coming towards him.)* Arrah ! be aisy now wid your bawling—aw can hear ye—what's your wull ?

Roo. What have you been doing in those grounds ?

Don. What have I been doing ? faith I'm no the only indree—*duel* of the family that's been in them grounds the day—

Roo. That's no answer to my question, but what makes such a chap as you are call himself one of the family, pray ?

Don. Ah ! now, arn't it all the family that sleeps under the master's roof ?

Roo. Ah ! ah ! that's a good one—you sleep in the loft over the stable.

Don. And is that *so* the master's roof—Maister Rootz ?

Roo. Egad, you're no fool.

Don. I never said I was—and besides—sure I'm a man any way—*(am I no a man, think ye? Maister Rootz?)* and in Ireland even the pig is universally allowed to be one of the family.

Ron. Oh ! that's the case in Ireland is it ?

Don. Scotland, I mane.

Roo. That's capital—why there isn't such a thing as a pig in all Scotland.

Don. Och ! I belave there is though.

Roo. Why, don't you know ?

Don. In coarse I do ; though I don't admit that a man's bound to know every baste that his country produces.

Roo. And do you mean to say that Scotland is your country ?

Don. Do I mane to say it ? Yes sure, sir—bonny Scotland is my ain kintry—“ould Scotland for ever.”

Roo. Now sir, I've just caught you out—I don't believe yon're a Scotchman at all.

Don. Not a Scotchman ! By the powers, I'm a broad Scotchman.

Roo. You're very much abroad when you try to be a Scotchman. No, no, my friend. I've pulled your secret up by the roots—you are an Irishman.

Don. Keep it to yourself, then—and don't betray me to a living soul.

Roo. You must have some shocking bad reason for trying to conceal it.

Don. A shocking bad reason—och, murder !

Roo. A murder was it ?—d—n me, if I didn't think so—and so you have committed a murder.

Don. *(enraged.)* I committed a murder ? Look you, Mr. Cabbage grower—we stand here alone beneath the starry canopy. *(seizing him by the collar.)* And if you wouldn't like me to commit a murder in real arrest—you'll recall that dirty insinuation against the character of a respectable man.

Roo. *(forcibly shaking him off, then drawing his shears, and snapping them at him.)* Come, I say, don't be quite so rough, or

else I'll trim some of your branches for you—if I misunderstood what you said, I beg your pardon.

Don. Say no more about it, man—I forgive you. (*shakes hands with him.*)

Roo. And now, should you like to make some money?

Don. I should—but it's agen the law.

Roo. Nonsense—gain some, I mean. Our young masters are going to run away with the two pretty girls that are visiting at the next house—will you assist them?

Don. I will—

Roo. But stay. (*going.*) Before I trust you, I must know why you try to conceal being an Irishman.

Don. Faith then, I'll tell you. They tould me when I left home that no Irishman could get on in England if he wasn't a Scotchman—and so I got a Scotch gentleman, who lived in the same house with me in Seven Dials, in London, to be so good to teach me their brogue that I might pass for one.

Roo. And what did he charge you?

Don. Faith he made me speake illegant Scotch for fifteen shillings.

Roo. That was very cheap though—

Don. Oh! bless you he would have had more—but seeing that I was poor, he was merciful and took all I had.

Roo. How very kind—but where did you get your name from?

Don. My name, honey! faith I may be considered as the founder of my family, for I made my own name. You see, the name I left Ireland with was Dennis O'Brien—but that might have made people suspect that I wasn't a Scotchman, so I called myself Donald O'Mac Sweeney.

Roo. Donald Mac Sweeney is all very well—but what is the O for?

Don. (*putting his hand to his breast with dignity.*) For my private satisfaction—I couldn't make up my mind to part entirely with my father's name—so I kept the O—and that nobody might find it out I made a sandwich of it between the two ugly Scotch names, like an illegant little bit of lamb between two great pieces of dry bread.

Roo. I'd have you to know that I consider your plan for the concealment of the O fully equal to that of your celebrated countryman, who shut his eyes that the police mightn't see him.

[*Exeunt at opposite sides, r.*

SCENE II.—*Landing-place in interior of SOWERBY's house; two doors leading to bedroom in flat.*

Enter hastily SOWERBY, l. 1 e., with chamber-candlestick and candle in his hand; the candle alight; he is followed by MRS. SWEETMAN, who has also a chamber-candlestick, and lighted candle in her hand; the lights up at their entrance.

Mrs. S. (l.) Come, brother, say good night to me, don't go to bed without saying good night at all events.

Sow. (r.) I will.

Mrs. S. Well—do as you like.

Sow. (turning and coming down to her.) I won't—I can't—you never will let me.

Mrs. S. Not let you? why, if I could only find out what you like I would not only let you, but I would positively make you.

Sow. Oh, you'd make me would you? Come, that's pretty well I think. (takes the snuffers.) Pray, ma'am do you know that I am master of this house, and that I have a right at any moment to put you out. (snuffs his candle out.)

Mrs. S. There—now you have put the candle out. (laughing.)

Sow. (re-lighting his candle by hers.) Very well, very well make light of it if you please.

Mrs. S. My dear I am making light of it.

Sow. Some of these days you'll find that it's no laughing matter.

Mrs. S. Upon my word, brother, if any body could make me be so silly as to put myself out of temper, I think you could.

Sow. Put you out of temper? why you have got no temper to go out of—that is to say, if the truth were known, I dare say you have got just the same sort of temper that other people have, only you have learnt to conceal it, and to keep it down, just because you have discovered that it's the most effectual way of annoying me.

Mrs. S. Nonsense—why in the world should I wish to annoy you? Do you know, these little bickerings of ours often remind me of the scenes we have witnessed in former times between our poor dear father and mother?

Sow. (sneeringly.) Good gracious! it's easy to see what you wish me to infer from that—but you'll please to remember that if my father was a Sowerby, my mother was a Lemon—

Mrs. S. Now, all this fuss is just because I asked you not to go to bed without saying good night to me.

Sow. It's no such thing. What you have annoyed me about so much this evening, has been the old subject—the education of those boys—but that is the one point I never will give up to you upon.

Mrs. S. Well, I suppose we shall never agree upon that; every thing else seems easy enough.

Sow. Sneering is not a bad way to vex a person.

Mrs. S. Why should we discuss the point at all?

Sow. What—I'm not fit to be spoken to I suppose.

Mrs. S. I don't mean that—but let us each take our own method and say nothing. You have brought up your son with strictness.

Sow. Yes—and you'll shortly witness the best proof of the excellence of my system—I've got a wife coming for him and he'll marry her at a week's notice though he has never seen her.

Mrs. S. And suppose he refuses to do so?

Sow. I don't suppose impossibilities.

Mrs. S. Well—we shall see—I have certainly made it a rule to let my dear Edward follow his own inclinations.

Sow. And he'll reward you by marrying somebody's house-maid.

Mrs. S. Nay, excuse me there. In return for unlimited indulgence, I expect to be consulted about that.

Sow. And you *may* expect it, you poor foolish woman—for he'll play you some trick you may depend upon it.

Mrs. S. I don't think so—I have a better opinion of my son Edward—

Sow. Than you have of my son George, I suppose—go on—go on—every crow thinks its own young the whitest.

Mrs. S. Now Lemon—(*placing her hand on his arm.*) ♪

Sow. Don't squeeze me—

Mrs. S. All I wanted to say was—

Sow. I shall get no rest to-night if I stop to hear all you want to say. (*taking out the snuffers.*)—so I shall beg leave to close the conversation. You think me in a state of half-darkness. (*snuff the candle out.*) D—n the candle—all I can say is, if I am so, by Jupiter you are in a state of total darkness. (*at the word total he dabs his candle against hers, and puts that out also—the stage becomes dark.*)

Mrs. S. Well, I think I must admit that.

Sow. Was there ever any thing so awkward as the way in which you held that light?

Mrs. S. (*finding her way to L. H. D. in flat.*) You haven't told me what I worried you about now.

Sow. (*feeling his way to R. H. D. in flat.*) I forgot all about it—that infernal candle put me out.

Mrs. S. I thought it was the other way—I thought you put the candle out. [*Exit to room, L. H.*]

Sow. That's right—contradiction the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. [*Exit to room, R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I—Quite dark.*

DONALD discovered lying at full length on the opposite side of the stage to the house.

Don. (*raising himself and shivering.*) By my soul! but it's coldish work waiting here upon the turf for other people's women. If it was a little darling of my own now, that I was looking for, the thought of it would be better nor a top-coat to me—a drain of whiskey would make a pleasing variety in my evening's entertainments, seeing that I have no amusement whatever. Talking of whiskey, I wonder what I'll get for this job! if they'd only give me just enough to buy a moderate sized estate in Ireland, I'd expatriate myself home again and buy a pig and a wife. Och! Molly, jewel! I never would have deserted my country if you hadn't deserted me. (*sings.*)

Mam dear, I remember as we came home the rain began,
I wrapped her in my frieze coat, tho' the devil a waistcoat I
had on,
And my shirt was rather fine drawn, yet, oh! the base, the
cruel one,
After all that she's left me here alone for to die.

Enter ROOTZ, U. E. L. H.

Roo. What a devil of a howling that Scotch-Irishman does keep up—he'll spoil all—Donald—(*DONALD continues singing*)—Donald I say!

Don. Hush ! man—don't make such a noise—they'll hear you in the house.

Roo. Why, you stupid fellow—that's just what I was going to say to you.

Don. Oh, then I dare say it is stupid.

Roo. Don't be saucy, sir—didn't I caution you most particularly, when I planted you there, not to talk ?

Don. You did—and I didn't ; it's singing I was.

Roo. Beautiful singing to be sure—I thought it was the tom-cat.

Don. Ye're rude, Maister Rootz—ye're vara rude.

Roo. Oh, get out ! speak Irish at once, do—bad as it is, it's better than that mongrel Scotch you talk—but, hush ! I hear footsteps—come under this tree and stand quiet.

[*They get under the tree, L. E. R. H., and stand close together with their faces towards the audience.*

EDWARD enters from house, L. H., cautiously—**GEORGE** following at a little distance—they have their hats on, and coats or cloaks on their arms.

Edw. How deuced dark it is ! where in the world is the gate ! I must have passed it surely. (*turns sharply round, and runs against GEORGE.*) Who's that ? Confound it ! (*rubbing his leg.*)

Geo. Hush ! It's only I—

Edw. Yes, but you have kicked my shin.]

Geo. Rub it then, and say nothing.

[*They find the gate and stand one on each side of it. Where can these dear girls be ? it's full time they came.*

[*DONALD sneezes.*

Roo. Be quiet, you fool !

Edw. Hush ! they approach—didn't you hear one of the darlings sneeze ?

[*LAURA and BLANCHE in travelling-dresses approach cautiously along the hedge on the other side—BLANCHE first.*

Geo. I hear the rustling of their gowns sure enough—otherwise I should have thought that sneeze too loud for them.

Edw. Do you think a love like mine could be deceived ? Oh, Laura ! (*embraces BLANCHE.*)

Bla. How very imprudent—I'm Blanche !

Geo. You blundering dog—give me that young woman.

Edw. I beg your pardon.

Lau. And who is to beg mine ?

Edw. (R. C.) I am.

Lau. (R.) And who is to grant it ?

Edw. You are. (*embraces her.*)

Lau. (n. c.) I thought I heard you say that a love like yours could never be deceived.

Edw. (n.) You are my love—and you never shall be deceived.

Geo. (l.) Come, that's very well—but we lose time—now, Blanche, trust yourself to my guidance and all will be right.

[He puts her arm through his, and comes on cautiously towards the tree—EDWARD and LAURA follow.

Lau. Stay—don't you think we should be wise to wait a little longer? see—the candles are not out in the bedrooms.

Geo. Interesting but useless forethought—they burn rush-lights.

Bla. (l. c.) But they are not yet in bed—I can see their shadows on the window-blinds.

Lau. Oh, as to that—girls who do such a mad thing as we are doing, must not be frightened at shadows.

Edw. Who's lurking about here? (runs to DONALD.) George, seize the other.

[EDWARD lays hold of DONALD's ears—GEORGE of Rootz's—they both bellow out.

Geo. (n. c.) Silence, for your lives! what's this I'm pulling?

Rootz. (n.) Rootz—

Edw. What do you call yourself?

Don. Donald O Mac-Sweeney, sir—at yere service.

[SOWERBY in room 2 E. L., and MRS. SWEETMAN in room 3 E. L., draw their blinds hastily and throw up the windows—SOWERBY has a blunderbuss in his hand—both are in dressing gowns—GEORGE, EDWARD, LAURA, and BLANCHE, get behind garden-chair, R. H., all their heads in a row—DONALD behind vase in c. of stage, and Rootz under window, l., with a flower-pot on his head.

Sow. Mrs. Sweetman!

Mrs. S. Brother!

Sow. There are some thieves or something of that sort below—call the boys!

Mrs. S. I'm terrified to death—I daren't leave the room.

Sow. Don't be alarmed then—I'm going to fire!

Geo. (to the girls, who are about to scream.) Fear nothing—he won't fire.

Mrs. S. Stay, brother—don't fire—it's so cruel—ask them to be so good as to surrender.

Sow. Poh! nonsense—I shall fire.

Mrs. S. Shoot them with gunpowder only then—it's always best to try kindness first.

Sow. Nonsense, I tell you—that's not my system—here goes! (levels the blunderbuss—the girls scream.) What! women! a caterwauling business, eh! I must see what this means. (disappears from window with light—MRS. SWEETMAN ditto from hers.)

Edw. We haven't a moment to lose—he'll raise the whole neighbourhood.

Bla. How imprudent not to have locked your father up in his room.

Lau. Well done, Miss Demure.

Geo. Edward—the letters.

Edw. (taking letters from his pocket.) True! (to DONALD.) Give this to my mother, and on your life let no one follow us.

Don. But if they shoot me, sir?

Edw. Then let your body fall so that nobody can get by. Come, Laura. [Exeunt LAURA and EDWARD, R. H. 1².

Geo. Give this to my father. (giving letter to Rootz.) Now, Blanche. [Exeunt GEORGE and BLANCHE, R. 1².

Roo. Donald, if I am slain, put these lines upon my tombstone,

Here lies poor David Rootz,
Who died and left no fruits.

Don. Nonsense, man—bould your head up and fight low—Did you ever know a Scotchman that was afraid?

Roo. If master only shoots the Scotch part of you, he won't hurt you much.

Enter SOWERBY with a lighted candle in his hand—MRS. SWEETMAN following with a candle also—both are in dressing gowns and night caps.

Sow. I'll soon find out what all this means.—Rootz! what the devil are you doing here? and Donald, too—how is it you are not in bed? What noise wa's that I heard? who were those women? Go, and call my son.

Roo. Your son, sir?

[DONALD gets L. H.

Sow. Yes, sir, can't you hear?

Roo. Your son is gone, sir.

Sow. Gone—where?

Roo. With the young lady, sir.

Sow. My gracious! what, eloped? it's impossible—my son has been brought up too strictly.

Mrs. S. (l. c. aside.) Much too strictly. (aloud.) You had better call my Edward.

Don. (l.) Maister Edward, ma'am, is along wi' Maister George, ye maun ken.

Mrs. S. With Mister George!

Don. And a young leddy, ma'am—

Mrs. S. Elop'd!—Out of the question—he never would serve me so—I have treated him far too indulgently.

Sow. (r. c.) It's the first time I ever heard you own it.—Call up every man on my estate and let them be pursued.

[Rootz gives letter to SOWERBY—DONALD ditto to MRS.

SWEETMAN—SOWERBY gives Rootz the candle to hold and reads by it—MRS. SWEETMAN the same with DONALD—MRS. SWEETMAN and SOWERBY back to back, c.

Sow. (aside.) What do I see? Edward is headstrong, and will marry, and you are only gone with him to make a last effort to dissuade him—good boy! good boy—ha! ha!

Mrs. S. (aside.) So he's only gone to dissuade his obstinate

cousin after all, ha! ha! (they look at each other over their shoulders and laugh.)

Sow. (aside.) I can't help laughing at that poor foolish woman, and her spoilt child, ha! ha!

Mrs. S. (aside.) My poor brother and his discipline—it's a shame to laugh at him, but I can't help it, ha! ha!

Sow. (taking back the candle.) You needn't trouble yourself to give any alarm, ha! ha!

Mrs. S. (taking candle and following.) A very sensible observation, brother, ha! ha!

Sow. (turning to her.) You're a very silly woman, ha! ha!

Mrs. S. Poor Lemon! he's so annoyed, he doesn't know what he says, ha! ha! ha! ha!

[Rootz and Donald join in the laugh—as they all go up laughing, the act-drop falls.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Room in an inn, supposed to be a few miles from Mr. SOWERBY's house. Two sofas, one R. H. the other L. H. Table C., with writing materials and lucifer box. Two chairs R. and L. of table; other furniture about. GEORGE is lolling on sofa, R. H.; EDWARD on sofa, L. H.; LAURA with a book in chair R. H. of table; BLANCHE at work in chair L. H. of table.

Geo. (r. after a long yawn.) How long have we been married?

Edw. (l. after a long yawn.) A month to day.

Lau. (r. c. speaking through a yawn.) I'm sorry you think it so long; the truth is that it is only three weeks.

Bla. (l. c. speaking through a yawn.) Laura's right.

Geo. I thought it was a year, for my part.

Lau. That's civil at all events.

Edw. Come, hang it, George, I didn't think it quite so long as that.

Bla. But very nearly, I suppose.

Geo. Now don't mistake us—we love you as much as ever—

Edw. More.

Geo. Well, more, for all I know; but change of society is absolutely necessary to enable us to set the right value on a return to yours.

Lau. Indeed!

Bla. I fear we have been very imprudent to marry—they seem to be getting tired of us already.

Edw. Not so, I assure you; but, for the reason George gave you, a little change would be desirable for all parties. If, by good luck now, some mutual friend were to drop in—

Geo. A mutual friend! I should be delighted to see my bitter enemy!

[BLANCHE and LAURA rise.

Bla. (L. c.) Well, did you ever?—

Lau. (R. c.) I think I may safely say—never.

Edw. He was only joking;—sit down, Laura, my dear;—do sit down, Lolly.

Lau. If you mean to lie upon that sofa all day long, I should think Lolly would be a better name for you.

Edw. My dear, I don't lie upon this sofa all day long.

Lau. Indeed you do.

Edw. (L.) Indeed I do not; for sometimes I lie upon the other. [the ladies sit. *George* laughs]

Lau. (R. c. to *GEORGE*.) Now laugh at his folly, do; I never saw such men!

Geo. (R.) I don't suppose that you and Blanche were ever married to two such men before.

Lau. I don't suppose that *any body* ever was.

Blanche. (L. c.) I beg most respectfully to suggest that seeking a reconciliation with your parents would be a more prudent occupation of time than quarrelling with us.

Edw. Most wisely suggested; for I regret to say that three weeks' travelling, however it may recruit the person, is very apt to impoverish the purse. I have only got five pounds left.

Geo. (jumping up.) Nonsense! you don't mean to say that?

Edw. I mean to assert it most emphatically.

Geo. Why, what a hairbrained thoughtless dog you must be to run away from home and marry with only money enough to keep you for three weeks!

Edw. To keep me? to keep us if you please;—I have been paymaster-general to the forces.

Geo. And a very good place it is, I understand.

Edw. How much money have you got?

Geo. Me? I haven't had a farthing left this fortnight.

Edw. Well, you're the right man to find fault with me, certainly.

Geo. (Rising and going to *EDWARD*.) Certainly I am—you knew how thoughtless I was about matters of business, and you ought not to have depended on me for any thing (crosses to R.)

Lau. The gentleman is candid at all events.

Bla. Don't blame him for that.

Geo. Now don't lie there any longer, but get up and make yourself useful: the danger is imminent, and we must hold a council of war. [GEORGE, LAURA, and BLANCHE advance.]

Edw. (leaving sofa and coming forward.) Well, here we are—what have you to propose?

Geo. (R.) Nothing.

Lau. (R. c.) I should say, after mature deliberation, that there can be no objection to that.

Bla. (L. c. to *EDWARD*.) Have you any suggestion to make?

Edw. None whatever.

Lau. Another useful member of the council.

Geo. As you ladies are so remarkably sharp this morning, perhaps one of you will take pity on our stupidity and favour us with your unbiased opinion of matters in general.

Lau. Listen then, and I'll turn that saucy sneer of yours' into a respectful admission of our superiority.

Geo. Madam, I'm a statue.

Lau. You have kept your father up in the idea that it is Edward who has run away, and that you have only accompanied him in the hope of inducing him not to marry.

Geo. Am I to speak?

Lau. Yes.

Geo. I have.

Lau. You must write another letter to him, saying that all your efforts have failed—that Edward is married, and that you shall shortly reach home accompanied by him and his wife. To the table—write it—give me the letter, and give me no answer. (*he goes to r. of table, and writes—to EDWARD.*) You have kept your poor dear mamma in a similar belief about George.

Edw. I blush to say I have.

Lau. To the table then, and write a *vice versa* letter to her—write and don't speak. (*he goes to l. of the table, and writes.*)

Bla. I am quite surprised at the ease with which you manage them.

Lau. To tell you the truth, so am I—but it answers so well that I think I shall keep it up.

Bla. Be prudent—don't bend your bow till it breaks.

Lau. I don't think either of our beaux will break in a hurry.

Edw. (*who is lighting a lucifer.*) D—n it! I've burnt my fingers.

Geo. You should have thought of that before you married.

Lau. Now, children, have you finished your task?

Geo. and *Edw.* Yes, mamma.

Lau. Good boys! give them to me.

Edw. But who is to be the bearer of them?

Lau. Blanche and I.

Bla. My dear, I couldn't do such a thing—it's so unfeminine.

Lau. That's my opinion too—so I shall put on male attire.

Bla. Male attire! how dreadfully imprudent!

Lau. Never mind—I'll go by myself.

Edw. My dear Laura!

Lau. Order a post-chaise for your uncle's house, and in ten minutes I'll be ready—in half an hour more order another, and do you three get into it and follow me.

Geo. Two post-chaises will make an awful hole in that five pound note.

Edw. (*coming forward and giving a letter.*) You will find my poor dear mother—as I have often told you—the best natured soul upon earth; but this is the only point on which I fear her; and on this you must be cautious.

Lau. Never fear me—I shall study her happiness in seeking to secure ours.

Geo. (*Giving a letter.*) Remember that my dad has a good heart—though, to do him justice, a most remarkably bad temper.

Lau. Don't you be afraid of me—I know all about it. (*crosses L. H.*)

Edw. I really think we ought to know something more of your plans before we act upon them. (*Laura, who is going off, pauses at wing.*)

Geo. There's reason in that remark.

Bla. And prudence.

Lau. Come hither then all of you. (*they approach and huddle round her.*) You asked me just now for my unbiased opinion of matters in general.

All. Yes.

Lau. This then it is—I am most decidedly of opinion that—when matters are at the worst they must mend.

Bla. Edw. and Geo. But don't forget—

Lau. I never forget any thing—that I remember.

[Exit *L. H.* hastily, followed by the others who all exclaim in a remonstrating tone—"But, Laura."—

SCENE II.—*A hall in Mr. Sowerby's house.*

Enter Rootz, r. 1 e.

Roo. I wish Mr. George and Mr. Edward were come back again, with all my heart I do. I used to think 'em great plagues sometimes, but I've been as melancholy without 'em as a cat that's had all her kittens drowned—I've scarcely any body to speak to me now but that Scotch Irishman—for mistress has hardly opened her mouth since the young gentlemen bolted—no more has master neither—but I don't mind that so much, because that's all the better for one's nose—he does speak so very sharp.

Enter L. 1 e. at opposite side, Donald.

Don. Gude day, Maister Rootz; bows a' wi' ye, mon?

Roo. Don't speak that broken-winded Scotch of yours.

Don. How are ye, sir? will that shuit you?

Roo. Yes, there's always a better flavour with what comes naturally than what's forced.

Don. For the future I'll endeavour to accommodate you—but I've been talking so much Scotch lately that my tongue has almost lost sight of the elegant brogue that my mother used to compliment me upon.

Roo. Don't be alarmed—you have quite enough left for your mother to know you by in case you should be lost.

Don. You think that same?

Roo. I'm sure of it.

Don. Then I'm aisy in my mind. How does the master get on and the mistress?

Roo. Why, I'm told they haven't quarrelled near so much lately—but then to be sure they haven't spoken to one another near so much,

Don. The master seems to be a pleasant man in a small party.

Roo. Don't you say any thing against a man whose bread,—I mean, whose potatoes you eat. Every man has a right to train his son in the way he wishes him to grow. I always

think that a father's feelings ought to be respected—it's according to nature.

Don. Indeed! Where was your respect for the father's feelings when you helped the son to run away?

Roo. That was according to nature too!

Don. And I must say that the way in which you put the money you got for doing it into your pocket, seemed to me to be according to nature too!

Oh, nature! dame nature's
A beautiful creature
In every feature!

Roo. Come, give over your jingling nonsense, and go to your work; you're a precious idle dog.

Don. Now, isn't it a shame to call me idle, when I had nothing to do, and I've done it?

Roo. Well, well, go about your business.

Don. Don't I tell you I've got no business to go about?

Roo. Then we'll soon find you some. Here's master coming this way, and I'll ask him what you had better do.

Don. Ah now, Maister Rootz, darling, let me gat oot o' his way, and, in return for your accommodation, I'll teach you a piece of economy.

Roo. Tell me what it is, then, and be off.

Don. Whenever you want any curds and whey, just get the master to look into the milk, and you'll have it without farther trouble or expence. [Exit, r. 1 e.

Roo. Well, that Scotch branch, grafted upon that Irish stem, makes about as queer a tree as ever I saw! [Exit, r. 1 e.

SCENE III.—*Large room in same, with c. windows at back opening on to the lawn; Mrs. SWEETMAN discovered, l. c., sitting at work-table; a stool stands up the stage, near the c.; sofa &c., on r. and l.*

Mrs. S. Heigh-ho! I wish those poor dear boys were home again; the place is dreadfully dull without them.

Mr. SOWERBY enters, r. 1 e., hastily, and walks towards the part of the room she is in; suddenly perceiving her, he draws back, and walks on tiptoe towards the open window; in so doing he trips against the stool, which calls Mrs. SWEETMAN's attention to him.

Have you hurt yourself, brother?

Sow. Good gracious! sister, can't I tumble over a stool without being obliged to say whether I have hurt myself or not?

Mrs. S. (l.) I don't mind your speaking crossly to me, so that you do speak.

Sow. (r.) Now, what on earth do you mean by saying that I speak crossly to you?

Mrs. S. I don't complain of it—I only complain, that

since those foolish boys went off, you have scarcely spoken to me at all. Have you any objection to giving me a reason for it?

Sow. Why, if you must know, I felt I could not speak to you without annoying you, and so I wouldn't speak at all.

Mrs. S. My dear brother, you can't annoy me if you try.

Sow. Now, do you hear that?—if I try. I would just ask any reasonable person whether Job himself wouldn't give way under such repeated provocation?

Mrs. S. Oh dear! oh dear! I seem doomed to be misunderstood; so let us drop all attempt at explanation. You heard from George yesterday, didn't you? (*rise and down, L.*)

Sow. (aside.) Poor thing! that's a pleasant subject for *her* to start.

Mrs. S. Didn't you?

Sow. Yes, I did.

Mrs. S. What did he say?

Sow. (aside.) If I tell her I shall break her heart.

Mrs. S. Won't you tell me what he said?

Sow. No!

Mrs. S. Now indeed that's unfeeling of you.

Sow. (aside.) Unfeeling! shades of Johnson, Entick, Sheridan, and Walker! hear this, and correct your dictionaries. Tenderness means want of feeling! (*aloud.*) I believe you heard from Edward yesterday?

Mrs. S. (aside.) I didn't know that he was aware of it.

Sow. Am I to be allowed an answer?

Mrs. S. Yes, I did.

Sow. What did he say?

Mrs. S. (aside.) If I tell him the truth he'll go mad. (*aloud.*) Nothing—nothing very particular.

Sow. (aside.) She seems agitated—he must have given her some notion of the trick he has played her. (*aloud.*) Has he confessed?—has he confessed? I say.

Mrs. S. Don't be angry, brother—partly, partly, confessed—but don't be angry.

Sow. Angry—poor thing! I'm sorry for you—heartily sorry for you.

Mrs. S. (aside.) Sorry for me? (*aloud.*) And how do you feel about yourself, brother?

Sow. Oh! never mind about me—I'm thinking about you, and, brute as I am, I wouldn't say one word to add to the bitterness of your present distress.

Mrs. S. (aside.) What in the world does he mean?

Sow. At the same time I can't resist the opportunity of remarking to you, that if you had only listened to my advice about the manner of educating your son, all this might have been avoided.

Mrs. S. I shall only say in answer to that—that you appear to me to have selected a most extraordinary moment for upholding that mistaken system of education of yours.

Sow. (getting heated again.) I could pursue this subject—but

I won't—because I know what will happen—I shall be reproached with being bad-tempered.

Mrs. S. Now, you know that I have never reproached you with being bad-tempered—I have lamented it, it is true—and, for your own sake, more than mine, I have told you of it—but it has been with the utmost sincerity and good humour.

Sow. That's exactly what makes it ten times worse. If any thing can increase the affront of being told that one has a bad temper, it is that infernally cool and business-like way of setting about it. I tell you what, sister, I begin to suspect that you are a much worse tempered woman than I thought you before.

Mrs. S. Perhaps I am—without knowing it—and, as few of us know ourselves, perhaps you are good-tempered without knowing it.

Sow. I didn't say I was—but I say I am not bad-tempered—*(crosses to L.)—d—n me if I'm bad-tempered.*

Enter SERVANT, L., who delivers him a card, which he reads.

Ser. A young gentleman from the young gentlemen, sir.

Sow. (aside.) And here's a proof of it—*(to SERVANT)*—a young gentleman is he?

Ser. Quite a young gentleman, sir.

Sow. Beg him to walk in. *(exit SERVANT, L.)* Mrs. Sweetman, I am going to give you a fresh specimen of my brutality. A young gentleman has called to see me from those runaway boys—he may have something unpleasant to communicate, and therefore I request you to leave the room.

Mrs. S. Certainly—but are you prepared for a shock, brother, allow me to ask?

Sow. (significantly.) Yes; I'm prepared. *(aside.)* Her spoilt child is married for a hundred pounds.

Mrs. S. Good by then, my poor brother!

Sow. Good by, my poor mistaken sister!

Mrs. S. (aside.) Now for the fruits of severity! George is married I haven't a doubt. *[Exit, R. 1 E.*

Sow. Here comes the ambassador—egad, he is a youngster, faith!

Enter SERVANT, preceding LAURA, L. H. 1 E., in man's clothes.

Ser. (announcing.) Mr. —

Lau. *(pussing him hastily, and aside to him.)* What did I tell you, sir? *[Exit SERVANT, L. H. 1 E.*

(aloud.) Mr. Sowerby, I believe?

Sow. (R.) Sowerby is my name, sir.

Lau. (L.) Lemon, I believe?

Sow. Lemon Sowerby—I beg your pardon, but I didn't quite catch yours.

Lau. I dare say not—these country servants are proverbially awkward.

Sow. That happens to be a London one—but perhaps you didn't give him your name distinctly—

Lau. My dear sir—to prevent the possibility of mistake, I gave him a card—

Sow. Was this it?

Lau. Oh! he gave it to you, did he? then I beg his pardon, it's all right.

Sow. (aside.) All right—except that I can't read it. (aloud.) To say the truth, you haven't written it very distinctly.

Lau. (aside.) I didn't intend it. (aloud.) I do write a wretched scrawl I admit, but with your kind permission, we will pass to matters of more consequence—

Sow. Pray be seated, sir. [They take chairs and sit.

Lau. You have a son, Mr. Sowerby.

Sow. Thank you, sir.

Lau. His name is George.

Sow. Sir, I am much obliged to you for the information.

Lau. George Sowerby—

Sow. Good gracious! sir, I am quite aware of my son's name without your spelling them to me.

Lau. Why, my good sir, you must be dreaming, surely—to make such an accusation against me.—If I had intended to spell your son's names, I should have said, G—e—o—r—g—e—George.

Sow. (leaving his chair, and walking up and down, n.) This is too much.

Lau. S—o—w—e—r—b—y—Sowerby.

Sow. Young man—very young man—did you come into my house for the purpose of insulting me? (sitting.)

Lau. Sir, it is the very last thing I should have thought of.

Sow. Sir, it is the very last thing you did.

Lau. Mr. Sowerby—

Sow. What, sir?

Lau. I beg your pardon, Mr. Lemon Sowerby.

Sow. Good gracious! go on—or you'll drive me mad.

Lau. I dare say you think me rather an extraordinary young man.

Sow. I don't like to trust myself to say what I think you.

Lau. Well, perhaps that's as well just now, I have taken great liberty with you.

Sow. You have.

Lau. I have provoked you—

Sow. Most infernally—

Lau. There you go too far—

Sow. Don't contradict me.

Lau. I must when you do yourself in justice; as I shall henceforth contradict others when they do you injustice.

Sow. (rises.) What the deuce do you mean?

Lau. In few words—I have been informed that you were a bad-tempered man.

Sow. And ain't I!

Lau. Certainly not—I have been grossly deceived—a better

tempered man it has seldom fallen to my lot to converse with.

Sow. (altering his tone.) Good gracious ! how very odd—I never had such a thing said to me before—do tell me—do you really mean what you say ?

Lau. If I had not meant it, sir—I need not have said it.

Sow. Very true—and I have no doubt you do mean it.

Lau. Ah ! sir—how often do we hear charges made against people by the envious and the malicious, which, when we come to know the individuals accused we find to be wholly false.

Sow. Do me the honour to shake hands with me, sir—(sits)—you are a very young man but a very sensible one.

Lau. Can you pardon the provocation I gave you ?

Sow. Don't say a word about it—don't say a word about it.

Lau. I'm almost ashamed to tell you that I did it on purpose to try you.

Sow. No—did you ? why you young rogue !

Lau. But how nobly the experiment answered—

Sow. (chuckling.) Ha ! ha !

Lau. With what excellent temper you bore my impertinence !

Sow. Well—well—we'll say nothing about that—but perhaps there may be those who would have borne it worse.

Lau. Worse ! Are there any who would have borne it better ?

Sow. I don't know—I don't know—but come—you are a friend of my son's—and I tell you candidly that I am proud he has such a friend.

Lau. Sir—you do me honour—and now—

Sow. (interrupting and a little impatiently.) I was speaking—

Lau. Yes, I know, but—

Sow. (interrupting and crossly.) I was speaking, sir—

Lau. How playfully you said that ! Well, if yours is a bad temper, I should like to meet somebody with a good one.

Sow. (pleased.) I should say yours was a good one.

Lau. Oh ! it's nothing like yours.

Sow. Why, you're quite a flatterer. (shaking hands.)

Lau. No—I'm not—you don't know me.

Sow. And now what says my son ?

Lau. Why, sir, in the first place allow me to present you a letter from him, (gives letter.)

Sow. (opens it and reads.) As I suspected—exactly as I suspected—people can't deceive me.

Lau. No, sir, I should suppose not.

Sow. You must know, that my poor foolish sister, contrary to my advice and example, chose to let her son have his own way in every thing.

Lau. Yes, I know, sir.

Sow. And now he is married.

Lau. Yes ; I know that too, sir.

Sow. George tells me in this letter that he could not prevent it.

Lau. No ; that he could not I assure you, sir.

Sow. Ah ! that boy has been brought up with strictness and severity.

Lau. So I have heard him say, sir.

Sow. He wouldn't have married—

Lau. The girl that Edward has married, sir—no that he wouldn't. (*aside.*) I know.

Sow. By the by who is the girl this noodle has run away with ?

Lau. A Miss Harcourt.

Sow. Harcourt, Harcourt—there were two girls of that name—orphans, who were on a visit in a house close by me here—is it one of them ?

Lau. It is.

Sow. And which I wonder—I never allowed any young lady visitors at this house, because I didn't choose to run the risk of my son's making a fool of himself ; but I have seen those two girls, one of them seemed a steady sedate sort of person enough ; but the other gave me the idea of a sad fly-away, madcap creature.

Lau. That is the very one, sir, that your nephew has married.

Sow. Poor devil !

Lau. You may say that indeed—but I'm glad you pity him, sir—because he sends his respectful duty to you, and hopes you'll intercede with his mother to forgive him.

Sow. No, no ; I can't do that—he's a disobedient son. (*they rise.*)

Lau. True, sir ; but if you only knew the girl he has married, you would say that the crime carried the punishment with it.

Sow. Well ; there's something in that.

Lau. (*couxingly.*) You remember you said he was a poor d. vii.

Sow. How earnest you are in his cause—

Lau. I am as anxious about it as if it were my own—

Sow. He ought to consider you his best friend—

Lau. And I hope I shall prove so. Come, sir, see your sister about it—they'll be here in half an hour.

Sow. I don't know what to say to it—she'll be dreadfully annoyed.

Lau. Oh, sir ! as to that, if your sister has chosen to act directly contrary to your advice, she must be prepared to take the consequences.

Sow. Sir, you have sense beyond your years.

Lau. For my part, considering the way in which she has brought up her son, I can't bring myself to regret that he is married.

Sow. Perhaps you're right—at all events I'll see what I can do for you ; you must remain here till I return. (*going, he pauses at wing, and in a chuckling tone.*) I say ; it's a severe lesson I have to give her, but upon my soul she deserves it.

Before I go (*holding out his hand*), promise me that you will come again, and stay some time in this house.

Lau. (*taking his hand cordially*.) Sir, I promise—and you shall see that I will keep my word.

Sow. (*aside*.) That's a very pleasant, gentlemanly young man.

[*Exit, r.*]

Lau. (*looking after him and laughing*.) Poor old gentleman, "people can't deceive you," can they?—I had provided myself with a letter for each of the old people, because I couldn't tell which I should get hold of. (*taking out the other letter*.) I may tear up this one now—if the old gentleman gets her to forgive her son, he can't for shame refuse to forgive his own. What's this I see? He has missed her, and she is coming this way. A brilliant thought crosses my mind—if he will but keep away for three minutes I'll give her the letter, and get her to intercede with him. After having convinced Mr. Lemon Sowerby that he is a good-tempered man, I think I need not despair of any thing.

Re-enter MRS. SWEETMAN, R.

Mrs. S. (*having advanced some way into the room, is about to withdraw on seeing LAURA*.) I beg your pardon, sir, I heard my brother leave the room, and I presumed there was no one here.

Lau. Pray, madam, don't retire—I have the honour to be acquainted with Mr. Edward Sweetman, who is your son, I believe.

Mrs. S. I believe so, sir.

Lau. I have the pleasure to be the bearer of a letter from him to you. (*hands letter*.)

Mrs. S. (*opening letter*.) Dear boy! Thank you, sir. (*reading letter*.) Dear me! Married! I thought it would end in this—dear brother! what will he say? Dear Edward! to try to prevent it. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm afraid it's a bad business.

Lau. (aside.) What a dear old lady!

Mrs. S. I find from this letter of my dear boy's, that Mr. George Sowerby is actually married.

Lau. Alas! madam, it is too true.

Mrs. S. In spite of all that poor Edward could do to prevent it.

Lau. Poor Edward couldn't help himself, ma'am, I assure you—he was over head and ears in love.

Mrs. S. (*astonished*.) Edward was?

Lau. George, ma'am—George—his cousin.

Mrs. S. You frightened me, for you said "he" was.

Lau. A slight mistake of your relative, ma'am.

Mrs. S. When my poor brother hears this heavy news, I'm quite curious to know what effect it will have upon him?

Lau. I am most happy that it lies in my power to put you in the way of gratifying your curiosity.

Mrs. S. How, sir?

Lau. Madam, with your permission, I'll tell you how ; Mr. George Sowerby, throws himself, through me, at your feet—and implores forgiveness.

Mrs. S. Oh, dear ! I'm sure he has my forgiveness, in a moment ; but how can he obtain his father's ?

Lau. That is the very question, madam, which he has deputed me to ask you—"How can he obtain his father's ?

Mrs. S. I haven't the most remote idea—his father is a very severe man, and when he shall have been made acquainted with this act of disobedience (for he has often ordered him most positively never to fall in love without his leave), I fully expect that he will exclude him at once from his heart—his house—and his will.

Lau. It is to prevent such dreadful consequences that he treats your kind and active interference to announce his marriage, and obtain his pardon.

Mrs. S. Mine ! sir ? I tell my enraged brother what his son has done ? My dear sir, I dare as soon enter a powder magazine with a lighted candle in my hand.

Lau. And why not, when the sweetness of your temper can spread itself like a shield between the powder and the flame, and convert this dangerous match into a safety-lamp ?

Mrs. S. Sir, you are very polite, but you don't know my brother. No, sir, let some one else set fire to the train, and, when the explosion has taken place, I'll do the best I can amongst the ruins.

Lau. Do you know, that if I could change places with you, I should delight in the task.

Mrs. S. You would ?

Lau. I should, indeed.

Mrs. S. And why, for goodness' sake ?

Lau. I know the differences you have had with him about the education of your sons.

Mrs. S. You do ?

Lau. Yes, and how wrong he is.

Mrs. S. Ain't he ?

Lau. And how right you are.

Mrs. S. Ain't I ?

Lau. I think this marriage of his son a just punishment for his not taking your advice.

Mrs. S. Don't you ?

Lau. And if I were in your place I should glory in such an opportunity of reading him a lesson.

Mrs. S. Should you ?

Lau. Shouldn't I ?

Mrs. S. Upon my word there's something in that.

Lau. Something ! my dear ma'am, there's every thing—it is the very triumph of your system, and you owe it to society to proclaim it.

Mrs. S. Say no more, sir ; I will do it at all hazards. My poor dear brother will find the pill a bitter one, but he has brought the disorder on himself, and he must swallow it.

Lau. Madam, you speak like an oracle.

Mrs. S. He is coming this way. You had better leave us.

Lau. (going towards window leading to the lawn.) A thousand thanks, my dear madam, and success attend you. (aside.) And now—

“From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.”

[Exit, c. d.

Re-enter MR. SOWERBY, R. 1 E.

Mrs. S. (aside.) How to begin with him I haven't the slightest idea.

Sow. (aside.) Oh! here she is, after all. What the deuce shall I say to her?

Mrs. S. Brother!

Sow. (in a mild tone.) Sister!

Mrs. S. (aside.) How fortunate! he seems in an unusually gentle frame of mind! Did you speak, brother?

Sow. No, my dear.

Mrs. S. (aside.) “My dear!” He hasn't said such a thing to me these twenty years.

Sow. (aside.) Now people are kind enough to set me down for a brute, and yet I can't bring myself (crosses L.) to make this poor silly woman as miserable as I have undertaken to do.

Mrs. S. (a., after an effort as if she were going to say something of importance.) Are you pretty well to-day, brother?

Sow. (L.) I'm very well, thank you; but why should you ask? I have seen you half-a-dozen times before.

Mrs. S. (aside.) I must do it so it does not signify.—(aloud.) Brother, I wish you would take a chair and sit down.

Sow. Good gracious, sister! what can it signify to you whether I stand or sit?

Mrs. S. Do as you please; I only asked it as a favour to myself.

Sow. (aside.) Poor thing! I suppose I must humour her—she'll have misery enough presently.—(aloud.)—Well, I'll sit down. (he goes for a chair.)

Mrs. S. (who has taken one and seated herself.) Near me, if you please, I have something very—very particular to communicate to you.

[He draws near to her and makes himself up to listen. A pause.

Sow. (aside.) Feeling is all very well to a certain extent, but I shall get a little impatient if she doesn't go on soon.—(aloud.)—Are you likely to go on, Mrs. Sweetman?

Mrs. S. Oh dear! you make me jump.

Sow. Well, well, don't jump, but skip and go on.

Mrs. S. I beg your pardon; pray sit down; I'm more collected now.—(he sits again.)—You know, Lemon, I was always of opinion that unlimited indulgence was the best means of securing obedience.

Sow. I know you were; and a preciously silly opinion it was.

I, on the contrary, always held that severity alone could command it.

Mrs. S. Fatal delusion!

[He looks with a vacant stare of astonishment.]
Sow. I don't exactly know what you mean by fatal delusion. You know what the behaviour of my son has always been to me.

Mrs. S. I do.

Sow. Then you know that nothing—nothing could induce him to disobey an injunction of mine.

Mrs. S. (aside.) Poor man! there is something quite dreadful in seeing him in this state of imaginary security. Ah! brother, when you know how my Edward has acted lately—the excellent example he has set—you will—you must—candidly confess the superiority of my system.

Sow. Your system! Do you want to annoy me, Mrs. Sweetman?

Mrs. S. I fear it is my painful duty to do so.

Sow. So it's your duty now, is it? it was always your inclination.

Mrs. S. Never.

Sow. That's right—contradict me. Pray Mrs. Sweetman can any thing disturb the serenity of your temper? (*aside.*)

Mrs. S. I believe—nothing.

Sow. (*aside.*) Then I may as well tell her.

Mrs. S. (aside.) I must tell him now—but I dread the violence of his anger.

Sow. I have a secret to tell you. (*kneeling with one knee on the chair.*)

Mrs. S. How strange! I have one to tell you.

Sow. *Have you?* there has been a marriage in the family.

Mrs. S. Nay that's what I was going to say.

Sow. How do you like it?

Mrs. S. Why brother, what say you to it?

Sow. I say it must needs be a charming system which makes one's son fly directly in one's face.

Mrs. S. Poor George!

Sow. Poor fiddlestick! poor Edward—or rather, poor sister.

Mrs. S. Poor brother!

Sow. Why should you "poor me" because your son is married?

Mrs. S. Your son, you mean?

Sow. I mean Edward.

Mrs. S. I mean George.

Sow. (*aside.*) Nothing moves her—(*walking away L., and then back to her—aloud and giving letter.*) There—read that.

Mrs. S. (aside.) Now for the explosion—(*aloud and giving letter.*) Read that and be convinced.

[A pause during which they both read the letters with intense interest. Having done so SOWERBY sinks into his chair, and MRS. SWEETMAN rises at the same moment with strong emotion, and walks up and down.

Sow. Good gracious! is it come to this?

Mrs. S. Was ever any human being so cruelly treated, wicked, wicked, wicked boy. (*crosses l.*) Look at that brother of mine—there he sits as cool—as calm—why I expected to see you raving mad—it is most infamous treatment, to think that I always suffered that ungrateful monkey to follow his own inclination in the most trifling matter. (*crosses r.*)

Sow. Ah—poor thing!

Mrs. S. Don't pity me—if I had been such a savage to him as you have to your son, I should have deserved this treatment, and then I shouldn't have minded it half so much. (*sinks in chair r.*)

Sow. (*looking at Mrs. SWEETMAN with astonishment at her passion—raises his spectacles, and clapping his hands upon his knees, bursts into a fit of laughter.*) Wonders upon wonders! there's my sister in a passion for the first time in her life. (*more seriously.*) Had I not kept that boy at so great a distance, he would never have taken so serious a step without consulting me.

Mrs. S. Was there ever such an inconsistent temper as yours? You have often blamed your son when he had committed no offence—and now that he has committed an unpardonable one you blame yourself.

Sow. Sister, I am just awaking to a sense of my own folly, and this is not the moment to be too severe upon his.

Mrs. S. Your coolness is quite provoking—I do believe I shall choke.

Sow. I shouldn't wonder if you did—every body has a certain portion of bad temper in his composition and you have bottled yours till it has all exploded at once.

Mrs. S. I'm sure your temper was always far worse than mine.

Sow. So it was—but I have got rid of mine by instalments.

Mrs. S. I declare I don't know whether I am most vexed by his treatment or yours—but, between you, you'll drive me mad.

Sow. Sister—sister—pray don't be so violent. (*aside.*) What a dreadful exhibition of temper!

Re-enter LAURA, c. d., beckoning the others to follow.

Mrs. S. (l.) Where is the young man who brought this horrid news?

Lau. (c., going up to her and holding out her hand.) Here, my dear madam!

Mrs. S. (starting back.) Ah! don't touch me—

Sow. Sister—sister—you forget yourself. (*sitting r.*)

Lau. (*to SOWERBY.*) Bless that temper of yours!

Mrs. S. Sir—I strongly suspect that you have assisted my son in this marriage.

Lau. Why, ma'am, to confess the truth, I don't think he could have arranged it very well without me.

Mrs. S. You confess it—then, sir, as you seem so very much attached to him you had better go and live with him.

Lau. Will you give me leave?

Mrs. S. With all my heart.

Lau. Then my object is gained—Edward—

[EDWARD comes forward, c., she rushes into his arms.
Sow. (aside.) What the deuce does that mean? he's hugging the boy. (still sitting.)

Mrs. S. Amazement!

Edw. (l. c.) Mother!

Mrs. S. (l.) Keep off, sir—don't come near me—you have put me in a passion—and I'll never forgive you. (l. c.)

Edw. Never mind, mother—it will do you good—see—this is your daughter-in-law.

Mrs. S. I won't touch her—I won't speak to her—get away both of you—(pushing them)—leave the house, I say—you don't mind what I say—I have lost all command over you. Edward—(putting her hand on his shoulder.) I hate you—how could you use me so, when you knew how I loved you?—(throwing her arms round his neck)—but begone, sir—(withdrawing herself) —begone for ever, you naughty unkind boy—(very tenderly) —why, you have been away these three weeks. (embracing him again, then turning to LAURA.) (Enraged again.) And you too—what am I to say to you? You're a—(softening again)—very pretty girl—but you shouldn't have married my Edward without my leave—and I must tell you, that you are—you are—you are—(weeping and embracing her)—my boy's wife.

Lau. And your boy's mother's daughter, who will study to make her happy. (the three retire up the stage.)

Geo. Now comes my turn, I shan't get off quite so easily.

Bla. Is it prudent to approach him yet?

Lau. (to GEORGE.) Advance, and fear nothing.

Geo. (advancing, r. c., to his father's chair.) It's all very well for her to say fear nothing—but she doesn't exactly know my governor. (aloud, but in a very subdued tone.) Father! (aside.) Now it's coming—

Sow. (mildly, and holding out his hand.) Ah! Georgy, is that you?

Geo. (aside.) "Georgy!" (aloud.) My dear sir, this kindness!

Sow. Astonishes you, no doubt. So, you're married, eh?

Geo. Ah, sir!

Sow. Well, I married once.

Geo. Pray, sir, pardon me.

Sow. Are you sorry for what you have done?

Geo. Can you doubt it, sir? I've been married three weeks.

Sow. Well, my boy, I had other views for you; but as what is done is past recall, we must make the best of it. If I have vexed you by finding fault about trifles, I shall make you amends in one single act—I forgive you.

Geo. Is it possible, sir?

Sow. I tell you I forgive you.

Mrs. S. (c.) Ah ! he says so now.

Sow. (sharply.) Good gracious ! sister, don't I know whether I forgive him or not ? (to GEORGE, who had beckoned BLANCHE.) Where is your wife ?

Geo. Here, sir. (presenting BLANCHE, who has come down R. B.)

Sow. How d'ye do, my dear ? Your conduct has been very naughty and very natural.

Bla. Dear sir ! can you pardon our imprudence ?

Sow. Why, as I have made it up with your husband, you are more than half forgiven already, so take this in proof of the remainder. (kisses her.) Why, bless my soul ! you're the steady sedate little body I used to meet at my neighbour's house. I must say I'm glad that George hasn't married that fly-away madcap sister of yours.

Geo. My dear sir, could you suspect me of doing such a thing ?

Lau. You're an ungrateful, saucy creature.

Edw. I have saved him that trouble, sir.

Sow. Have you married her ? I wish you joy, I'm sure. She has begun to wear the thingembobs betimes.

Lau. (advancing to him.) Sir, I shall always respect these thingembobs, as you call them, for two reasons—first, because they have enabled me to obtain forgiveness for my excellent husband and his good-for-nothing cousin ; and next, because I wore them at my first introduction to my kind-hearted, good-tempered uncle.

Sow. (playfully.) Get out with you.

Lau. I can't do that, sir. You know you made me promise to come again and stay some time in this house.

Sow. So I did. Well, you haven't been long in it ; but get the consent of others to your staying, and you have mine.

Lau. (shaking hands with him.) A thousand thanks—I shall study to deserve your kindness. [Crosses L. C. to EDWARD.

Sow. Sister !

Mrs. S. Brother !

[They approach, and look at each other through their spectacles.

Sow. Don't you think we have made a pretty pair of spectacles of ourselves ?

Mrs. S. I'm afraid we have.

Sow. You've been in a passion—

Mrs. S. You've been out of one—

Sow. I feel the better for it—

Mrs. S. I'm not quite sure that I don't.

Sow. What say you to the result of our systems ?

Mrs. S. I think the less we say about it the better.

Sow. Control is all very well to a certain extent—

Mrs. S. And so is indulgence—

Sow. But a happy mixture of the two is best.

Mrs. S. What, then, is the moral which you draw from the little family farce in which I fear we have sustained the principal characters ?

Sow. That we should stick to our Sons, abandon our Systems, and advise all our friends, that the best obedience parents can experience from children, arises from natural gratitude for affectionate confidence.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

GEO. BLANCHE. SOWERBY. MRS. S. LAU. EDW.
R. L.

Price 6d

WEBSTER'S
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,
or the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

By Pierce Egan the Younger, from a Drawing taken
during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1



THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, F.S.A.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENTS, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed, October 11, 1838.

COUNT DE MAUREPAS (*minister to Louis XVI.*) Purple velvet coat and breeches embroidered with gold, white satin waistcoat, worked with flowers, white silk stockings, shoes, and latchets, powdered wig, white cravat, and lace ruffles } Mr. GREEN.

DUKE DE BRINGHEN (*ambassador from the Court of Vienna*). Long-tailed white military coat turned up with scarlet and gold, scarlet breeches and waistcoat, white knee-cap, jack-boots, powdered wig, white gauntlets, cane } Mr. SELBY.

GRIFFET (*secretary to the Count*). Dark-coloured court suit, black silk stockings, shoes and latchets, powdered wig } Mr. GRANBY.

PIERRE PICA Red waistcoat, worsted sleeves, brown full-cut breeches, gray worsted stockings, shoes and latchets, light formal-cut wig, paper cap, coloured cotton kerchief, canvas apron, canvas elbow sleeves } Mr. KEELEY.

ESTAFFIERS. Black square-cut suit, blue stockings, shoes and latchets, small three-cornered hats, swords and canes, white long cravats, moustaches } Mr. IRELAND, Mr. HITCHINSON.

SERVANT. Rich livery, blue laced with gold, powdered wig, silk stockings, shoes and latchets } Mr. HUGHES.

MADAME GIRARD. Dark-coloured chintz tucked-up gown, blue petticoat with two rows of deep flounce, hair clubbed, lace cap, with pink and white checked kerchief tied over it, black silk mantilla } Mrs. MACNAMARA.

CECILE. Blue striped chintz tucked-up gown, white petticoat, lace kerchief, small muslin cap, the hair clubbed } Miss LEE.

Time of representation three quarters of an hour.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

SCENE I.—*A richly-furnished apartment in the palace of Versailles.*

COUNT DE MAUREPAS *discovered sitting at a table, n. h., which is covered with papers, &c.*

Mau. Ha! ha! ha! excellent! my pamphlet has driven the German crazy! well, I certainly must confess it is a most provoking attack—two or three of the paragraphs are as biting as any thing I ever wrote—and the epigramme which concludes it is a masterpiece! How unfortunate to write any thing so good and be restricted from taking the credit of it? I could almost wish I had remained a private gentleman, enjoying the freedom of my pen, and the reputation of my wit, instead of fettering the one and smothering the other, by becoming a minister of state, and President of the Council.

Enter SERVANT, c.

Ser. (announcing.) His Excellency the Duke de Bringhen.

Mau. (aside, n.) The imperial ambassador! talk of the devil *says the proverb—* [Exit SERVANT.

Enter the DUKE, c.

Your excellency's most devoted—you are early abroad this morning!

Duke. (L.) You received my note last night, Count?

Mau. Of course—and you behold me still in astonishment at the information it contained. Is it possible that any thing so audacious as you describe can be in circulation?

Duke. (taking a pamphlet from his pocket.) I have brought you a copy—I have not yet shown it to the King, out of respect for you—and to give you time to consider the steps to be taken—you will perceive that I have quoted the most offensive paragraph faithfully in my note to you. This, for instance—where it is asserted, (*opens book,*) that the policy of France should be to excite the Netherlands to rebel against the Emperor.

Mau. I see—I see—nay, it is more than asserted—it is proved—which makes the matter worse.

Duke. To say nothing of that most scandalous epigramme at the conclusion, in which the French people are plainly told I am a perfect fool.

Mau. Oh, as to that—rest assured the French people never believe more than half what they are told.

Duke. Count!

Mau. And therefore will only credit the perfection of your Excellency!

Duke. (aside.) Humph! His compliments are always so very equivocal. *(aloud.)* At all events, Count, you will agree with me that the author of such a work must not go unpunished. My imperial master Joseph II., is the brother, you will remember, of your Queen. Her Majesty is herself insulted in this attack, and any hesitation on your part to discover the writer of this atrocious pamphlet, will expose yourself to the charge of countenancing the offender.

Mau. Your Excellency shall witness how little I am inclined to hesitate. *(rings a table bell.)*

Enter SERVANT, c.

Call my private secretary. *[Exit SERVANT, R. H. D.]* This pamphlet, you perceive, is without the printer's name, and has been privately circulated—we are therefore at present without a clue.

Duke. You must offer a reward.

Mau. Your Excellency has with your usual sagacity anticipated my intention.

Enter GRIFFET, R. H. D.

Gri. Monseigneur.

Mau. *(sitting l. of table, Duke sits on sofa, l.)* Ha!—Griffet—sit you down and write as I dictate—*(GRIFFET seats himself at the table, r.)* "In the name of the King"—whereas a pamphlet entitled "Joseph the 2nd and his policy," containing sundry false and scandalous libels on his Imperial Majesty and his representative at the court of Versailles, has been privately printed and industriously circulated, a reward of ten thousand livres is hereby offered to any person who shall make known the author or authors thereof."

Gri. (astonished.) Monseigneur!

Mau. Have you written?

Gri. Not all—Monseigneur.

Mau. Make haste then—your Excellency perceives that I am not mincing the matter.

Duke. No—no—the sum offered is large—but the punishment?

Mau. Oh, you shall be content, Duke.

Gri. (r.) Author or authors thereof."

Mau. (c.) "That he or they may be immediately arrested and sent to the Bastille."

Duke. (l.) Good—good—but there should be some fine, as well as imprisonment.

Mau. "And further, it is hereby ordered, that the aforesaid sum of ten thousand livres shall be levied upon the property of the said author or authors."

Duke. If they have any property.

Mau. Most acutely observed—but that point had not escaped me—"or security found by them for the repayment of the same to Government within six months, under pain of perpetual incarceration."

Duke. (down L.) Excellent! a most just and moral retribution—you will cause that to be well printed—in large letters—and posted in every public situation.

Mau. (comes down R.) Your excellency shall choose the paper, the type, and the place—Griffet—send to the royal printing-office for some one to come to me immediately— [Exit GRIFFET, C. D. If you have a quarter of an hour to spare, Duke—

Duke. (looking at his watch.) I will return in about that time: in the mean while I beg to assure you of the great satisfaction your prompt attention has afforded me.

Mau. The Duke de Bringhen may rely upon my always acting towards him with the same friendship and sincerity.

[Bows out the DUKE to whom the door is opened by GRIFFET, down L.

Mau. Viva!—Ha! ha! ha!—Molière and Beaumarchais!—I have not studied your Tartuffe and Figaro without advantage!—Well—what the plague are you looking so scared at Monsieur Griffet?

Gri. A reward of ten thousand livres offered by you for the discovery of yourself!

Mau. (R.) Well—it's a safe offer, is it not?—as well as a good joke.

Gri. The same joke cost your predecessor his place during the last reign.

Mau. Yes, because he had been fool enough to send a satire upon Madame Pompadour to the printer in his own handwriting and that fox Richelieu managed to get hold of the MS., but my good friend Griffet, you know very well that every line of this work was copied by you, and taken by yourself to an unlicensed printer, who was totally ignorant of your name and quality—and even that copy you have of course received back with the proofs.

Gri. Oh, certainly, monseigneur.

Mau. Where is it?

Gri. In my pocket, monseigneur.

Mau. Let me see it—(GRIFFET gives it to him.)—For fear of accidents I shall keep this myself.

Gri. (aside.) 'Sdeath!—If he inspects it—I'm lost—(alarmed)—Had you not better burn it, monseigneur.

Mau. I have burnt the original—this is in your handwriting, and a pledge of your fidelity.

Gri. You cannot doubt my devotion, sir.

Mau. To the President of the Council—but he may not always be named Maurepas—my worthy friend I have lived at Versailles long enough to know that a courtier's fidelity, like a cat's attachment, is to the place and not to the person.

Gri. Monseigneur may feel perfectly satisfied.

Mau. He does now, Griffet—and to convince you that you are the last person whom he could fancy would betray him he has put it completely out of your power.

Gri. Has monseigneur any further orders?

Mau. None at present, Griffet.

Gri. Then may I be spared for an hour or two ?

Mau. Where shall you be if I want you ?

Gri. Only at the tavern in the next street, sir.

Mau. The tavern !—What, are you going to get drunk ?

Gri. Oh dear no, monseigneur—I am going to see my intended.

Mau. Your intended ?—Worse and worse !—you're going to get married then !

Gri. Such an event is in contemplation, monseigneur.

Mau. And who is the unfortunate wretch ?

Gri. Monseigneur—the young person who will shortly be Madame Griffet is the daughter of the widow Girard, the proprietor of the tavern. She is only eighteen, and considered the beauty of the neighbourhood.

Mau. The deuce she is ! I should like to see her—you must introduce her.

Gri. I shall be most proud—(aside.)—The roué !—But I can trust Cecile.

Mau. Tell them to let me know when the printer arrives, and don't forget that you are to bring your intended to see me—I might make her some little present on the melancholy occasion. Poor young creature !—she had need have something to console her.

Gri. The satirical debauchee !—how I hate him !—Sneering at every thing—even at me. Oh if ever I have an opportunity of giving him change for his insolence ! But he's so cunning—He pays well, and manages to mix one up with him in all his doings—there's no hitting him without hurting one's self ! My place is a capital place, and he knows I find it so. Well, well, a time may com—(goes to table, r.)

Enter PIERRE with SERVANT.

Ser. The printer, Mousieur Griffet. [Exit SERVANT, c. d.

Gri. Oh, the printer—very well—One minute, my good friend.—(looking over the proclamation.)

Pie. (l. staring about him.) My stars !

Gri. (R.) What's the matter ?

Pie. Nothing—nothing, monsieur !—only a note of admiration ! What a fine room ?—What a load of gold ! If I was king of France I'd scrape all that gold off the doors and put it into my money-box.

Gri. Look here young man. This is to be printed immediately and—(looking in his face)—Eh !—(aside.)—As I'm alive, it's the very man ! Bless my soul—it's exceedingly awkward ! (aloud.)—Do you belong to the royal printing-office at Versailles ?

Pie. (l.) Yes, monsieur.

Gri. (u.) But you never came here before ?

Pie. No, never—I have only been two days in my new place—

Gri. And in whose establishment did you work previously ?

Pie. In my own. I was master, reader, compositor, pressman and devil—up five pair of stairs, in the faubourg St. Antoine, i.e. Paris.

Gri. (aside.) I was sure of it ! The very man who printed th

pamphlet. He cannot recognise me though—I was too well disguised. (*aloud.*) And what made you give up business on your own account?

Pie. How he does ask questions!—(*aloud.*)—Why, monsieur, if you must know it was all the fault of the police. They stopped my press to inform me of a small typographical error that had escaped me in the hurry of business, which was that I had no right to print without a licence from government, so they cancelled the whole first edition of my hopes, and left me without a letter in my case or a sou in my pocket. Oh! if I was king of France, I'd make myself lieutenant of police on purpose to put "finis" to such abominable persecution.

Gri. (*crosses L. and gives proclamation.*) Well, as you are not king of France you must be contented with printing this proclamation in his name. The president will see you himself 'bout it; I am going out, but he shall be told that you are here.—(*aside.*)—There's no danger—he does not recollect me.

[*Exit Griffet, L. H. D.*

Pie. The president himself! My stars!—I'm going to speak to the minister! If I had known that I wouldn't have come in my work-a-day dress. What an honour!—and at the same time what a plague! When I wanted to steal a moment just to pop in at the tavern in the next street, and see if Cecile and her mother had returned from Paris! I shan't be easy till we meet. I've an ugly sort of suspicion. They left Versailles a week ago without saying a word why—left it the very day I came here. I must have passed them on the road. How provoking! Eh—I know this handwriting—(*looking at the proclamation*)—Where have I seen it—lately—somewhere I'm sure. What's it all about. "In the name of the king—Whereas a pamphlet, entitled Joseph the Second and his Policy"—Eh!—Why that's the title of the last work I printed on my own account. What of it I wonder—my stars!—"A reward of ten thousand livres to any person who shall make known the author!" There'd be a chance—but deuce take it I can't—I haven't the least idea. The only man I saw in the business was muffled up to the eyes, and wore a great wig and a slouched hat. I shouldn't know him from Adam. Besides, I shouldn't much like, if I could—even for the sake of the money. Poor devil—what would they do to him? "That he or they may be immediately arrested and sent to the Bastille." The Bastille!—I wouldn't do it for twice the sum. No,—not if they'd make me King of France. Yes, yes—I would then, because if I was King of France I'd pull down the Bastille, break it up, distribute it so that it, could never be set up again.

Enter SERVANT with MADAME GIRARD and CECILE, c. d.

Ser. I think Monsieur Griffet has stopt out; but I'll see for him if you'll wait here.

Mad. G. Certainly, if you'll be so kind. [*Exit SERVANT, c. d.*

Pie. (*crosses c.*) What do I see!—Madame Gerard!—Cecile—How did you hear I was here?

Mad. G. We had no notion of it—It was not you we sought—
Pie. Not me!—Why who then—what could possibly bri—~~ag~~ you—

Cec. (r.) Alas, my poor Pierre—all is much changed!

Pie. Changed!—What's changed!—who's changed!—not you—
Cecile. You don't mean to say you love me no longer?

Mad. G. No—she loves you still—but she is going to marry another.

Pie. Don't joke Madame Girard! I like a joke in general! but on this subject I can't bear it—it shakes my frame.

Mad. G. My good friend—I am as little inclined to joke as you are—it's too true.

Pie. True—what—for Madame Pica—read—Madame some body else? Never!

Mad. G. What was to be done—you wrote to us to say the police had seized all your property.

Pie. What of that. They had left my affections! They couldn't take them.

Mad. G. But my dear friend, your affections, however valuable, will not pay two thousand crowns that I borrowed, and which are now due—unfortunately at a moment when, from an unexpected failure, I am unable to meet the demand.

Pie. Two thousand crowns!

Mad. G. Yes—and my creditor will not wait. He threatens to seize and sell off every thing.

Pie. The brute! But stay—he cannot have seen Cecile!—I'm sure one look of hers would soften his heart—and—

Mad. G. It has done so—and he has consequently offered to stay proceedings on the sole condition of receiving her hand in marriage.

Pie. The monster!—In marriage!—Unprincipled villain!

Cec. We have been to Paris on purpose to try to raise the money—we have been round to all our friends, but none can assist us.

Pie. Of course! of course! It's always the way!

Mad. G. And therefore we are compelled to accept—

Pie. (crosses L.) No—no—you shan't be compelled—Cecile shall never be sacrificed—I'll make some tremendous effort! sell myself—out and out.

Mad. G. My poor dear Pierre what would that fetch?

Pie. I don't care!—I don't care!—I'll find some way—Hab!—a new impression! yes! I'll work it off immediately! Cecile—I have an idea!

Cec. Worth two thousand crowns!

Pie. Two thousand crowns are only six thousand livres—and this is worth ten thousand—so you'll get four by the bargain.

Mad. G. He's mad! he must be confined.

Pie. I shall be. (*aside.*) In the Bastille! but no matter—Cecile will be free!

Cec. (crosses c.) What is this notion, Pierre?

Pie. Never mind—I say—you shall not be married against your inclination.

Cec. Indeed!

Pie. You shall never be the wife of another.

Cec. Really!

Pie. You shall never be anybody's wife!

Cec. How!

Enter GRIFFET l. H., crosses l. c.

Gri. My dear Madame Gerard! I had gone to your house—my beautiful Cecile? my affianced bride.

Pie. His bride! what is this the wolf? the tiger? the rhinoceros?

Gri. How now, sirrah?

Pie. No matter—you shall be paid, take my word for it, and that innocent lamb be snatched from your rapacious talons!

Enter MAUREPAS and the DUKE, c. d.

Gri. Is the fellow crazy! silence! the President! (get r. c.)

Mau. (c.) Yes, my Lord Duke—the printer is here—and you shall give him your own directions—ah, Griffet—who are these women?

Gri. (r. c., aside.) The young person I spoke of, Monseigneur, —and her mother.

Mau. Ah! indeed! upon my honour she is very pretty. (touches her chin and back.) Show them into the next room, Griffet—I'll speak to them presently.

[*GRIFFET opens a door r. H. d., for MADAME GIRARD and CECILE, who go out. MAUREPAS sits at table, r. H., and DUKE l. H.*

Where is the printer?

Pie. Here. (aside.) Courage.

Mau. Oh! come here then and receive his Excellency's instructions respecting the printing of that proclamation.

Pie. (l.) His Excellency, may spare himself the trouble—for it won't be printed at all.

Mau. Fellow! (comes down, r. c.)

Gri. He is mad! I thought as much just now! (r. b.)

Pie. Mad—not at all—I am perfectly sensible and mean what I say.

Duke. (l. c.) Do you mean to insult us then?

Pie. No—I only mean to gain ten thousand livres.

Mau. Explain, sirrah.

Pie. Certainly, my lord—if it needs explanation—you offer here a reward, don't you, of ten thousand livres to any one who will make known the author of a certain pamphlet—I know him—I will denounce him—and mean to claim the reward.

Mau. The devil you do!—(aside.) Griffet.

Gri. (aside.) Monseigneur.

Duke. Speak directly—where is he to be found?

Pie. In this room.

Mau. (aside.) 'Sdeath, am I betrayed?

Gri. (aside.) Has he recognised me?

Duke. So—so—name him instantly then, and fear nothing.

Mau. (aside to GRIFFET.) Twenty thousand to hold his tongue. (GRIFFET crosses to l. behind the DUKE.)

Duke. (interposing between GRIFFET and PIERRE.) No subordination, sir ! Monsieur de Maurepas, I demand the absence of that man.

Mau. Leave the room, Griffet. [Exit GRIFFET, R. B.D. (aside.) The Duke suspects me, I perceive.

Duke. Now young man—speak—name the delinquent.

Pie. I can—but first—who guarantees me the money ?

Duke. I—the Duke de Bringhen, ambassador from the court of Vienna to his most christian majesty, Louis XVI. King of France and Navarre.

Pie. I should like to see the money first, though—no offence to your excellency—but I have particular reasons—you can't guess whom I shall name, and I must therefore be made quite certain.

Mau. (aside.) Nothing like confidence. (aloud—goes to table, R. B., writing.) That his excellency may not have to reproach me with causing any delay of this discovery—(writing at table, R.)—here is an order for the sum.

Pie. (aside, L.) Oh, Cecile ! Cecile ! What a proof I am about to pull of my devotion !

Mau. (coming down R. B.) There. (giving it him.) It will be paid immediately on the arrest of the individual.

Pie. Good !—“ten thousand livres”—signed, “Maurepas.” (aside.) Stay—how very odd—I've seen this hand too before, somewhere, and I can't help thinking that both—

Duke. (down C.) Come, come—no more hesitation, fellow—the author of this pamphlet !

Pie. Well—his name is—

Duke & Mau. } What ?

Pie. Pierre Pica.

Mau. Pierre Pica—and who the devil's he ?

Pie. Me.

Duke & Mau. } You !

Duke. Ridiculous !

Mau. (flinging himself into his chair, R., and bursting into a loud laugh.) Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall die !

Pie. What is there to laugh at ? It's a fact—I repeat it—I am the author of the pamphlet entitled “Joseph the Second and his policy !”

Duke. Can it be possible ?

Mau. Oh ! oh ! oh ! Pardon me, I beg my lord duke, but this is too absurd !

Duke. But what can the fellow mean ?

Mau. Mean ! why to get money to be sure. Ha ! ha ! ha ! (rises and comes down R.) But, come sirrah—give back that paper.

Pie. Not a bit of it—I demand to be arrested that the money may be paid.

Mau. Booby ! idiot ! paid indeed ! Why, suppose you were the author ?

Pie. Suppose—it's past supposing ! I tell you I am.

Duke. Why what possible motive could such a person as you have for trying to lessen the name of such a sovereign as Joseph the Second?

Pie. Lessen the name, I did no such thing—it's printed in capitals—six large capitals—J O S E P H—what the plague! If a sovereign is not content with six capitals—

Duke. No jesting, sir! you'll find this is no jesting matter—if you are the author of this work, you have dared to censure the emperor's conduct towards Flanders.

Pie. To be sure I have—serve him right.

Duke. What audacity! the fellow not only persists in asserting that he is the author—but actually attempts to justify his conduct.

Mau. A truce with this folly, sirrah! (*crosses.*)

Pie. (c.) Folly—what do you mean by folly? If I am not the author, who is? eh! Are you pray?

Mau. (r., starting.) I!

Duke. (l.) How?

Mau. (*aside.*) 'Sdeath, does he suspect—

Pie. Come—I think that's a poser—ask him, your excellency. (*to Duke.*) If he's the author, if he remembers the note to page fourteen about the Imperial ambassador.

Duke. About me!

Pie. Ah, true! about you.

Duke. There's no such note at page fourteen. (*looking at pamphlet.*)

Pie. No—because it wasn't printed—it was on a slip of paper and left out by accident—but I can repeat it word for word—“As to his excellency, the ambassador from the court of Vienna, his best quality is said to be the facility with which he swallows the grossest fabrications, but I consider that to be his greatest fault for consequently there is no glory to be gained by cheating him.” There, if I wasn't the author, could I remember that?

Duke. (*crosses to c.*) 'Sdeath and fury!—Monsieur de Mau-repas!—

Mau. (*aside.*) The rascal is right to a syllable! This is growing serious—I must put a stop to it somehow.

Duke. You are silent, sir!

Mau. (r.) No wonder—I am positively thunderstruck!—I could never have supposed this man capable of writing such a work: but I confess this proof staggers me!

Pie. (l.) I believe you!

Duke. (c.) It is quite clear that if he is not the author, he must at least have been concerned in the production of the pamphlet, and therefore I demand his arrest.

Pie. Certainly!—

Mau. You shall be satisfied, my lord—(*aside.*) I must secure him for my own sake.

Pie. At last! (*get r.*)

Enter a SERVANT, c. d.

Ser. His Majesty's carriage is entering the grand avenue.

Mau. I must hasten to receive him.

Duke. And I to have an audience of the queen.

Mau. (to SERVANT.) You will give this order to the officer in attendance. It is to convey that person to the Bastille—(aside to *PIERRE*) I must see you again—and alone.

Pie. Oh, with all my heart.

Mau. I will but say a word to my secretary, and then follow your excellency. [Exeunt MAUREPAS, C. D. B. and DUKE, C. D. L.

Pie. Well! I've heard it was a tough job to get out of the Bastille, but I couldn't have supposed it would take so much trouble to get into it!—However!—It's all settled now, I think, —yes, they'll lock up this form, but Cecile's will be free!—Here's the order for the money!—Payable to the bearer—ten thousand livres!—Cecile shall have it immediately.

Enter MAD. GIRARD and CECILE, R. D. L. R.

Mad. Gir. (c.) Oh! Pierre!—oh, my good Pierre!

Cec. (r.) My dear Pierre!

Pie. (l.) What's the matter now?

Mad. Gir. Oh such news!—you may gain twenty thousand livres if you like.

Pie. If I like?—Twenty thousand—Twenty—How?

Cec. Oh, in the easiest way possible—only by holding your tongue.

Pie. Holding my tongue—about what?—

Mad. G. Oh we don't know; but Monsieur Griffet will tell you.

Pie. Oh with all my heart. I'll do any thing—They can't put me into two Bastilles at the same time.—Where is Monsieur Griffet.

Cec. His master called him just now, in a great hurry, to speak to him.—Here he comes.

Enter GRIFFET, C. D.

Mad. G. He'll do it, Monsieur Griffet—He'll hold his tongue, as you wish; he has promised us.

Pie. For twenty thousand livres—certainly.

Gri. (down l. c.) Oh you needn't trouble yourself, the mischief's done now—you've confessed—and there's an end of the business.

Cec. Confessed—confessed what?

Gri. Acknowledged that he is the author of a most satirical pamphlet upon the Emperor Joseph the Second.

Cec. Pierre! Pierre an author!—Pierre write a book—it's no such thing—he's incapable of it, sir.

Pie. Affectionate soul!—what a good opinion she has of me!

Gri. The order is issued, and the officer is waiting to conduct him to the Bastille.

Mad. G. } The Bastille!

& *Cec.* }

Pie. Be composed!—Respectable mother, suppress your

sorrow—Adorable Cecile—Rejoice in this proof of my devotion—you shall not be sacrificed to this monster!

Gri. Monster!

Pie. I repeat it—monster—you think yourself sure of your prey—you would lay your ugly paws upon my beautiful Cecile—you think yourself secure of her because her mother owes you six thousand livres, which she cannot pay.—Look at this paper—what is that worth, sir?

Mon. Gri. (coolly.) Ten thousand livres—there can be no doubt.

Pie. (r. c.) Cecile! tell him to pay himself, and hand you over the change. (giving her the paper.)

Cec. Can it be possible! Monsieur Griffet—

Gri. There can be no doubt that according to the terms of the proclamation, that ten thousand livres are due to the person who denounces the writer of that pamphlet; and by a singular omission of the usual exception, the writer himself may claim the reward.

Pie. Ah! you acknowledge that do you?

Gri. Certainly. It was an oversight in the drawing up of the proclamation, but it is remedied, as far as you are concerned, by the subsequent passage; in which it is expressly stated, that the said sum of ten thousand livres is to be levied upon the property of the writer, so that government will not be a loser by the reward, and the libeller will be punished by a heavy fine, as well as imprisonment.

Pie. Eh! how! it's no such thing.

Gri. I beg your pardon—you'll find it plain enough at the end of the proclamation.

Pie. Oh! oh, dear! then I didn't read to the end.

Gri. That was an omission on your part.

Pie. An omission! it's downright suicide—oh, but I'll put a full stop to all this—I'll cancel the whole work—I won't go to the Bastille for nothing.

Gri. No, you'll go to the Bastille for your impertinence.

Pie. But I didn't write the pamphlet—I deny it—I'm incapable of it—ask Cecile—ain't I, Cecile?

Gri. That won't do, now—you've confessed it—and to prison you go—(aside.)—we sha'n't be safe till he's locked up—I'll hurry the officer.

[Exit GRIPPE, c. d.

Mad. G. Oh, Monsieur Griffet!

Cec. (r.) My poor dear Pierre!

Pie. (c.) I'm a ruined man!

Mad. G. But is there no way to clear yourself—no proof?

Pie. Stop—yes, there is—to be sure! I've a piece of the copy at home—the note about the ambassador that I left out by accident. Oh, Cecile! oh, Madame Girard! you may save me and perhaps yourselves.

Both. How? speak!

Pie. You Madame Girard, run and find out the ambassador—tell him that if he will promise to set me free, I will give him the note I spoke of in the author's handwriting, run—run.

Mad. G. I will, Pierre—I will. [Exit MADAME GIRARD, C. D.

Pie. You, Cecile, run to my lodgings—here's a key—it opens the box in my room—you'll see an old pocket-book in it and in the pocket-book, a slip of paper, written all over, and beginning, "As to his excellency," bring it here—to me—as fast as you can—don't let any body see it—mind—quick! quick!

Cec. I fly!

[Exit CECILE, C. D.

Pie. Phew! to think I should have been such an ass as not to read to the end! but I was so dazzled by what seemed a bright idea! and no wonder, for I'm not accustomed to bright ideas. Here's another, however—this is really a bright idea! If Madame Girard does but find the ambassador, and Cecile the paper, it will be all right at last—I shall earn the reward—and the real authors must pay. Bless my soul! what a day of ups and downs I've had of it—I'm very much down just now—but—hark! Hah! the minister. [Gets R.

Enter MAUREPAS, C. D.

Mau. (L.) At last I have slipped away—ah! here you are.—Now, listen—I have but one moment—we may be interrupted, you have rendered me a service—

Pie. (R.) I have?

Mau. Yes, and it matters not what has been your motive. You shall be rewarded—

Pie. Rewarded!

Mau. Largely.

Pie. (aside.) I'm going up again.

Mau. You must go to the Bastille.

Pie. Oh, dear! that's down again!

Mau. But you will remain there only a few days—I will intercede for you with his majesty, and you may rely upon my future protection.

Pie. Another up!

Mau. I make but one condition—you must never undeceive the ambassador—he must still consider you the real author of the pamphlet.

Pie. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm lower than ever!

Mau. What's the matter?

Pie. This comes of bright ideas—but it's all over—I've done with them—I'll have no more.

Mau. What ails the fellow—you have not undeceived him?

Pie. Yes—no—not if he hasn't seen Madame Girard.

Mau. Madame Girard!

Pie. And if Cecile doesn't show the paper.

Mau. The paper—what paper?

Enter the DUKE DE BRINGHEN, C. D.

Pie. Ah! here's his excellency—oh, my lord! you haven't seen an old lady, have you? (crosses to C.)

Duke. Yes—yes—

Pie. (C.) O dear! O murder! I'm most particularly down!

Duke. (L.) So, Count! it seems we shall at last discover the real author of the pamphlet.

Mau. How?

Duke. This fellow has sent to me to say, that provided he is set at liberty, he will furnish me with a leaf of the original in the author's handwriting.

Mau. (aside.) Is it possible that he can possess—(*seizing PIERRE.*) Scoundrel! is this true?

Pie. No! no!

Duke. (*seizing him on his chin.*) How, villain! not true?

Pie. Yes! yes!

Duke. Harkye, sirrah! If you do not confess every thing you know of this infamous business, I will insist upon your being delivered up to the emperor, and you shall labour for the rest of your life in the mines of Idria.

Pie. I will! I will!

Mau. (aside.) And if you do, you shall rot in the dungeons of Vincennes!

Pie. I won't! I won't! (aside.) O mercy! mercy! Mines and dungeons! It's impossible to go down any lower in this world!

Duke. (*crosses c.*) Count! I strongly suspect that you are yourself acquainted with the author of this pamphlet; but I have full power from his majesty to fathom the affair, and I will not be your dupe.

Mau. Indeed! you are mistaken, Duke.

Duke. How?

Mau. I mean as to your suspicions.

Duke. (aside.) Confound his equivocations! (*crosses L.*) (*aloud.*) Very well, sir; very well; we shall see. Within there!

Enter Two *Estaffiers*, c. d.

Now, sirrah! (*to PIERRE.*) I give you a quarter of an hour to produce the proof you spoke of—not a minute longer—so despatch, if you hope for mercy. (*to Estaffiers.*) Let him go where he pleases—but lose sight of him at your peril!

Pie. (aside.) There's nothing left for it, but to knock down one, trip up the other, and show 'em a clean pair of heels! I'll give chase before I'm locked up.

Duke. Begone! [Exit, c. d., PIERRE with *Estaffiers*. Monsieur de Maurepas! I shall have the honour of seeing you again in a quarter of an hour. I go to report this new and unexpected check to their majesties.

[Crosses c. Exit the *Duke*.

Mau. (taking stage.) My position is getting critical. Griffet tells' me this fellow is the very man who printed the pamphlet. That accounts for the knowledge he possesses of it, and, at the same time, renders his offer of written proof more alarming. Written proof! what written proof? My copy I burnt long since, and Griffet's—I examined his this morning. Let me look over it once more, and more carefully. (*takes M.S. from*

Mad. G. (to whom CECILE has made signs.) I—I know nothing.

Pie. She knows nothing! My Lord Ambassador! they are laughing at us, sir—making fools of us both.

Duke. They shall rue it from the highest to the lowest, every person concerned.

Gri. (aside.) His disgrace is certain! I'll confess at once; revenge myself, and make my market while I can. *(aloud.)* My Lord Ambassador, I claim your excellency's pardon upon my knees, for having so long concealed from your excellency that the real author of the pamphlet—

Mau. (aside.) Ah! *(aloud.)* Griffet! are you bent on your own ruin?

Duke. Speak! Speak! Heed him not—in the King's name—

Mau. In the King's name then, to the Bastille with Jacques Griffet, the author of the pamphlet entitled "Joseph the second, and his policy."

All. How!

[At a sign from MAUREPAS, Estaffiers seize GRIFFET.]

Gri. No—no!

Mau. (placing GRIFFET's copy in the hands of the Ambassador) There is the original, in the author's handwriting.

Gri. No—no—my Lord Duke. Hear me—

Pie. That's the copy I printed from, I'll swear to it.

Duke. (who has compared it with the proclamation.) And the same hand certainly wrote the proclamation. Away with the villain!

Gri. But my Lord, I can explain—It was Monsieur—

Mau. Did you not hear his Excellency? remove him.

Pie. Yes—yes—remove him! remove him!

[Estaffiers force out GRIFFET.]

Mau. (r. aside.) The traitor! He shall stay there for a twelvemonth at least. *(aloud.)* My Lord Duke, I trust you will now do justice to my vigilance as a minister, and to my feelings as a man. I had the proofs of his guilt in my own possession in less than twelve hours after the receipt of your excellency's note. But I confess it went to my heart to denounce an old and valued servant. When, however, I discovered that he was base enough to suffer the arrest of this innocent young man, I felt that further compassion would be criminal in the extreme.

Duke. (r. c.) Count, I honour your feelings, and in the name of my Imperial master, accept your explanation—I am perfectly satisfied—*(aside.)*—that you are mixed up in the affair somehow, and so I shall hint to their majesties the first opportunity. *(going up c.)*

Mau. (following him.) Receive the assurances of my profound respect and esteem.

[Exit DUKE, r. c. D.]

(aside.) Blockhead as he is, he suspects me—but proof is now out of his power. *(to CECILE.)* Mademoiselle, I am ready to fulfil my promise. I have sent your old lover to prison—you are

free to accompany your young one to church—Madame Girard, I take it upon myself to cancel your debt to Griffet. Monsieur Pica, you must no longer be the enemy of the minister! Come, a coalition. (*crosses to R. C.*)

Pie. No—my honour—my honour will not suffer it!

Mau. The ten thousand livres shall be paid to you—I consider you entitled to them.

Pie. The ten thousand—oh, tyrant honour!

Mau. A licence for printing on your own account if you would recommend business—or a farm on my estate if you prefer quiet. (*passes CECILE to him.*)

Mad. G. My good Pierre—

Cec. My dear Pierre—

Pie. I yield! I am overcome—O Coriolanus! Forgive me! when I printed your life in an edition of Plutarch, I thought you a weak man for yielding to the wheedling of the women! I feel now that you couldn't help it. Count, I am yours—I accept Cecile—the ten thousand livres—the licence—the farm, and any thing else you please to give me—the struggle is over, you may heap favours and fortune on my head, I resist no longer—any body may oblige me—I am open to all sorts of bribery and corruption. Ladies and gentlemen,—In a foolish fit of generosity, I denounced myself as the author of a political pamphlet, and narrowly escaped fine and imprisonment—one such pill is a dose—I am not going to assume to myself the demerits of this little drama—punish the writer by all means if you think he deserves it—but be merciful to

The Printer's Devil.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

MAUR.	CECILE.	PIERRE.	MAD. GIRARD.	L.
R.				

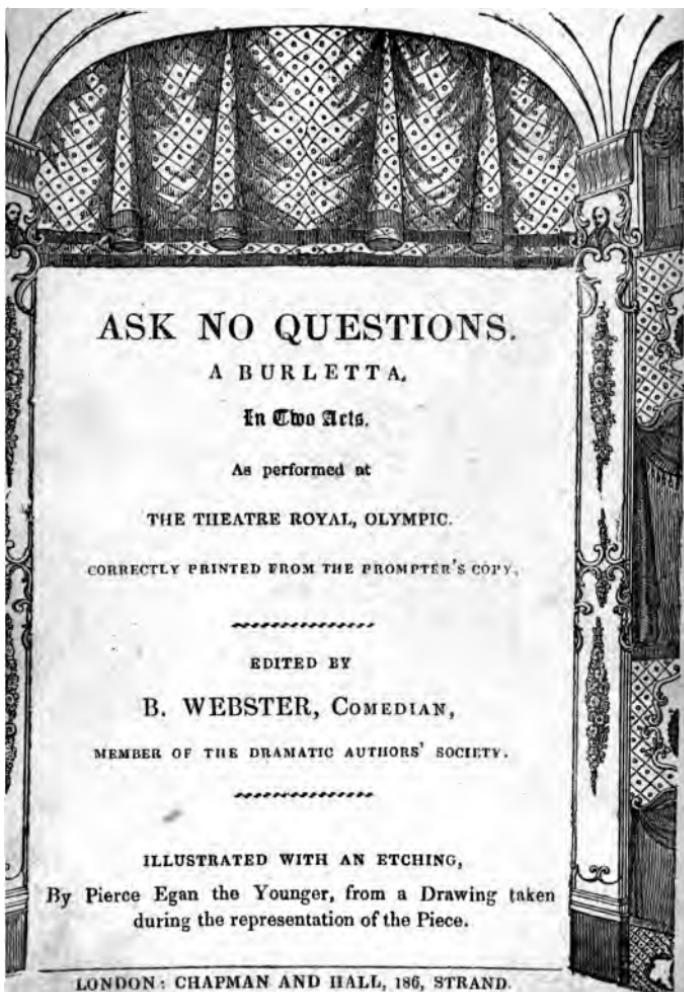


0.

Price 6d

WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

Under the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



ASK NO QUESTIONS.

A BURLETTA.

In Two Acts.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

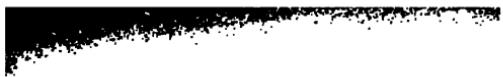
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

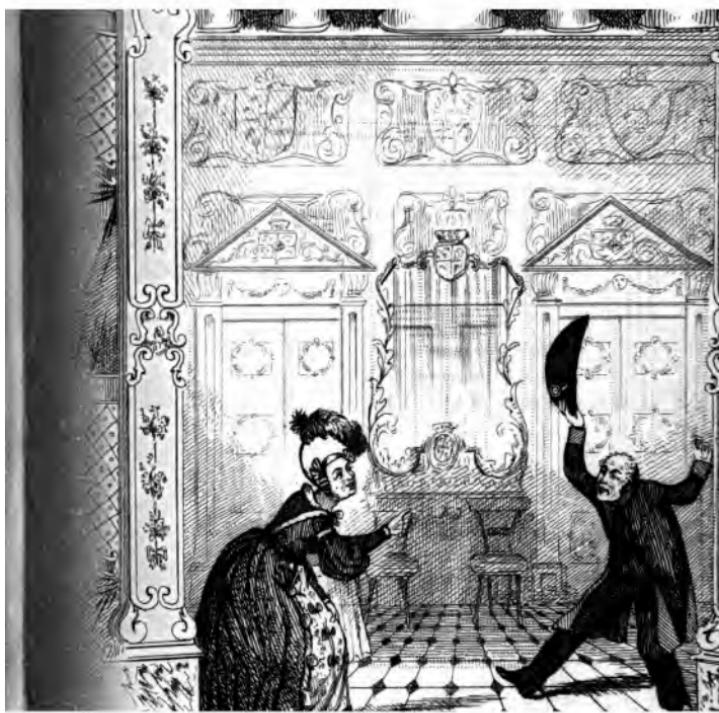
ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

By Pierce Egan the Younger, from a Drawing taken
during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.







ASK NO QUESTIONS.

A BURLETTA,

In Two Acts.

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF THE "DANCING BARBER," "RIFLE BRIGADE," "VALET DE SHAM," &c. &c. &c.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRANB.

TO

WILLIAM FARREN, Esq.

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE

FOR HIS FRIENDLY EXERTIONS

IN THE CAUSE

OF

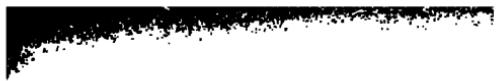
A YOUNG AUTHOR

THIS BURLETTA IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



TO
WILLIAM FARRÉN, Esq.
AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE
FOR HIS FRIENDLY EXERTIONS
IN THE CAUSE
OF
A YOUNG AUTHOR
THIS BURLETTA IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.





ther bright leaf to her already luxuriant dramatic wreath, I have to thank her for the idea of putting the "large dignity of the ci-devant Vivandière into German.

Mr. James Vining, in cheerfully accepting, and acting with minute care and zeal, a part so unworthy his talent as *Theodore*, assisted my success, and greatly served the interest of the management.

My old friend, little Oxberry, in the insignificant part of *Gambet*, lent me a willing hand, and although he did not "proceed to violence," made a good hit.

To Miss Lee, Miss Agnes Taylor, Mr. Granby, and Mr. Wyman, I am indebted for great attention to very subordinate characters.

I am obliged to Mr. Oscar Byrn for the excellent arrangement of the opening dance, and to Mr. Tully for the music of a very agreeable song.

Mr. Planché, in his official exertions to produce this Burletta with *Olympic* propriety and vraisemblance, blended duty to *Madame Vestris*, with inclination to serve me. The costumes and *mise en scène* under his tasteful direction, greatly assisted the illusion, and contributed to the success of the piece.

To conclude this somewhat lengthy advertisement, I beg the Gentlemen of the Press to receive my sincere acknowledgment, for their most kind and liberal criticism.

CHARLES SELBY.

31, King-street, Covent-garden,
Oct. 30, 1838.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1838.

MATHIAS (*a veteran of the Old Guard, and one of the corps des Invalides*). Blue military square-cut coat, lapels and collar, turned up with red, blue trousers and waistcoat, black stock, three-cornered cocked-hat, with tricoloured cockade, shoes and gaiters } Mr. FARREN.

MARTINET } (*Invalides*). Ibid. } Mr. WYMAN.
PETITVERRE } Mr. GRANBY.

COUNT ARTHUR DE CESANNE. Blue French-cut half frock-coat, challi waistcoat, flowered with roses, French grey trousers, fitting to the foot, blue satin stock, white Parisian hat. } Mr. SELBY.
2nd dress. Light buff frock-coat

THEODORE. Blue dress-coat and trousers, white waistcoat, black satin stock, black Parisian hat } Mr. J. VINING.

GIMBLET. Blue sparrow-tailed dress-coat, white short-legged trousers, and white waistcoat. } Mr. OXBERRY.
2nd dress. White livery square-tailed coat, white silk stockings and shoes, white neckerchief

FRANCOIS. Ibid. } Mr. HITCHINSON.

THE BARONESS DE SERIGNY. Flowered challi, with row of crimson satin ribbon round the skirt, and bows up the front, black velvet cap, with bird of Paradise and flowers. 2nd dress. Green silk pelisse, trimmed with swans-down, orange ribbon bows up the front, yellow hat lined with blue, and red ostrich feathers } Mrs. OAKER

CELINE. Pink silk pelisse, white French bonnet. 2nd. White muslin dress trimmed with pink ribbon } Miss LEE.

MADAME GIMBLET. White wedding-dress, lace veil. 2nd dress. Figured muslin, scarlet apron, lace neckerchief, and lace cap } Miss A. TAYLOR.

Time of representation, one hour and twenty-five minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

ASK NO QUESTIONS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A tea-garden ; Hospital of the Invalides in perspective.*
MARTINET and **PETITVERRE**, sitting in arbour, smoking, and playing dominoes—**GIMBLET**, **MADAME GIMBLET**, and wedding guests, discovered dancing a quadrille.

MARTINET, coming forward, L.

Mar. That's right, friends, let's be gay : now for a kiss of the bride.

Pet. Ah ! to be sure, Madame Gimblet, by permission.

(**PETITVERRE** kisses her.)

Gim. (down c., stops him.) Come, come, that will do, leave a little for me. (pushing them away.) You old fools ! at your time of life you ought to know better. Now to business, I've had a peep into the kitchen—so nice, such stewing, roasting, boiling, and frying.

Pet. Oh, glorious ! glorious ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Gim. Then, there's such an orchestra in the great room, a clarionet, a fiddle, a double bass, a harp, and a (imitating the *trombone*) a thingamy thing.

Mad. G. Oh ! delightful !

Pet. Pahaw, nonsense, what's the good of dancing ?

Gim. Then, there's hamper of wine.

Pet. Eb ? Say that again my dear boy, say that again.

Gim. A hamper of wine !

Pet. Glorious, glorious—eh ? Martinet, glorious, glorious, glorious !

Gim. Some of it's champagne—silver nightcaps.

Pet. (imitating opening a bottle of champagne.) Glorious, glorious, glorious !

Gim. 'Tis a present from Rose's mistress, the Baroness de Serigny.

Pet. What a charming woman ! A baroness who gives away champagne is a real lady, and a blessing to her acquaintance.

Gim. So she is, but she could hardly do less than make us some little present, for Rose has been in her service a long time, and I am going to begin with her to-morrow.

Mar. Indeed !

Gim. Yes ; 'pon my life I am—all for love—the Baroness wanted a footman, Rose wanted a husband, I wanted a wife, so

I popped two questions at the same time—one to the Baroness, and the other to Rose, both said yes—so I'm hired (kissing Rose), groom and footman, ha! ha! (cutting a caper.) Ain't I a lucky dog?

[*Kisses Rose, MARTINET and PETIVERRE pull him away, MADAME GIMBLET goes up.*

Gim. And what do you think, friends! Mademoiselle Céline, the Baroness's daughter, has got leave from her mamma to come here with her cousin, Mr. Arthur, and dance at our wedding.

Mar. What an honour, ha! ha!

Gim. Mademoiselle Céline is a charming young lady, she has promised to make Rose a present.

Mar. By the by, talking of presents, where's old Father Mathias, is he invited?

Gim. To be sure, we couldn't do without him—a wedding without old Matty would be as dull as dancing without music.

Mar. Of course he'll make the bride some little present.

Gim. Yes ; a pinch of snuff, or an apple, perhaps.

Mar. Something better, I hope, for he's very rich, isn't he Petiverre?

Pet. (*mysteriouslly.*) I should think so, he's a perfect chrysalis, but whenever he is spoken to on the subject, his answer is always " Ask no questions." And I'll tell you why I think so—the other day, happening to enter his room rather suddenly, I saw him counting a handful of bank notes.

Gim. What real ones! not haircutter's?

Pet. Real bank, no mistake, big ones too I can tell you—a red pocket-book quite full.

Gim. What a sly old fox! and he pretends to be poor.

Mar. To be sure, he's a deep old file ; he won't part with a sou if he can help it.

Pet. He's a miser ; a miserable, pinching miser.

Gim. So he is, and I can prove it by a natural reference—he's very fond of snuff; now, he never buys any, but helps himself out of other people's boxes.

Pet. Yes, yes, he knows how to carry on the war. He hides his opulence, but for what reason I can't tell.

Mar. He knows a great many very respectable people.

Pet. Yes ; witness, for instance a young man who comes to see him now and then at the hospital.

Mar. Quite a fashionable gentleman—well-made coat, kid gloves, broad-brimmed hat ; and they shake hands, and have such long talks together.

Pet. And sometimes I've seen Matty take out the red pocket-book and give some of the bank notes to the young man.

Gim. Ah! then depend upon it Mathias is—

(*MATHIAS sings without, u. e. r.—all shout.*)
Here he comes. Hurrah! hurrah! Welcome, father Mathias—

Enter MATHIAS, u. e. r., down c.; all the guests come down.

Mat. How de do? how de do? Glad to see you—glad to see you all. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Pet. So you've come at last, old timber-toe !

Mat. Timber-toe ! (flourishing cane and turning a pirouette.) Damme, I'll dance as well as the best of ye yet. (shaking hands with PETITVERRE, MARTINET, and guests.) Glad to see you, bboys. (taking off his hat and bowing to ladies.) Long life and happiness to you, my pretty dears. Youth's a fine invention, so is beauty ! I wish they would last a little longer. Five-and-twenty years ago—ah ! I was a man then—never mind—vive la joie, I can sing, and drink, and play at bowls yet !

Gim. (R.) To be sure. Talking of bowls, father Matty, where did you get that rubber ? (pointing to his lame leg.)

Mat. (C.) Where ?—why, at the battle of Montereau, my lad. Did I never tell you about it ? Oh, such a battle—such a— (elevating his voice and flourishing his stick.) Sir—the Prussians were in the town, as it might be here—(pointing with stick) —we were on the plain, as it might be here. The river separated us—there—you see the Prussians, our boys, and the river. Well !—pan, pan, pan, a cannonade begins from the town—we take it up—pan, pan, pan—whir—r—r—z comes a shell from the Prussians smack into the thick of us—up goes the sand, down go our boys, crack goes my leg ! Infernal sour-crouts ! For four-and-twenty years I've not suffered a single twinge, but it has cost them a benediction of ten thousand devils !

Gim. But you are gay, notwithstanding ?

Mat. To be sure—what's the use of grieving ? (guests move up.) But where's the bride ?

Gim. Here she is. (presents her.)

Mat. Ah ! a very pretty rosebud. Will you permit me, madam ? (aside to PETITVERRE.) What's my friend's name ?

Pet. (aside.) Gimblet !

Mat. (aside.) Nonsense ! Gimblet is a queer name. Madame Gimblet, will you permit me ?

Mad. G. (R. C.) With pleasure, Mr. Mathias. (MATHIAS kisses her.)

Mat. Quite refreshing ! (aside.) I've a little present for you, my love.

Mar. (aside to PETITVERRE.) There ! I told you so.

Gim. You are very good ; I'm sure there was no occasion—

Mat. (feeling in his pocket.) A trifle, a mere trifle.

Mar. (aside to GIMBLET and guests.) Some pretty piece of plate, or a diamond ring.

Mat. (drawing a parcel from his pocket wrapped in a blue and white handkerchief.) Gifts, on occasions like the present, speak our good intentions, though we may not be rich—still we should pay homage to beauty. There, sweet one—(unfolding handkerchief and presenting a bouquet of violets)—an emblem of yourself !

Mad. G. Oh, thank you, sir. (turning and seeing bouquet.)—(aside.) What a shame !

Gim. A bunch of violets ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! There's a magnificent present for a—what do you call it ?—a chrysanthemum !

Pet. (aside to *MATHIAS.*) Your present didn't cost you much?

Mat. Two sous. (aside.) Exactly my allowance for snuff. I shall not buy any to-day, so I shall not miss it. (to *PETITVERRE.*) Give me a pinch, will you, old friend? (*PETITVERRE* offers his box.) Just put a grain or two in my box. (*PETITVERRE* gives snuff; when the transfer is made, *MATHIAS* closes his own box and takes a pinch out of *PETITVERRE*'s.) That's enough—thank you!

Pet. I see you never mean to ruin yourself.

Mat. Nonsense, I've nothing to lose; but come, friends, let's be gay, *allons*, the dance, the dance, the wedding dance—(singing and dancing)—vive l'amour, I adore weddings.

Pet. (aside.) For the good things you get at them—eating and drinking, glorious—glorious!

Mat. (laughing aside.) Yes, yes, yes—better than hospital allowance—ha! ha! ha!

Gim. I wonder, as you are so fond of weddings, Matty, you have never thought of getting up one on your own account?

Mat. Never thought! sounds I have turned it over in my mind an incredible number of times. I began when a mere lad in my native village, and when I joined the army—whew! my escapes were miraculous!—ha! ha! ha! I remember among a thousand trifling flirtations, one desperate case. I nearly made a fool of myself;—yes, I was all but caught—ha! ha! ha!—saved by great good luck—ha! ha! ha!

Gim. How was it, Matty? tell us, tell us.

Mat. There was a little sutler, a lady who sells wines and spirits to the soldiers, you know—such a model of a woman! roguish eyes, cherry cheeks, and a waist—oh—(opening gradually his arms and joining his hands)—both arms couldn't span it; 'twas four feet and a half at least in circumference—a splendid creature! Added to all these beauties, she had a kind heart and a store of rum above proof. (raising his voice.) Sir, 'twas in the year 1809, when we were at Wagram (egad! it seems but yesterday; I can fancy myself there now); I was a fine dashing young fellow in the grenadier guard, upright as a pike, with a chest like Hercules, and a pair of calves—(touching his lame leg)—ah, I had calves then; and such a tail—we wore powder then. Lotta she was called. Lotta always stood in front of the line to see me go through my manœuvres—how I fascinated her! (going through the manual exercise.) Damme, I was irresistible—she loved me, sir—how could she help it?—a young grenadier, six feet high, gay as a lark, and damned good looking! Every body said that I would marry her.

Gim. And why didn't you?

Mat. A slight accident prevented it. When Napoleon and I entered Vienna, I received a ball in my shoulder and another in my side. I was carried to the hospital, and Lotta went forward without me to Saragossa.

Gim. But didn't you follow her?

Mat. Yes; when able to march, I hastened to rejoin the

regiment, expecting to find Lotta, with her rum and her love. She was missing, sir, absent without leave ; her rum and her love (*blowing*) had disappeared.

Gim. You don't say so ?

Mat. Fact. I learnt that a certain commissary, who used to steal our rations and water our rum, had made a moonlight trip, taking with him my pretty sutler, and the cash-box of the regiment.

Gim. And you have never seen her since ?

Mat. Never, a jilting baggage ; but come, don't let us forget that the fiddles, and bowls, are waiting for us. Forward, lads, take your partners, *allons* the dance, the dance !

[*Exeunt, U. E. L. H., all but MARTINET, MATHIAS, and PETITVERRE. A few of the guests are left at tables.*]

Pet. (down R.) Stay, Mathias, I had almost forgot ; here's a letter for you ; you were out when it was brought to the hospital, so I promised to deliver it. (*mysteriouslly.*) The messenger said it was of the utmost consequence.

Mar. Perhaps 'tis from your stock-broker ? (*MATHIAS stares at him astonished.*)

Pet. Or your banker ? (*MATHIAS seems more astonished.*)

Mar. Or the young man who was with you so long the other day, with the broad-brimmed hat and kid gloves ?

Mat. Ask no questions. (*aside, crosses to R.*) Inquisitive old fools ! 'Tis from some country friend, I dare say, who wants me to show him over the hospital, nothing more.

Pet. But read it, man, read it.

Mat. No, no, 'tis of no consequence ; I'll attend to it by-and-by. (*putting letter in his pocket.*) Now for the bowls. (*crosses to R.*) I must take off my coat ; I can't play at bowls with my best coat on.

Pet. Come along. (*aside.*) He's as close as a cartridge—but we'll find out the secret, some way or other.

[*Exeunt PETITVERRE and MARTINET, 3 E. I. H. U. E. MATHIAS is following when MADAME G. enters, 2 E. I. H.*]

Mat. Hist—Madame Gimblet !

Mad. G. (1.) Well, what's your pleasure ?

Mat. (R.) While I take off my coat will you oblige me by reading that letter ? (*giving letter and taking off his coat, which he hangs on wing R. H.*)

Mad. G. Certainly ! (*reading.*) " Mr. Mathias,—Sir—"

Mat. Hush ! not so loud.

Mad. G. (reading in a whisper.) " Mr. Mathias,—Sir,—According to your order I have invested the sixty thousand francs in the five per cents, at a hundred and nine—"

Mat. Good, good.

Mad. G. Why, what on earth does this mean ?

Mat. Nothing, nothing, ask no questions, 'tis not for me—go on—what more ?

Mad. G. (reading.) " I will send you the funds you require to-morrow—"

Mar. }
& *Pet.* } (without.) Mathias! Mathias!

Mad. G. What funds?

Mat. (taking letter.) Hush! Ask no questions—I'm coming, boys, I'm coming—thank you, my dear, the letter is not for me, I know nothing about it. Coming, boys, coming. [Exit, *u. r. L.*

Mad. G. What a strange letter! 'twas certainly for him—there's something he wants to hide. (*music*) Ah! they are dancing again. (*looking off L. R.*) Yes, there they go—chaine anglaise—ballancez—chaine de dames promenade—oh 'tis delightful!

SONG.*

Oh! joy entrancing,
How I love dancing!
Tripping, lightly, in the gay quadrille;
Sorrow chassée-ing,
All balancez-ing,
Present pleasure 'gainst each future ill.
Here promenading,
There gallopadding,
Gliding gently through the Polonaise;
Or with air winning,
In the waltz spinning,
Whirling, twirling, round like merry fays.
Fra, le, le.

Ye who the faults sing
Of dancing and waltzing,
Tell us truly, are your graver ways
Free from all turnings,
Slidings, heart-burnings,
Or your pastimes more deserving praise.
Partners oft chusing,
Much less amusing,
Toiling, broiling, as for life or death;
In one dull round, sirs,
Or on worse ground, sirs,
Whirling, twirling, till you're out of breath!
Fra, le, le, &c.

Enter THEODORE, *U. E. R.*

The. (R.) This must be the place—I'll ask this young woman.
Pray my dear—

Mad. G. (*L. turning.*) Ah! Mr. Theodore!

The. Ma'melle Rose, is it you?

Mad. G. Yes, but I'm not Ma'melle now, sir, I'm Madame Gimblet. I was married this morning, if you please.

The. Indeed! (*aside.*) I am right then—I wish you joy my pretty Rose, I've come here on purpose to see you.

* I am indebted to the kindness of a friend for the words of this song.—C. S.

Mad. G. And Ma'melle Céline—ah I know—you expect to meet her.

The. You are quite a conjurer—I do—is she here?

Mad. G. Not yet, but I expect her every minute. (*goes off u. E. R.*)

Mat. (*without, u. E. L.*) That's right, my boys, I'll get my coat and be with you directly.

The. That voice—

Enter MATHIAS, L. U. E., crosses to R. H.

Mat. Theodore! (*puts on his coat.*)—(*sternly to THEODORE.*) What are you doing here, sir? I thought you were on your road to Samur.—How is this, sir? How is it you are not on your journey?

The. (*L.*) For many reasons, Mathias, many reasons.

Mat. (*R.*) What are they, sir—are you invited to this wedding?

The. Yes—that is to say—no.

Mat. Yes and no, don't mean the same thing, young man.

The. I was passing accidentally, sir—I saw preparations for a wedding fête—I wished to know—and—I asked.

Mat. Yes, a pretty cock-and-bull accident, certainly. You thought you would stay and amuse yourself at Paris a little longer, and deceive poor old Mathias, and by accident you find yourself face to face with him—(*laughing aside.*) Come, come boy, give me your hand—there, there, we'll say no more about it. (*aside.*) I've done the same thing myself.

The. (*aside.*) If Céline should see me, with—(*looking at MATHIAS.*)

Mat. I wished you to go away because it gave me pain to see you associating with a parcel of proud coxcombs who were leading you into extravagance, and teaching you to forget your friends. I don't want you to be too humble, but you mustn't be proud, particularly with me, that would be very wrong—you mustn't despise poor old Matty.

The. Oh, no sir!

Mat. Well, well, but what's the matter with you?

The. Sir, I'm miserable.

Mat. Indeed! what, what, what—have you been at the gaming table, and lost the money I gave you for your journey?—never mind, never mind—I've got some more. (*taking out a bag.*)

The. 'Tis not that, sir—your kindness distresses me—I cannot bear to accept pecuniary aid from you without knowing the source from which it springs.

Mat. (*hastily.*) Ask no questions—what does it matter?

Mat. Every thing—I cannot believe that a poor pensioner like you could for twenty years furnish money for all my wants and caprices (like the most generous of fathers) without being the agent of some hidden friend to whom I am indebted for all.

Mat. You wish then to owe nothing to me, you blush to be beholden to me for any thing?

The. Can you think so! you are my only friend—yet, if I have relations—(*looking at MATHIAS.*)

Mat. You have none.

The. A father?

Mat. He is dead.

The. But if you—

Mat. (*interrupting.*) Come, come, no more of this, you promised me to ask no questions on this subject again—be happy and gay—I'll present you to the bride.

The. (*coldly.*) Thank you—thank you—what care I? (*sighing.*)

Mat. Ho, ho! I see now, sir—you are in love—(*seriously*)—how dare you fall in love, sir, without my permission?

The. (*confused.*) Really, Mathias, I—

Mat. Well, well, there's no harm—I was only joking—at your age 'tis natural—ha! ha! ha! when I was twenty, I was a rare boy for the petticoats, and even now, I can't help loving them a little. Who is the lady, sir, what's her name?

The. Oh, Mathias, pray do not insist upon knowing it.

Mat. Why, sir, why?

The. Because her condition is far above mine and I have no hope.

Mat. Nonsense—I'll help you.

The. Impossible—good by, sir, good by. (*going L., MATHIAS stops him.*)

Mat. No, no—you don't go in that way.

Enter GIMBLET running, and all the guests, U. E. L.

Gim. Here they are—here they are!—Such a superb coach, and two magnificent horses!—They are coming to dance at my wedding.

Mat. The coach and horses?

Gim. No, no—Mr. Arthur and Ma'mselle Céline.

[*THEODORE takes his arm from MATHIAS and goes up, R. H.*

The. (*aside.*) Yes, yes, 'tis she! (*looking off R. U. E.*)

Mat. Why, what's the matter with you?

The. Nothing, nothing, don't mind me. (*down R., hides behind MATHIAS, 2 E. R.*)

Enter CELINE, ARTHUR, and MADAME GIMBLET, U. E. R.

—*all the guests shout as they enter.*

Mad. G. (R. C.) Oh, ma'mselle, how kind!—I am so happy!

Cél. (C.) Did I not promise to come?

Art. (C.) Good day, good people, you see we are not proud.

Gim. (L.) Oh no, Mr. Arthur. (*to guests.*) It's Mr. Arthur, my wife's mistress's nephew.

Mad. G. (*aside to CELINE.*) This visit will not only bring happiness to us, ma'mselle, but to you I hope. (*pointing to THEODORE.*)

Cél. (*aside.*) Ah! Theodore!

Art. Well, Gimblet, my good lad, you see that I have kept my word, and so has my cousin, she wished to bring the wed-

ding present herself, and I have taken the liberty of adding a basket of champagne; which you must drink to our health.

Pet. You may depend upon us, sir. (*aside.*) Glorious, glorious!—ha! ha! ha!

Mar. (*aside to PETITVERRE.*) Look! there is the young man who calls so often on Mathias.

Pet. So there is, so there is!

Céline (*giving a watch to MADAME GIMBLET.*) There, Rose, I chose it myself.

Mad. G. Oh! thank you ma'melle, thank you.

Céline. And here is a present from mamma. (*giving a purse.*)

Art. I have given up a party to the Bois de Boulogne on purpose to open the ball with the bride, if (*bowing to GIMBLET.*) the bridegroom will permit me.

[*MADAME GIMBLET goes off with CELINE, U. E. L., and returns during scene.*

Gim. Oh, count—too much flattered.

Art. Don't say so, I beg. (*aside.*) Poor Gimblet, his wife is a great deal too handsome for him.

Gim. (*to guests.*) It is indeed a great, magnificent honour, to have at my wedding one of the most elegant elegants of all the elegants of Paris, Count Arthur de Cesanne.

[*MATHIAS who has been endeavouring to keep THEODORE from escaping, starts on hearing the name of CESANNE, THEODORE goes off R.*

Mat. Cesanne! Count Cesanne—De la Pierre Cesanne?

Art. Yes, what then? (*to GIMBLET aside.*) What's the matter with that old man?

Gim. Don't mind him, sir, 'tis only Father Mathias.

Mat. Yes, 'tis certainly he—the features—the expression, Arthur, the son of poor Jacques.

Art. (*crosses to MATHIAS.*) Jacques de la Pierre, General of the Empire.

Mat. But once a private soldier—I knew your father, young man, he was a brave fellow, my comrade and friend—we were wounded together at Montereau. (*showing his leg.*) These are remembrances that never pass away.

Art. Ah!—you?

Mat. I was his friend—when he was promoted and decorated and I remained but a simple soldier in the ranks, he was not proud, he was not ashamed to take me by the hand—this hand which I now offer to his son.

Art. (*coldly giving his hand.*) There—there—brave man—there.

[*MATHIAS is much overcome, and looks anxiously round for THEODORE.*

Mat. Poor Jacques, poor Jacques! (*wiping his eyes.*) Where is Theodore?

Art. You are agitated—what's the matter?

Mat. Nothing—nothing—I was thinking of twenty years ago—my old eyes are weak—they—don't think I'm crying, oh no—no. (*wiping his eyes*)

Art. Well, brave man, that will do, you must come and see me, and if I can render you any service for my father's sake command me—now we would be gay, I am here to dance a quadrille with the bride, always, with your permission, Gimblet.

Gim. Oh! count—too much honour. (*music*.)

Art. I think I hear the orchestra. (*giving hand to MADAME GIMBLET*.) Will you allow me?

[*All go off L. U. E. excepting MARTINET, PETITVERRE, and MATHIAS.*]

[*Mar. (to MATHIAS who is going off R. H., searching for THEODORE.) Won't you come this way, Matty?*]

Mat. No, I'm looking for some one. [*Exit, R. U. L.*]

Mar. I say, Petitverre, how anxious he seems about that young chap.

Pet. Yes—I wonder who he is—there's something very mysterious going on here, let us find it out.

Mar. I should like, but how?

Pet. Let us make Matty drunk, he'll be sure to speak then—I am very curious to know who the young man is, and how Matty got his money.

Mar. So am I—we'll ply him well with champagne—he'll be sure to let out the secret, ha! ha! ha! we are a couple of cunning old dogs.

Enter *GIMBLET*, U. E. L., with bottle and glass.

Gim. Well old fellows, ain't you coming to join us, Mr. Arthur is knocking about the champagne in fine style. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

MATHIAS, entering, R. U. E.

Mat. Where can he have hid himself? (c.)

Pet. (*gets R., aside*.) Now then, *MARTINET*. (*aloud*.) Come, Matty, come and drink a glass to the health of the bride.

Mat. No, no, I'm looking for some one.

Pet. Oh! that young man, he's with the dancers this way—come, one glass.

Mat. Well, well, but one, mind, for my head is rather lightish—only one now.

Pet. Oh, yes, of course, of course. (*aside*.) We've got him—come, let's take arms, rank entire—there—right shoulders, forward, march.

[*The three old men march off arm in arm, L. U. E., singing.*]

CELINE and MADAME GIMBLET, enter, 2 E. L.

Céline. Go, Rose, and tell them to bring up the carriage.

Madame G. Yes, Ma'mselle. [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Céline. I do not wish to see *THEODORE* again—I dare not.

Enter *THEODORE*, R. U. E.

Ah! he is here. (*going, L.*)

The. Oh, Céline, do not fly from me.

Cé. Leave me, sir, leave me.

The. Oh, do not fear me—I will not speak to you of my love—if it be an offence.

Cé. I know not what to say, my family will not sanction your addresses—my mother has other views for me—she is not your friend.

The. Ah! for what reason?

Cé. She has been told that your rank is obscure. (*movement of THEODORE.*) Oh! 'tis not *I* that think so—I am not proud, but she says that you are without fortune and family, and that your only relation is a poor old pensioner, an invalid soldier.

The. 'Tis not true, believe nothing of the kind, dear Céline, he is no relation of mine, I am free and independent.

Cé. My cousin Arthur says otherwise, that you are wholly dependent on that old man, who treats you like his son.

The. No, no; I assure you. (*aside.*) What deep humiliation.) I am astonished that your cousin, who has so often professed friendship for me, should assert such things, unless he is jealous.

Cé. Oh! speak not of that.

The. You love him?

Cé. But as a friend and companion of my childhood.

The. Who will one day be your husband.

Cé. (*quickly.*) 'Tis my mother's will: if she insist—

The. (*reproachfully.*) You would consent without regret?

Cé. No, no; I—pray leave me.

The. I obey, I will not be a bar to your happiness, marry your cousin, marry him Céline, and forget one, whose very soul is yours; farewell, I cannot stay to witness my rival's triumph, adieu, dear Céline, adieu.

Cé. Stay, stay, Theodore, dear Theodore.

The. Ah! you love me. (*passionately kissing her hand.*) Oh! happiness!

Enter ARTHUR, *u. e. r.*, at the back, laughing.

Art. Ah! he staggers—he'll fall, he'll—(*seeing THEODORE and CELINE, who start, he advances between them.*) Excuse me—don't let me interrupt you.

The. (*r., confused.*) I am enchanted, Mr. Arthur, to have the pleasure—

Art. (*c., coldly.*) So am I—I little expected to see you, particularly in such a situation—to what am I to attribute this pleasure?

The. Accident—mere accident.

Cé. (*l.*) Yes; mere accident.

The. I saw your livery, and I—

Art. Enough, my dear sir. (*proudly.*) No one could suppose for a moment that you have introduced yourself here for the purpose of clandestinely addressing a young lady whose rank and fortune are so much above your own. No, no, you no

doubt belong to the wedding party, a relation of the bride or bridegroom.

The. Sir !

Cél. Let us go, cousin.

Art. One moment my dear.—If not a relation you are a friend of the family, perhaps, or the son of that old pensioner—they are all very honest good people, and very merry; they dance and drink superbly.

The. Is it to insult me, sir, that you talk thus ?

Cél. (imploringly.) Arthur !

Art. One moment—there is no occasion to blush for the meanness of your birth—your father is a very respectable man in his way.

The. Sir, you are—(*checking himself*) before a lady I will not reply to your insults, but (*aside*) you shall hear from me.

Art. (*aside*.) Pooh ! ridiculous; I cannot condescend to fight with my inferiors. (*loud laughing without, u. e. l.*) I am your most obedient very humble servant. (*going r. h.*)

Enter MATHIAS (*drunk*) with MARTINET, PETITVERRE, MADAME G., GIMBLET, and guests, u. e. l.

Pet. Bravo ! bravo ! Matty.

Gim. Take care, you'll fall.

Mat. Will you leave me alone?—I'm steady enough—go away.

The. (*aside*.) How shall I escape him ?

Mat. (*seeing THEODORE, and taking his arm*.) Ah, Theodore ! there you are at last. Oh you deserter !

[ARTHUR stops, observes the scene, and drops down with CELINE, l. h.

The. Let me go, let me go—I wish to leave this place.

Mat. No, no, my boy, I want to talk to you about that young lady.

Art. So, so !

The. (*n.*) For mercy's sake, let me go.

Mat. (*c.*) No, no, you shall stay; I wish it, and you shall.

Art. (*l. in a mocking tone*.) Oh, oblige the old gentleman—pray do.

Gim. You'll fall, Mathias—I know you will. (*holding him*.)

Mat. Take your hands off, Giblet—Gimblet—what's your name. (*holding THEODORE*.) When I tell you to stay, sir, you shall, I will be obeyed.

The. (*struggling*.) Let me go, man, let me go, you have no right to detain me—I do not know you, let me go.

Mat. What ! you don't know me ?

Cél. Come, cousin, come.

Art. No ! this affair is becoming interesting.

Mat. Oh, you don't know me—you—he—doesn't know me—eh ?—What, you are like all the rest of the world, ashamed of your poor friends—ah, you deny me—deny me—me,—Father Mathias.

The. Let them take you home, in the state you are in—

Mat. State ! what state ? I'm in a very delightful state—a glorious state—a magnificent state ; I'm not ashamed of it, but you, you are an ungrateful fellow. Ah, you don't know me, eh ? (*to guests.*) See how I'll pinch his damn'd pride. And pray who gave you that fine coat and kid gloves, eh ? Who pays for your board, lodging, and washing, eh ? Answer me that—not know me ?

The. I shall die with shame.

Mat. (*aside to guests.*) I'll have another touch at him.—Where's your family, eh ? ha ! ha ! ha ! Who's your family ? ha ! ha ! ha ! I'm your family—I—I—Mathias the invalid—the pensioner on four sous a day. (*GIMBLET laughs, MATHIAS strikes him.*) What are you laughing at mooncalf ? I pay every thing for him because I've got money, sir—because I'm rich, sir. I've two hundred thousand francs, sir. I've three hundred thousand francs, sir—perhaps I've more than two million francs, sir. (*laughing*) I have—I have. Ah, you don't know me. Well, well, I'll spend my money—I will, I'll spend it in drink.

The. He knows not what he says, take him home.

Gim. Certainly.

Mat. (*defending himself with his stick.*) Don't touch me, you drunken rascals ! don't touch me. (*fencing with GIMBLET.*) I wish to stay here.—I'll never go home again—I'm unhappy. (*crying,*) very unhappy—he is ashamed of me. I'm very unhappy—very unhappy ; I'm wretched, wretched, wretched.

The. Mathias, forgive me !

Mat. (*violently.*) Go away, sir. You don't know me. Then I don't know you. I don't know you. (*laughing.*) Ha ! ha ! ha ! I'm quite happy now. I can sing and dance—I must have a dance. Not know me—give me some more champagne. (*singing and dancing.*)

Tableau.—*MATHIAS falls in the arms of GIMBLET and the two invalids ; and blows kisses to the bride. ARTHUR laughs and gives his arm to CÉLINE. THEODORE stands L. H. covering his face with his hands.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A drawing-room—French windows, R. H. and L. H. at 2 and 3 E.—a table, R. H., with breakfast-things, fruit, &c.—a door each side in flat.*

ARTHUR discovered on L. C., reading a newspaper.

Art. I can't help thinking of that old soldier, I wonder how his head feels this morning—ha ! ha ! ha ! I never saw a fellow so gloriously done up.

Bar. (*without, R. H. D. R.*) I tel you vonct for all dat I vont be gontramdicted—I vil hab mine own vay.

Art. So, so—my aunt she seems rather breezy this morning, I wonder what has roused her German dignity.

Enter BARONESS and CECILE, R. H. D. F.

Bar. (walking up and down the stage.) Don't bute me in a passion—don't say no vexzatious dings to vex me and zasperate mine demper.

Cél. My dear mamma, I—

Bar. You know I have zweet demper, bote if you gondramdict him, mine demper vil vly ober de dop of de house and bly de very divel—I will have mine own way, the finerer von dresses the betterer, the more knock 'em down and striginger de gublers de more vashionabler and I vil hab de yebelow sabtin bobnet.

Cél. But not with red feathers, dear mamma.

Bar. And vat for not?

Cél. Oh, 'ma 'twill look so foolish—

Bar. Zilence, Céline—you know mine daughter I lub you, but I must take d'opportunity to legdure you..

Cél. Oh, 'ma ! I'm sorry I've vexed you.

Bar. Voolish ! ven I vas a young fraw. (CELINE laughs) Ya—a young fraw ; you need not laugh, 'tis no joge—I vas not always dis large dignity—I vas vonce de little Zilphide—no more big as dat—(*describing a small figure*)—and den I respect de moder garacter, and nebber gondrumdict—I say to her, Madame Brunswicker, I have de respect mine moder, make vot old fool of yourself you like.

Art. (L.) What's the matter, aunt—a quarrel?

Bar. (crosses to c.) No, 'tis noding, bote mine daughter is frighten at a bit of yebelow sabten—mine milliner has zent me a yebelow sabten bobnet, drimmed vid sky blue and rebd Austerlitz weathers.

Cél. (R.) And she's going to wear it with a green silk pelisse trimmed with orange and swansdown.

Bar. Ya—what for not, dat is bootiful, de gublers is quite boetical—

De zummer zun de go to bed,
Drimmed vid yebelow and vid red,
De moon beep—vrom de skyblue sky
And at him vink her peagreen eye.

dere's a glassical gwotation abrop bo—to de boint.

Art. (laughing.) Bravo ! (aside.) Yellow, green, and red, sky blue, orange, and swan's down, my dear aunt you'll be magnifient—(aside.)—she'll be mistaken for a poll-parrot.

Cél. But my dear mamma, such a mixture of positive colours is very bad taste.

Bar. Daste ! vat is dat ? I don't know nothing of such foolish folly 'cept ven I'm eating and drinking and taking mine schnaps.

Mad. G. (without.) Come along, you foolish fellow.

Enters with GIMBLET, D. R. H. V.—GIMBLET in livery.

Mad. G. Don't be ashamed, come along.

Bar. (R. C.) Who is dis ?

Céline. The new footman, mamma, Rose's husband.

Mad. G. (l. c.) Yes, madame, I have the honour of presenting him to your ladyship. (*aside to GIMBLET.*) Bow, you fool, bow. (*he bows*)

Art. Poor devil! he seems quite resigned to his unhappy fate.

Bar. Very well young man, very well.

Gim. (c.) I am not a young man now, please your ladyship. I'm married.

Bar. (*looking at GIMBLET with an eyeglass—aside.*) What a stupid Zimon—dat is right, you must take care and dry to learn to doo de duty of de place.

Gim. Yes, madame, Rose has promised to give me lessons, so I shall soon be quite handy.

Art. No doubt—but where is our guest the old invalid, how is he this morning!

Bar. Guebest! invalid! What are you dalking about?

Art. A fine old fellow we met yesterday at Rose's wedding—you remember him, Céline, Theodore's mysterious protector.

Céline. I do, indeed.

Art. As I was returning from the Opera last night, I met the wedding party conducting home the bride and bridegroom, the old invalid was amongst them, so tipsy that he could not stand, ha! ha! ha! he was so far gone that he mistook this house for an hotel and insisted on having a bed here—I could not for my life refuse him.

Bar. Vat! bermit a dipsy old soldier to sleep in mine house! mine dear nephew dat is very much shocking bad daste.

Art. Don't be angry, dear aunt, he was an old comrade of my father's and for his sake I could not suffer the poor fellow to perish in the streets.

Bar. Vel, vel, vel, send him avay to berish vere he bleazes.

Art. Let him finish his sleep first, dear aunt, he went to bed so rich and happy, 'twould be cruel to wake him. Oh, if you had but heard him—(*imitating MATHIAS.*)—I've two hundred thousand francs—I've three hundred thousand—perhaps I've a million of francs, ha! ha! ha!

Bar. Dat vil do, dat vil do, I don't vant you to zagitate my nerves wid a sample of vulgar people's vulgar vulgarities, get rid of the denebriated dipsy old man, and caution him never to get drunk and interlopiicated again—Celine, go and prepare my doilet.

Céline. Yes, mamma.

[*Exit, l. h. d. r.*]

Bar. And, Rose, you go and tell them to get the cabridge reabdy.

Mad. G. Yes, madam.

[*Exit, r. h. d. r.*]

Art. Gimblet, tell them to bring up my tilbury—I'm going out to breakfast.

Bar. You sal do no such ding, sir. Gimlette, let my nephew's repast be zerved here.

Gim. Yes, madam—your ladyship. [Exit, R. H. D. F.]

Art. Pardon me, my dear aunt, but I've promised—

Bar. Some of your vashionable vriends, I subbose? A barcel of defected zexquisite buppies—vid gream gubler'd glibs and vaces to match! A set of scrapegraces, who lead you into all sorts of zextravagancies. I hate such vriends—brodigaſals, who throw away dere money as if it cost nothing—vid dere cabs and dere dilburys—what for no dey ride in de omnibus?

Art. Nay, my dear aunt, you are severe. Young men of fashion must dine, and sup, and have a few little elegant extravagances. Horses, dogs, and carriages, are dreadfully expensive just now.

Bar. Pshaw! dose are drifting drifles—I didn't allude to dem—I meant more zexpensive quadrupedes than cabridges and horses.

Art. Be contented, dear aunt. When I am married to my dear Céline, I'll reform and be steady.

Bar. Vel, vel, we shall zee; in the mean time, begin by breakfasting at home dis morning.

Enter GIMBLET, R. H. D. F., with fowl.

Art. Well, aunt, as you insist—

Bar. That's a goote boy. Now for my doilet. (going, L. H.) When I am dressed, if you'll bromise to be very zensible of my kindness, I'll let you escort me to the royal garbdens—my bobnet and belisse will produce a most zextraordinary zensation—I long to wear de sky blue sky!

De zuminer zun he go to bed,
Drimed vid yeblow and vid red.

Oh, beautiful! beautiful!

Art. No doubt! If I go with you I'm any thing but the gen-tleman I take myself to be. Well, Gimblet, how is father Mathias—is he awake yet?

Gim. (arranging breakfast.) No, sir; he's still in the ar— of Mr. Orpheus! Ha! ha! how astonished he'll be when he wakes.

Art. Yes; I anticipate some capital sport.

Gim. What wine will you take, sir?

Art. Champagne.

Gim. That's the glass, sir. Get you the wine directly.

[Exit, R. H. D. F.]

Art. I must manage to get my protégé out of the house as quietly as possible. If my aunt should catch sight of him, she would be furious. Now then for breakfast. (looking through window, R. H.) Eh! confound it, there's that rascally money lender Duval, come to dun me for the bill I forgot to pay last week. (calling at door, R. H.) Gimblet! Gimblet! I'm not at home. Zounds! they have let him in. I'll make my escape into the garden. (goes up for his hat to table, L. H. MATHIAS looks in from R. H., and enters.)

Mat. This is not the hospital—no, it's a first-rate hotel.
How the devil did I get here?

Art. Oh, my tipsy friend—he's sober now.

Mat. Well, I suppose it's all right—I've slept like an emperor, and—eh, damme! there's breakfast waiting for me. How very attentive! I'm by no means bashful or inquisitive, so here goes. (advancing to table.)

Art. (tapping him on the shoulder.) Good morning, old friend.

Mat. (starting, and taking off his hat.) Mr. Arthur!

Art. Yes; I hope you slept well?

Mat. Never better. Capital bed—all feathers—soft as velvet, and—do you know this house?

Art. Yes; it's the hotel Serigny.

Mat. An hotel!—I thought so—that accounts for their civility. They'll bring me in a precious bill! Oh! Matty, Matty, you drunken old rascal, why don't you always let the evening's amusement bear the morning's reflection?

Art. Don't be alarmed, you are my guest.

Mat. Nothing to pay?

Art. Not a sou.

Mat. All right. Is that breakfast for me?

Art. If you please.

Mat. Thank you—I do please, you are your father's own son, I like you much better than I did yesterday. (bell rings, L. H.)

Art. Zounds, there's my aunt's bell, that confounded money-lender is with her, and she is ringing for me—I must be missing, good by old friend—I'll see you again in a day or two, good by.

[Exit by window, L. H.

Mat. Good by—I'm in luck, bed and breakfast for nothing, and both such capital articles—how the devil did I get here?—Never mind, I am here, that's enough for the present, and there's the breakfast, that's enough for the present. (sits L. of the table.) Cold fowl! delightful. I think I can manage a leg and a wing, and a bit of the breast—ha! ha! ha! Mr. Arthur is a most worthy young man, I wish he'd ask me to breakfast with him every day.

Enter GIMBLET with champagne.

Gim. Here's the champagne, sir—cool as—(puts it on table.)

Mat. That's your sort.

Gim. (staring with astonishment.) The old soldier!

Mat. (R.) Ah! young Gimblet, how are you, my lad? how's your wife?

Gim. That's nothing to you, what are you doing here? you—you obstopolus old man?

Mat. I'm going to breakfast. (cutting up fowl.)

Gim. (trying to take it from him.) Come, come, I say, leave that alone.

Mat. I won't—let go. (trying to pull it away.)

Gim. (pulling.) Respect that poultry.

Mat. I do, so much so, that I'm going to eat it.

Gim. You shan't. (pulls at the dish, MATHIAS takes away the owl, GIMBLET falls.)

Mat. There ! ground arms my lad, try to deprive me of my nourishment again, and I'll chop you into mutton cutlets.

Gim. You've hurt me, Mathias—cruelly hurt me. (*sitting* MATHIAS cutting up *soul*, *he rises*, and tries to take it from him, MATHIAS sticks the fork in his fingers.) Murder ! I'll tell the Baroness ; here, Pierre, Pierre, François, come and help me to turn this old rascal out.

Enter FRANÇOIS, by window, L. H.

Mat. Be off—I'll throw the first who touches me out of the window.

Gim. (*pushing PIERRE forward*.) Don't be afraid, turn him out, turn him out.

Fra. (*crosses to c.*) No ; Mr. Arthur says he is to stay.

Gim. (*astonished*) Mr. Arthur !

Mat. By his particular desire, I'm obliging him by taking breakfast.

Gim. (*crosses to c.*) I'm 'lectrified—what will the Baroness say ?

Mat. I don't care a—(*looking through window*)—eh—no—yes—I cannot be mistaken—(*making signs with his napkin*.) Here, here, Theodore—he doesn't see me—he's looking at another window. (*seizing GIMBLET by the arm*.) Gimblet !

Gim. Hands off ! (*crosses to L.*) Don't touch me, you old rhinoceros.

Mat. Pshaw ! you're a fool—here you—(*to FRANÇOIS*) you see that young man opposite, go and tell him to come here directly.

[Exit FRANÇOIS, R. H. D. *Gim.* Well, that's cool, he invites his friends now!—Wretched individual, do you know what you are about ?

Mat. Perfectly.

Gim. Do you know how you came here ?

Mat. No ; can you tell me ?

Gim. Yes ; yesterday at my wedding, you got in such a state—

Mat. I remember, my comrades made me drunk.

Gim. I think they did—you were—upon my life I never—altogether—regularly—dreadful—speechless—standless—down—yes—slap in the mud. Yes, and if it hadn't been for Mr. Arthur's taking pity on you because you were a comrade of his father's, you would have been run over by the carriages and killed.

Mat. Good lad, good lad.

Gim. Now go away quietly, or I'll send Mr. Arthur's aunt, the Baroness to you.

Mat. I won't stir till I please.

Gim. Very well, then look out for squalls—I'll fetch the Baroness, she'll astonish you above a bit—you old hedgehog.

[Exit, L. H. door.

Enter THEODORE, R. H. door, L.

The. (*down L. H.*) They told me to enter, and—

Mat. Theodore !

The. (astonished.) Mathias !

Mat. Yes, I sent for you.

The. Indeed ! (aside.) I thought 'twas Céline. (aloud.)

Mathias, I am astonished—

Mat. At seeing me here, so snug and comfortable ; 'tis rather strange, I confess.

The. But by what means—how—how do you find yourself here ?

Mat. (pointing to fowl.) Pretty well, I thank you. Have you breakfasted ? Sit down and pick a bit.

The. Pshaw ! you are joking.

Mat. Oh no ; I'm quite in earnest. (eating.) Make yourself at home—take a glass of wine ? I've got some handy. (taking up bottle.)

The. Mathias, pray cease this folly—I understand—you have come here to shame and humiliate me, as you did yesterday at the wedding.

Mat. (rising.) Shame and humiliate you, as I did yesterday ! Ah ! (earnestly.) what—what did I say ? (advancing.)

The. (L.) Oh, Mathias, you were cruelly avenged.

Mat. (R.) Revenged ! how ? for what ?

The. Because I was ungrateful, because pride and love had destroyed my reason ; I refused to acknowledge you—you, my friend and benefactor ; I repulsed you with scorn.

Mat. You were ashamed of me—I understand—I was drunk ; my conduct disgraced you as well as myself.

The. No, no, I alone was to blame.

Mat. (R.) No, no, 'twas I ; but what else happened ? tell me —did I talk ?—did I say any thing strange ?

The. (L.) You overwhelmed me with reproaches, and told me that I owed every thing to you, and you alone.

Mat. Oh, babbler !

The. That I was a foundling, adopted by you and brought up by compassion.

Mat. Oh, rascal !

The. That the money I was squandering was yours.

Mat. I should like to blow my brains out !

The. You abandoned me, as ungrateful and worthless.

Mat. (quickly.) You did not believe me ?

The. I deserved all you said to me.

Mat. Were the wedding guests by ?

The. Yes ; and she—Céline, and Arthur.

Mat. (quickly and earnestly.) I said nothing to him ?

The. No, my humiliation was sufficient—he listened to you with malicious joy—he revelled in my shame.

Mat. And Céline, did it please her too ?

The. Oh no, I saw tears in her eyes ; she pitied me.

Mat. You love her, I see you do ; I have lowered you in her esteem. I'm an unfeeling old scoundrel ! pardon me ; I'd go on my knees, if I could.

The. No, no, I deserved every thing.

Mat. But I will repair my fault ; I will see the girl's mother and talk to her.

The. Oh no, 'twould be useless : this is her house, let us go.

Mat. Her house ? no, no, it's an hotel.

The. Yes, the hotel of the Baroness de Serigny.

Mat. Indeed ! never mind, it's all the same. (*aside.*)

GIMBLET entering *L. H.* and *FRANCOIS*. *R. H.*

Gim. The Baroness ! Now then, old Pepperbox, mind your eye.

Enter BARONESS DE SERIGNY, L. H., dressed. THEODORE and MATHIAS get L. H.

Bar. Heyday ! heyday ! what de devil in de name of peace is all dis ? a strange man bresuming to zettle himself in my house, to ill-treat my zervants, and turn everything dopzy durvy ! where is the fellow ?

Gim. (*up stage c.*, pointing to *MATHIAS*.) There, madame. (*aside to FRANCOIS*.) Now he'll have it !

The. Pardon, madam. (*crosses to L. c.*)

Bar. Oh, 'tis you, Mr. Theodore ; take that dipsy, interloppicated man away, or I'll have him trone out of the window.

Mat. (*aside.*) How particularly kind !

Bar. Well, sir, haven't you got no ears on de top ov de side ov your head ?

Mat. (*crossing.*) Forgive me, Baroness.

Bar. No, no, I've no time to listen to you.

Mat. I wish to sp—(*looking at BARONESS astonished.*)—e—s—k—(*aside.*) The very image of my Lotta ! (*crosses back to L. H.*)

Bar. Bute him out, bute him out.

Gim. (*c. advancing R.*) Come, go quietly.

The. (*L. H.*) Come, come, come.

Mat. No, no, leave me, I'm not afraid of her. (*looking at the BARONESS and speaking pointedly.*) Mathias, will not go.

Bar. (*R. starting.*) Mathias ?

Mat. Yes, Mathias, of the first regiment of the grenadier guard.

Gim. (*turning up his sleeves and advancing, c.*) Shall we proceed to violence, madame ?

Bar. No—sday a minnet—vat is it you wish to zay to me, mine goote man. (*to SERVANTS.*) When I want you I'll bulld de pell.

The. (*rapidly, aside to MATHIAS.*) What are you going to do ?

Mat. Ask no questions, but go, I'll meet you in the garden. (*pushes him off L. H. window.*)

Bar. (*in front of stage, with her back to audience, proudly waving her hand to servants.*) Go, go, go.

(*They go off R. H. D. The moment they are out of sight, she turns her face to MATHIAS, and with a sudden alteration of tone and manner, exclaims—*)

Vat ! is it you mine old chap ?

Mat. Lotta ! huzza—you jolly old girl ! (*about to embrace her, stops.*) Hem—Baroness I mean, pardon.

Bar. Zhaw, don't geep so var off. (*holding out her arms.*) I'm not made of glass.

Mat. Forward—march—vive l'Empereur. (*kisses her.*)

Bar. And the old guard.

Mat. And the old guard. (*kisses her.*) Ah, Lotta, it does my old heart good to find you thus.

Bar. Ah ! Maddy, de zight of you has made me dwenty years younger.

Mat. You had not forgotten me, then ?

Bar. Forgoddern you ! no, no, de mere mendion of your name set mine heart beating like de big drum—poor maddy—I declare l'm old foole enough to gry.

Mat. And so am I—it will do us good—it will do us good.

Bar. Zo it will—zo it will—I like it, I like it.

Mat. So do I—so do I.

Bar. (*taking both MATHIAS's hands.*) Maddy, dear Maddy !

Mat. Glad to see you, my girl—glad to see you !

[*They look at each other for a short time in silence, then burst into a fit of laughter.*

Mat. Baroness—ha ! ha ! ha !

Bar. Invalid—ha ! ha ! ha ! we've been old campaigners, Maddy.

Mat. We have lass, we have.

Bar. Wagram !

Mat. Moscow—

Bar. Ulm—

Mat. Austerlitz—

Bar. Montereau—(*touching MATHIAS's leg.*)

Mat. Saragossa—

Bar. Badajos !

Mat. Ah—we've been in the thick of it.

Bar. (*aside.*) To think now, dat dat, ugly old fellow was once one of the handsomest grenadiers of de guard !

Mat. (*aside.*) Only to think now, that that dear old woman was once one of the loveliest little devils in the whole army !—Oh, time is a sad fellow, he plays the very deuce with us. (*aloud.*) Attention Lotta, I must pass you in review.

Bar. Zhaw, nonsense.

Mat. What, you've forgot your exercise, have you ?

Bar. (*standing like a soldier.*) Give the word, and you shall see.

Mat. Attention—that's right—firm as a rock—eyes front—dress—very well—very well indeed—(*marches past her with his arm in line.*) A little out of line, but never mind—right about face—bravo, bravo, rear rank very smart—as you were—stand at ease—dismiss. (*BARONESS crosses, L. H.*)

Bar. There you see, l'in as goote a zoldier as ever—I wish I could zay de zame vor you—you are zhockingly gut up.

Mat. That's because I haven't been stowed away in lavender

and taken care of, lass, like you. I suppose you've carried on the war in glorious style?

Bar. Yes, bretty well. I've been blabzing away like de house on vire! I've made von great flash in de world—always plenty of money and plenty of friends.

Mat. That of course. Money and friends are sure to come and go together. By the by, how did you contrive to catch your baron? (*sitting, n.*)

Bar. (*sitting, l.*) Ah! dat is von sad lemoncholy tale—him cost me very dear. You recollect little Blom de Commissary?

Mat. Oh yes; that was the rascal who bowled me out in Spain. I recollect him—a sneaking, squinting, damn'd ugly chap.

Bar. Well, before we were married, he was engaged in some hazardous speculations.

Mat. Yes, I know; he was apt to mistake other people's property for his own.

Bar. Well—dree years afterwards, in Portugal, vere he had daken refuge—

Mat. (*putting his hand to his neck.*) Yes, for certain reasons.

Bar. Vel, vel, to gut de madder zhort, von day he took it in his head to kick a bucket. He left me a widow wid a large vortune.

Mat. A capital windfall. Well?

Bar. Wid dis vortune I dried to do goote. Dere wabs many of your countrymen prisoners of war, zome of our old gambrades of de guard, Maddy—I assisted dem to de greatest of mine bower.

Mat. Ah, you always had a warm heart for the unfortunate! Good old girl! (*putting his arm round her neck and trying to kiss her; she pushes him away.*) I beg pardon.

Bar. (*with dignity.*) Mr. Maddias! I beg—remember—don't do dat again. I dold you de zame ding dwenty years ago.

Mat. So you did, so you did. Ha! ha! ha! No offence—didn't mean—all right—hem!

Bar. Well, nebber mind. (*taking snuff, and offering box to MATHIAS, who tries it, then shakes his head, and takes a pinch from his own box.*) It does not suit you? Well, among the prisoners dere vas a Vrench general—a baron of de empire—

Mat. Ah! now for the great gun—bon jour baron.

Bar. I helpt him to escape to Vrance, where he married me—

Mas. Out of gratitude, of course—

Bar. And to bobzees himself of mine vortune, de bounible wretch. He squander all my broherty, neglect me, and blayed de very divel, and ven I gomblained, he used to—

Mat. Beat the générale—

Bar. Most bombably! At last, Brovidence dook him vrom me—(*MATHIAS lifts his hat*)—and I have remained a widow ever since, dakin gare of mine daughter—such a garning gilde.

Mat. I've seen her. By the by, my business with you was to ask her in marriage.

Bar. (laughing.) Ha! ha! ha! Have you daken leave of your zenses? (rises.)

Mat. No, no, I don't want her for myself—but we'll talk of that another time. Only to think, now, of our meeting again! It seems but yesterday that we were serving together in the brave old guard. (taking off his hat.) Ah, those were happy days! You recollect young François le Brun, don't you?

Bar. What! de handsome Tambour Major?—to be zhure; and Louis, and Henri, and Victor, and Pierre, and—

Mat. Yes, yes—a whole squad; but I was the smartest chap of 'em all—none could come up to me. Damme! I was a rattler then—rather altered now, eh, Lotta?

Bar. Yes; dime is a blackguard.

Mat. But I'm as jolly as ever. I say, Lotta, do you recollect that little song we used to sing together by moonlight in Spain? (singing.) Ya, ya—ya, ya.

Bar. Oh, yes. (sings a German song; MATHIAS joins in the chorus.)

Enter GIMBLET, R. H. F.; looks astonished.

Gim. Pardon, madame.

Bar. Well? (aside to MATHIAS.) Take care, take care. Well, what is it?

Gim. (down n.) Please, madame, there are two invalid soldiers with drawn sabres in their hands, come to take up father Mathias and put him in prison, for getting funny and breaking bounds.

Mat. The devil!

Bar. (proudly.) Do you hear, old invalid?

Mat. Yes, madame. (aside, tickling her.) Ha! ha! ha! How well you do it! ha! ha! ha!

Bar. (aside.) Be quiet do, you old fool. (proudly.) Well, what more?

Gim. Father Martinet says they are in a hurry, and can't wait.

Mat. Martinet is the old villain who made me drunk yesterday. Tell them I'll come directly, and in the mean time give them something to drink.

Gim. Yes, but—(looking at BARONESS.)

Mat. With madame's permission. (aside.) Do you recollect the canteen you used to carry, eh, Lotta? Ha! ha! ha! you've given me many a glass.

Bar. (stopping him.) Hem! Do as this brave man ordered you. (crosses.)

Gim. (aside, astonished.) Well, I never!

Mat. Don't stand staring like an owl, but do it!

[GIMBLET exits, R. H.

Mat. Now then, about that marriage; I want your daughter for my adopted son.

Bar. Impossiible! she's already bromised to her gousin.

Mat. Never mind, she must have my boy. He's in the garden; I'll fetch him.

Bar. No, no; I won't zee him.

Mat. You shall. (*goes into garden, l. h.*)

Bar. I won't! Headsdrong and impetuous, obstinate and ztiffnecked as ever.

Enter ARTHUR, r. h.

Art. Ha! ha! ha! this is delicious!

Bar. What's de madder, nephew?

Art. Your hotel has become a sort of chapel of ease to the Hospital of Invalids; there are two more veterans in the antechamber, refreshing themselves in the most free and easy manner. Ha! ha! ha!

Bar. Zo, zo!

Art. (*aside.*) I hope they'll get glorious.

[*Goes up to door, r. h.* MATHIAS enters from garden, dragging on THEODORE.]

Mat. (l. c.) Come along, don't be afraid, she won't eat you.

Bar. (r.) Theodore!

Art. (c. turning.) Ah!

Mat. Yes, Theodore, who loves your daughter, and she loves him in return.

The. (l.) No, no, Mathias, let us go.

Mat. Be quiet; they must be married, madam.

Art. (*advancing.*) By all means, my dear aunt, 'tis a capital match.

The. (*aside.*) Confusion! Arthur!

Mat. (*aside.*) Dammie, I didn't bargain for this.

Bar. (*laughing to hide her embarrassment.*) Oh, dis is doo much; dis poor old man does not know what he is zaying.

The. Let us go.

Mat. No, no; you shan't be cheated out of your wife.

Art. So, so; it appears that these gentlemen are friends again; rather strange, by-the-by, after the scene of yesterday. You presume, I believe, to demand the daughter of the Baroness in marriage?

The. (*warmly.*) Sir, I—

Mat. (*holding him.*) Well, and supposing that to be the fact, where is the presumption?

Bar. Goote man, be quiet. (*aside.*) Maddy, Maddy, don't be a vool.

Mat. He's a good and worthy lad, and the son of a soldier.

Art. Indeed!

Mat. Yes, indeed; he may aspire to a higher honour than an alliance with the daughter of a—sut—

Bar. (*stopping him.*) Maddy, don't blow de drumpet. (*aside.*)

Mat. Never fear. He is neither a spendthrift or a gambler, like some I could name.

Art. Ah!

Mat. His fortune is large ; and for his birth, had I not been sworn to secrecy, the man who now looks down upon him, would blush at his own insignificance.

Art. (crosses to r. c.) Insolent old rascal !

The. (crosses to l. c., rushing before MATHIAS and facing ARTHUR.) Stand back, sir !

Art. So, so ! Mr. Theodore, it seems to-day knows Mathias, whom yesterday he did not know.

The. You are right, yesterday I had not courage to confess, that I was a foundling, protected, educated, and supported by this poor, but noble soldier. (*shaking hands with MATHIAS.*) Now, with honest pride I acknowledge him my friend and benefactor ; and while I live, no man, by deed, word, or look, shall insult him with impunity. I thank you, sir, for teaching me my duty.

Mat. Good lad, good lad. (*wiping his eyes.*)

Bar. A soldier's child. (*aside.*) Was his father in de old guard, Maddy ?

Mat. (crosses to her.) Yes, yes. (*hastily.*) No, no, no. (*aside.*) Take Arthur away, these young cocks will fight.

Bar. Come, nephew, give me your arm, let us leave dese people, we mustn't condescend to remain vid dem any longer. Dat es de door. (*to MATHIAS.*)

Art. I beg pardon, one moment, my hat. (*goes to table for hat, l. H.*)

Bar. (aside to MATHIAS.) Good-by, Maddy—see you again to-morrow.

Art. (aside to THEODORE.) Meet in the garden, in five minutes.

The. I will.

Art. Now aunt, I'm at your service.

[*Exeunt ARTHUR and BARONESS, l. d. r.*

Mat. Now, Theodore, let us go ; at present 'tis prudent to retreat, to-morrow we'll recommence the attack.

[*ARTHUR enters from d. l. H. makes a sign to THEODORE, and exits by window, l. H.—MATHIAS observes him.*
So, so !—a little fighting work, I must keep my eyes open. (*THEODORE tries to steal off by l. H. window.*) No, no, that won't do, (*taking his arm and going r. H.*) this way if you please young gentleman.

Enter MARTINET and PETITVERRE, with drawn sabres.

Mar. Halt !

Pet. Stand.

Mar. No disturbance, old fellow. I arrest you by order of government.

Pet. Yes, dead or alive.

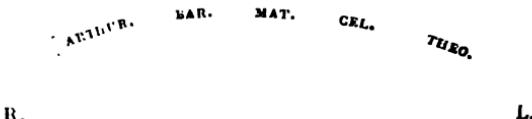
Mat. (ARTHUR appears at window.) There's Arthur, I must not leave them together. Release me friends—I'll go quietly.

Mar. Oh no, no ; couldn't think of it.

de guard who is broude to acknowledge her old vriend, Mad-
dias de Invalite. (*crossing R. C. to MATHIAS, and shaking his hand.*)

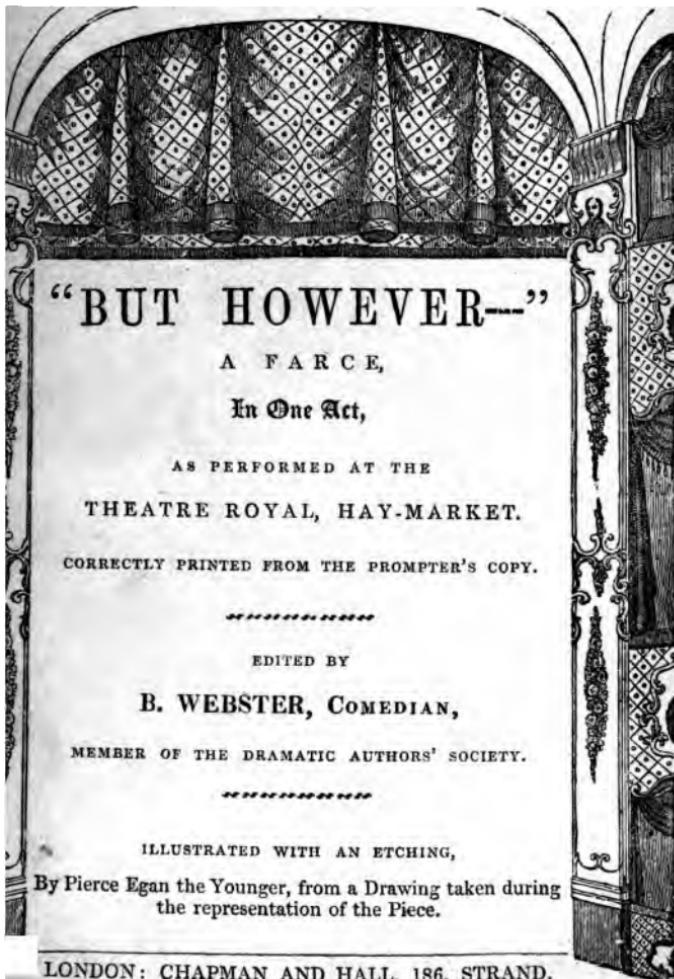
Mat. Huzza! success to the petticoats, they're never ashamed to follow the drum—I have done my duty, and am happy. (*to audience.*) If you are pleased with my conduct in this affair—give me your hands—behave like the *old guard*, fire a volley, and *Ask no Questions.*

LISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.



Price 6d.

WEBSTER'S
TING NATIONAL DRAMA,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.



“BUT HOWEVER—”

A FARCE,

In One Act,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

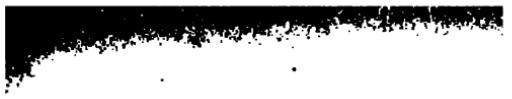
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

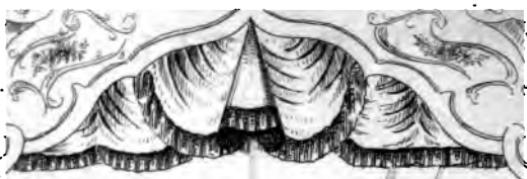
By Pierce Egan the Younger, from a Drawing taken during
the representation of the Piece.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.





卷之三



“BUT HOWEVER—”

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY HENRY MAYHEW AND HENRY BAYLIS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMTER'S COPY, WITH
REMARKS, THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC
ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND
RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,
BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN
DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186. STRAND.

W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU PRESS," NASSAU STREET, S

TO BENJAMIN WRENCH, ESQ.

DEAR WRENCH,

As the original suggester of the name and subject of the following trifle, it is but just that you should stand god-father to the bantling.

Time was, when dedications were ingenious inventories of the various virtues of the dedicatees—"but however—" "*trumpery mutantur*—" (as Mrs. Malaprop would have it). All we can say is, that, by your perfect personation of *Caleb Chizzler*, you have given another proof that you are, beyond all doubt, the first scamp on the stage—the greatest dramatic demirep of your day—and, indisputably, the most deliberate liar of all the votaries of *Thalia*—but however—we are growing complimentary.

With many thanks,

Believe us,

DEAR WRENCH,

Yours truly obliged,

THE AUTHORS

“ B U T H O W E V E R—”

SCENE I.—*The interior of a small country inn—doors S. E. R. and S. E. L.—STANDWELL R., and MRS. JUNIPER L., discovered seated at table—The former with a small carafe of brandy, and pitcher of water before him.*

Mrs. Jun. What do you think of that, sir, in the way of brandy?

Stan. Think, Mrs. Juniper! it says much for your patriotism—the person who keeps such liquor as this, has a genuine British spirit with a vengeance. You, I see, are determined to have everything native, *(aside)* excepting your oysters.

Mrs. Jun. La, bless your dear heart, sir! that is the very best French cognac *(aside)* that Smithfield can produce. I've had it in my cellar these seven years, *(aside)* came down only yesterday.

Stan. Egad! then it's been long enough in the country to get naturalized; *(drinks)* and yet, now I taste it again, it reminds me of the town of Boulogne—a slight sprinkling of the French, but the greater proportion British. But, to return to our conversation—as I was saying, the Quagmire estate, which, you know, has been so long in chancery, has at last been decreed to be the property of young Mr. Cashmere.

Mrs. Jun. And so this here Court of Chancery consumes several years, and some thousands, in settling that which the parish register would have taken only a shilling, and a minute to decide.

Stan. True; he was the next of kin, but having gone out to India, when but a lad, and at a time when no one dreamt of the property ever falling into his hands, other parties took advantage of his absence, and claimed the estate.

Mrs. Jun. Well, I declare, we do live in a dreadful wicked world—to try and cheat a poor young man out of his rights, because he was in foreign parts. Why, I verily believe, some folks would steal the sermon out of the parson's pocket.

Stan. But I wasn't the man to stand by and see the son of

my old friend Cashmere wronged—so I prosecuted his claim, and the rogues at the same time ; and now, thanks to me, he's the lawful owner of Quagmire Hall, and all the estates thereunto belonging.

Mrs. Jun. Well, indeed, you be a kind-hearted old gentleman, all the village do say so ; and I am sure I have always found you very willing to do anything for me, since the death of poor dear Mr. Juniper.

Stan. There ! there ! that will do ! you will interrupt me—let me see ! whereabouts was I ?—what did I say last ?

Mrs. Jun. That Mr. Cashmere was to be our new squire—but, bless you ! what shall we tradesfolks be the better for that, since you say the gentleman is out in the Indies a spending all his money among a parcel of unchristian, copper-coloured niggers.

Stan. You are mistaken—I have just received letters informing me of his return to England, and his intention to visit these parts immediately ; and, I've no doubt, he will soon revive the good old times of his uncle ; for, judging by his letters, he seems to possess the same jovial spirit.

Mrs. Jun. Well, then, if that be the case, the sooner he comes the better, I say.—But is the squire married, sir?—perhaps he's taken one of them black, spanish-liquorice looking creatures, for a wife, and has a lot of piebald children, half black and half white, like our old cow.

Stan. Don't distress yourself, the squire is too good a judge for that—besides, he left his heart behind him at the Grange.

Mrs. Jun. What ! not with your daughter Miss Julia, sir—was it ?

Stan. Aye, they were old play-fellows together, and children like, fancied themselves desperately in love with one another ; but, after several years separation, who knows what change may have taken place ?

Mrs. Jun. Ah, sir, a few years certainly do make a great alteration in some folks. A little time ago, what a fine, good-looking gentleman you used to be, to be sure.

Stan. Thank you ! It's true the squire always speaks very affectionately of the girl in his letters, and she has refused many good offers on his account ; but, bless you ! time may have made them both think and look very differently.

Mrs. Jun. Very true, sir—very true !

Stan. Why, when he quitted England, his face was as ruddy as a May morning, and, I dare say, we shall have him coming back now with a complexion as sallow as a November fog ; and his cheeks too, which, as I used to say, had not then down enough upon them both to make a shoe brush for a butterfly, may, for what I know, be garnished by this time with hair sufficient to stuff a mattress ; and Julia, of course, will be equally altered in his eyes. Egad, I shouldn't wonder but that they fail to know each other at their first meeting.

Mrs. Jun. Very likely—very likely, indeed, sir !

Stan. (rising to L.) I think so—but I must be stirring. However, should the squire come by the coach to-day, you will send to the Grange, and let me know the instant he arrives.—D'ye mind.

Mrs. Jun. Ah, sure ! you may depend upon me, sir !—take a drop more, sir ! good day, and thank you, sir !

Stan. Good day to you, Mrs. Juniper ; and when you're about to lay in a fresh supply of brandy, let me advise you to imitate your superiors, and don't patronize the British !

[Exit, S. E. L.

Mrs. Jun. Well, indeed, this be good news for the Three Hollies—gives one's business a bit of a stimulus, as Doctor Jorun says the brandy does one's blood, and I'm sure it wanted it; for, what with your societies for the support of twankey and temperance, souchong and sobriety, brandy has quite given place to bohea, and gin been thoroughly exploded by gunpowder ; all spirits are now said to be evil spirits, and tee-totalism the true promoter of piety, morality, and every other kind of tea—as if there were some intimate connexion between rum and roguery, or mocha and morals. (Horn blows without) But there be the coach, I declare, (goes to the window) and, as I live, there be a gentleman a getting down here ; I shouldn't wonder, now, if that be the squire himself ; he seems to have quite a Seringapatamish air about him—looks like a Tippoo Saib in a drab mackintosh, has a complexion the colour of his own curry-powder, and orders the men about as if they were so many uncivilized niggers—but here comes Gaby. [Enter GABY, S. E. L.] Well, Gaby, who is the gentleman that has just come by the stage ?

Gaby. Why, I'm blowed ma'am, if I can make him out no more nor a word of four syllables. Dang it, if it beant as difficult to tell what he is, as the sign at the last place I were in.

Mrs. Jun. You asked whether he intended to stop, did you not ?

Gaby. In course I did ; and I were as wise arter he told me, as when I first went to our Sunday school.

Mrs. Jun. What answer did he make you ?

Gaby. Why, you see, my good man, says he, that all depends upon circumstances—the fact is, I have come down here to this place, and a very pretty-looking place it seems, says he—but however—

Mrs. Jun. Well—go on.

Gaby. That's just what I wanted him to do, but I'll be hung if he didn't *jib* there, pulled up at that there "but however"—just the same as the old mare you bought on the preacher do at all the public-houses on the road.

Mrs. Jun. Very strange, certainly—but you got his luggage into the house, I hope.

Gaby. Never fear! I'm not the boy to miss hooking a customer, when there be a nibble, so I took all his baggage in-doors; and then I goes up to him, and says, in the purest way possible, and I've had a quarter's hedication in the way of manners you know—"Please to remember the boots!"

Mrs. Jun. And what did he say, then?

Gaby. "Oh, boots!" says he, "yes, to be sure; I always like to reward attention—you, I believe, was the person what looked arter my luggage, and a very civil, careful lad you be, and certainly deserve summat for your trouble—but however—"

Mrs. Jun. Well, and what did you get out of him?

Gaby. Why, dang it, nothing more than that there plaguy "but however." If he'd told one he didn't intend to give one nothing, like a man, I shouldn't a minded so much; but to lead a body to expect at least sixpence, and even to have one's doubts whether the gentleman's generosity might not go to the end of a shilling, and then to be turned off with a beggarly "but however."—Oh! it be enough to make a Quaker swear!

Mrs. Jun. Well, well! never mind! I've no doubt the gentleman's a gentleman, and will make it all right to you another time. So go now, and ask him here; and then run to Squire Standwell, and tell him that a stranger has just arrived from London.

Gaby. I'll go, certainly, ma'am; but all I've got to say is this—that if he doesn't, afore he goes, act like a man of honor, why damme—but however—as he'd say. [Exit L.]

Mrs. Jun. Yes, I am convinced this is the squire from India. It's astonishing what odd manners people do acquire in them warm climates—it must be that there vertical sun that breeds so many little odd things in their heads—but here he comes.

Enter CALEB CHIZZLER, S. E. L.

Chiz. (*entering*) There, there! what the devil are you about? you'll break the trunk!—that contains all my—but however—(*To Mrs. Jun.*) If I mistake not, I see before me the presiding goddess of the Three Hollies.

Mrs. Jun. (*aside*) Goddess! I declare he talks quite in the oriental style. The landlady, Mrs. Juniper, sir, at your service.

Chiz. Juniper—delicious name—essence of the cream of the valley—spirit of the mountain dew—soul of the flash of lightning—are we alone—(*looks round the room mysteriously*)

Mrs. Jun. (*aside*) Alone! what can he mean? I hope he doesn't imagine himself to be in a seraglio.

Chiz. Fear not! I'm not the man to take advantage of a lone, unprotected female.—No! I'll lock the door!

Mrs. Jun. As I live, he has locked it; I declare I tremble like a dish of *blue-mange*.

Chiz. Sit down (*placing chairs*). Mrs. Juniper, to look in your face, I should say you were a discreet woman—but however—

Mrs. Jun.—Why, sir, I pays my rent and taxes regularly, and manages to put a trifle in the savings' bank every year—have refused two methodist parsons and a stage coachman since the death of poor dear Mr. Juniper—and never sells any liquors between church hours except to moral and religious characters.

Chiz. Mrs. Juniper, you are the pink of prudence, and might, I think, be trusted—

Mrs. Jun. Safe as the bank, sir.

Chiz. In a word then, madam, can you keep a secret?

Mrs. Jun. Sir, I can keep any thing that comes within my license.

Chiz. Aye, but a woman's tongue, Mrs. Juniper, knows no license. Well, then, Mrs. J., you must know—the fact is—I have come here for private and particular reasons (*aside*) best known to myself—quite incog—wouldn't have it known for all I possess—and that's a good round figure I assure you—(*aside*) a circular nought! in short, my dear madam, to be frank, my object is—but however—

Mrs. Jun. (*aside*)—Oh, hang that “but however.” I'm not to be put off in this way. I'll tap that “but however,” afore I've done—but pray go on, sir, you can put confidence in me I can assure you.

Chiz. (*aside*). Egad, in my opinion she's confidence enough already—(*to Mrs. J.*) Know then, Mrs. J.—returning home—last night—found a letter—tore it open—from very old friend—what do you think—ran thus—come to me instantly—must see you—utmost consequence—the fact is—but however—Rushed to his house—splendid mansion—private room—locked the door—most mysterious—the business was—you'd hardly believe it—but however—Start immediately—chaise and four—railroad quicker—first train in the morning—branch coach to Three Hollies—attentive landlady—bewitching creature—but mark, said he—not a syllable, my boy—say nothing to nobody—but however—(*goes up L.*)

Mrs. Jun. Well, if ever I heard the like. I declare he stows more “buts however” in his speeches than I can in my cellars. (*to Chizzle*). Ah sir, I understand it all—you want to get a peep at your property unknown to any one, eh?—and very nat'r'nal too, I say.

Chiz. (*aside*) Peep at my property; egad, I must peep through a microscope to see it. (*to Mrs. Jun.*) My property—ah—no keeping you in the dark, Mrs. Juniper I see—what you know me, eh?—

Mrs. Jun. If I'm not mistaken you be our new squire that we are all anxiously expecting. A'n't I right, sir?

Chiz. (*aside*). Takes me for the new squire; egad, that'll do

—anything but the real thing. Why you see, madam, that is a question—which, between you and me—under present circumstances—involves considerations which—were I to disclose the real state of affairs—you would, I am sure, allow—that is—but however—

Mrs. Jun. I understand plain enough—want to see which way the wind blows, eh? If I may make so bold sir, I hope when you come to settle at the hall you'll not forget to do all you can for the Three Hollies—it will be a great benefit to a lone widow woman like me I can assure you.

Chiz. Oh, I'll give you a benefit if that's what you want depend upon it—so you're a widow, are you, eh? *(aside).* Egad, here's a chance for me, I'll pump a bit. *(to Mrs. Jun.)* Juniper been dead long—shame if he has—buxom, bewitching creature like you to be—but however—

Mrs. Jun. La bless you sir, my poor dear husband has been dead and buried these ten years.

Chiz. Egad, then you're the finest picture of a widow after *Teniers* I ever set eyes upon. But Juniper left you well to do I hope—matters all right with you before he died—did he not?

Mrs. Jun. Oh yes, sir; I was very comfortable at his death, thank goodness. He left me the house and business, sir, with a meadow at the back, besides a trifle in the funds, a cow, a few pigs, and the rest of the furnitur.

Chiz. (aside). The devil he did!—egad, this is the very thing for me. *(to Mrs. Jun.)* And yet, Mrs. Juniper, even blessed as you are with plenty and pigs—possessed of every comfort and a cow—still, my dear madam, there is one thing wanting to complete your happiness.

Mrs. Jun. And what is that, sir?

Chiz. What, doesn't your own heart tell you? a friend Mrs. Juniper—a buzzum friend—that would console you and mind the bar—look after your interest and keep the key of the till,—love you sincerely and receive your dividends half yearly—counsel—protect—comfort you, and larrup the pot-boy. Mrs. J. you are a lone unprotected female,—I a private single gentleman—you endowed with every charm—I not particularly bad looking—you possessed of a snug little income—and I—but however,—

Mrs. Jun. Lord, sir, I don't understand you; what do you take me for?

Chiz. Take you for, Mrs. J. Why, to look at you, I'd take you for—better or worse with a great deal of pleasure.

Mrs. Jun. You take me for better or worse, sir; you who are engaged to Miss Julia of the Grange—oh, you shocking man.

Chiz. (aside.) Who the devil's Julia Grange. Egad, I'm in for a wife as well as a squireship; but nothing like having two strings to one's bow. Oh—Julia Grange—oh—yes, I remem-

ber—charming creature—but pug-nose—sings divinely—scolds infernally—great taste—fell desperately in love with me—horrid bore—misfortune of being a good-looking fellow—didn't like to hurt the poor thing's feelings—and so might, perhaps, have told her—but however—

Mrs. Jun. Oh, then you have been deceiving the poor thing all this while. Oh! you're a dreadful Nefario I'm afraid.

Chiz. Not a bit of it—quite t'other, on my honour. No, believe me, charming Mrs. J.—never will my joy be perfect, until my cup of bliss is flavoured with Juniper, and here upon my bended knees I swear—(*a violent knocking at door,*) but however—

(*STANDWELL without.*)

Stan. Hollo! within there—open the door.

Mrs. Jun. I declare there be Mr. Standwell, your father-in-law that is to be, at the door, and you've locked it. What shall I do?—I'm an undone woman.

Chiz. My father-in-law that is to be—the devil it is.

(*STANDWELL without.*)

Stan. Come, my young gentleman, what are you at?—Why don't you open the door?

Chiz. You can't come in—I'm not fit to be seen; admit you in five minutes.

Stan. Very well, don't be long—I'll come again.

Mrs. Jun. Oh dear, dear, what shall I do—where shall I go? I can't go down stairs, or they'd discover all—oh, what will become of me? I'm a lost woman.

Chiz. Yes! you're lost if you're found, to a certainty. Stay—I have it; run in there, and keep yourself quiet.

Mrs. Jun. You wont say a word?

Chiz. Not a monosyllable; but begone, vanish, evaporate, mizzle! [Exit *Mrs. JUNIPER*, S. E. R.] Egad, this is what I call a piece of good luck. There was I hunted by those dreadful dogs the bailiffs, and very nigh, like Achilles, laid by the heels; but I put the hounds on a wrong scent—left word I'd gone to France—and came down here, trusting to the attractions of a fascinating face—a drab benjamin—a pair of cross-barred ineffables—and a mysterious "*but howerer*" to work my way—And, egad, I was right—made my fortune, by Jupiter!—Procured me an estate—a squireship—the fee simple of a lovely virgin, and the reversion of a buxom widow!—What a pity I can't take them all! but I must make the best of my time, or the real Simon Pure may arrive, or the bailiff smell me out, and I be robbed of those honors which I feel are but my due; (*knock at door*) but that's my embryo father-in-law returned, I've no doubt. Come in.

(Enter STANDWELL and JULIA, S. E. L.)

Stan. (shaking him by the hand.) Ah, my dear boy, I am delighted to see you! welcome back to old England.

Chiz. (aside.) Back to England! what's he mean? I never was sent out of the country yet. (to STANDWELL.) I'm rejoiced to meet you again, sir.

Julia. His sojourn in India has made him quite a different person, I declare!

Stan. But here's your old flame, Julia;—she would come with me—couldn't keep her away.

Chiz. (aside.) Oh, this is Julia Grange, I suppose.—Julia! my beloved Julia! come to my arms (embraces her and while so doing says to STANDWELL,) You'll excuse this little outburst of affection, sir! hav'n't seen the dear creature for so long you know.

Stan. Ah, very natural—don't mind me—I was as fond of kissing at your age as any one, and, egad, I don't think I've lost all relish for it yet; but you can't tell how glad I am to see you again. I heard a stranger had arrived—knew it must be the son of my old friend—and came down directly.

Chiz. Hush, my dear sir—wouldn't have it known for all the world.

Stan. Not known! Why not?

Julia. How very mysterious!

Chiz. For goodness sake be silent—you see the fact is—private reasons—want to see how things are going on—look after my bailiff. (aside.) The bailiffs have been looking after me long enough. And then you see I shall be ready—you know—you understand—but however—

Stan. Aye, aye, I understand—want to do a bit of the sly, eh? Shrewd dog—just like your old father—chip of the old block I see.

Chiz. (aside.) Who the devil was my father, I wonder? Ah, sir! my father was a man, sir—he *was* a man, sir—and you know what kind of a man he was, sir. (aside.) More than I do, by Jupiter. And I am his own son, sir—and proud I am to say—but however—

Stan. And yet, egad, to look at you, one wouldn't perceive a great family likeness.

Chiz. (aside.) Devilish odd if you did.

Stan. Ah! it is astonishing what an alteration a few years residence in foreign parts will effect in the countenance; I verily believe I shouldn't have known you again—what do you say, Julia? Should you imagine that was the curly-headed boy that used to play at puss in the corner with you.

Chiz. (aside.) She must have a lively imagination if she could.

Julia. Not if I'd seen him without knowing who he *was*;

and yet, when I look at him again, I don't think I could have mistaken the expression of those dear eyes.

Chiz. (*aside.*) My eyes! here's a precious piece of fun! (*to JULIA.*) Ah, I knew you could not forget them—you used to think so much of them, did'nt you, love? But as you say air, (*crosses to c.*) it is surprising what a change time and hot climates work in one's appearance. You'd hardly believe it, but my complexion has undergone as many variations in colour as a camelion on a sun-shiny day. Why, you wouldn't think it, sir, but the cholera in Egypt turned me as blue as a blue-bottle, and then the yellow fever of Jamaica made me as green as a grasshopper.

Stan. What! the yellow fever made you green! That's very extraordinary.

Chiz. Not at all, sir. You see, sir—I caught the yellow fever on the top of the blue cholera, sir—and so the yellow of the one combining with the blue of the other, very naturally formed green, sir—and green accordingly I became, sir—a bright pea-green, sir—looked for all the world like a stick of asparagus—I can assure you, sir.

Julia. But I never knew you had been in either of the countries you have mentioned. I thought you had been sojourning in India all this while.

Chiz. Oh, India! ah, yes! of course! a curious circumstance occurred to me there, sir. You must know, sir, travelling in those parts for the benefit of my health, sir—took a plunge in the Red Sea, sir—you know the Red Sea, sir—it's a deep lake, sir—swam across it and back again, sir—fond of swimming, Julia—was a day and a half doing it, sir—and what do you think, sir—when I came out, sir—I was as purple as pickled cabbage.

Julia. As pickled cabbage! How frightful you must have looked to be sure.

Stan. What! purple!

Chiz. Positive purple, sir—you see the green, sir—you recollect I was green before, sir—being a compound of blue and yellow, sir—and mixing with the red, sir—the yellow, sir;left the blue, sir—and the blue, sir—combined with the red, sir,—and so the green, sir—became changed into purple, sir—d'yee see, sir,—clear as ditch-water, sir—but however—

Stan. Well this is all very extraordinary to me—you travellers certainly see strange things; but, I say,—if you were in India all this time, how came you to encounter the cholera in Egypt, and the yellow fever of Jamaica?

Chiz. Oh, ah, very true, sir! I see you were never in India, sir—a common occurrence there, sir—all done by the wind, sir! The devil's in the wind for mischief out there, sir—wherever it blows from, sure to bring something with it—when it comes from Hungary, sir, gives every one an extra-

ordinary appetite, sir—if it blows from the Falls of Niagun, sir, and you happen to be looking that way, sir,—you'd be sure to have a cataract in your eye, sir—and if it sets in from the quarter of Mount Vesuvius, sir—you'll be certain to have an eruption all over you.—That's the way, sir—always something in the wind out there, sir—but however—

Stan. Well, well, this is all very wonderful, but far past my comprehension, and you shall tell us all about your adventures up at the Grange. But you and Julia would like to have a few minutes *tête à tête* I dare say, and very natural too, so I'll just go and see the horse put too—then I'll take Julia to call on the Simpsons, you in the mean time can pack up your traps, and we'll come and pick you up as we return—so be good children, and don't get too fond of one another in my absence, that's all. [Exit.]

Chiz. At length, then, dearest Julia, fate has brought us once more together. (*aside.*) I wonder whether she's anything in the three per cents. The ardent desire of my yearning heart is then at last gratified. (*aside.*) How I should love her if she'd only a little bank stock.

Julia. And I—have I not been equally anxious to meet you again. Other suitors have pressed around me, but I spurned them all: you, I knew, loved me for myself alone, while they courted me only for the paltry lucre I possessed.

Chiz. Mercenary wretches! (*aside.*) She has some tin then—bless my lucky stars! Yes, believe me, it is your own sweet self, dearest, that I covet, and not your petty five—ten—twenty thousand—I forgot the exact figure, love—but however—

Julia. Twenty thousand until my father's death.

Chiz. (*aside.*) Twenty thousand until her father's death. Idol of my soul! (*aside.*) Twenty thousand! We'll be married to-morrow, dearest.

Julia. To-morrow! Oh, no! that would be too sudden; besides, you know, there must be some delicacy observed.

Chiz. Certainly, sweet! (*aside.*) Damn the delicacy, I say. I can assure you, love, I have no wish to appear precipitate in the matter—so suppose say the day after—

Julia. The day after—you are in a hurry, indeed.

Chiz. Who would not be, to possess you, darling. (*aside.*) And your twenty thousand. Consider the ardour of my affection—consider my love—consider my twenty thou—a hem!—but however—

Julia. Well, papa will arrange all that; but tell me, has your heart never, during your long absence, played truant from your own dear Julia?

Chiz. My heart. How can you ask it, dear? No! here, at thy feet, I swear, by the great Wanky Fum, these knees have never bent in adoration to any other charms but thine—(*Mrs. JUN. appears at the door, R.*)—Mother Juniper, by all that's damnable.

Julia. What, never once so much as wavered in your faith?

Chiz. Never! the heart which now throbs beneath this benjamin has ever been true to you, sweetest. (*aside to Mrs. JUN.*) all gammon, dearest—don't believe a word of it.

Julia. I always thought I might rely upon your constancy.

Chiz. You might, and ever may, love! by those lips I swear it, and thus I make the oath binding with a kiss! (*aside to Mrs. JUN.*) I'll attend to you directly.

Enter GABY, S. E. L.

Gaby. Please, Miss, the shay be all ready, and Squire Standwell do say—(*observing CHIZZLER embracing JULIA*)—but however—

Chiz. Get out, you miniature hippopotamus, how dare you interrupt a gentleman at his devotions. (*kicks GABY off*) Come, then, if I must part with you, dear, (*aside to Mrs. JUNIPER*) Back to you in a moment, sweet. (*to JULIA*) My heart bleeds to leave you, love! (*to Mrs. JUNIPER*) I long to be with you, darling! (*to JULIA*) Matchless maid! (*to Mrs. JUNIPER*) Bewitching widow! (*to JULIA*) Infatuating Julia! (*to Mrs. JUNIPER*) Intoxicating Juniper!—but however—

[*Exeunt CHIZZLER and JULIA, S. E. L.*

Mrs. JUNIPER comes forward.

Mrs. Jun. Well, he is a pollybigamarien—I declare I never seed such a deceptious wretch in all my born days afore; but this comes of living among them Hindoo savages, where they're allowed as many wives as there be months in the year, —as if, as poor dear Mr. Juniper used to say, one better half warnt more nor enough for any man. I shouldn't wonder but what he'll be for marrying all the women in the parish; (*horn blows without*) but there be the other coach, and, as I live, there be another customer a coming in. Well, these rail-roads certainly be the things to make us inn-keepers get on.

Enter CASHMERE, S. E. L.

Cash. Thank goodness, I am at my journey's end at last. (*seeing Mrs. JUNIPER*) The landlady I presume.

Mrs. Jun. Mrs. Juniper, at your service—do you stay, sir?

Cash. To-night, certainly; but whether longer depends upon circumstances. Have you many people stopping here?

Mrs. Jun. Only one gentleman, at present, sir—he be the owner of a large estate in the neighbourhood.

Cash. Indeed!—What is his name? I may be acquainted with him, perhaps.

Mrs. Jun. Why, you see, sir, he be rather an odd kind of a being, and doesn't want to be known to any one here, sir—but I'll go and see your luggage put into your room, sir.—(aside.) Now, he be either a country squire, a London butcher, a gentleman's coachman, or a bum-bailiff, I'll be sworn!

[Exit S. E. L.

Cash. I declare I feel quite overjoyed at the thoughts of meeting my beloved Julia once again—has she been as true to me as I to her? Fourteen years estrangement is a severe trial for a woman's affection; and though her letters have breathed eternal constancy—yet, alas! the sex is as fickle as frail!—Egad, it would not be amiss to learn something of her demeanour in my absence, ere I make myself known to her—probably this gentleman may be acquainted with the family, and be able to give me some information on the subject—in these villages the least *liaison*, however secretly conducted, cannot avoid detection.

Re-enter CHIZZLER, S. E. L.

Chiz. Well, I've appeased Mother Juniper—(sees CASHMERE, and starts)—a stranger—and seems rather suspicious, too—has a dash of the bailiff about him—smells strongly of Chancery-lane, and looks latitatis, I declare—but he doesn't know me, that's clear—so I'll just sound him abit—(to CASHMERE.) From London, I presume, sir?

Cash. Yes, sir—just arrived.

Chiz. Indeed, sir!—May I ask what you've come down about, sir?—you'll excuse me, sir—you see, sir—the fact is, sir—but however—

Cash. You are expecting somebody, I suppose, sir?

Chiz. (aside) A bailiff, by all that's horrible! and on the look out too, I see—now to blind him. Oh, no, sir; quite the contrary, sir!—thought you might have wanted to make enquiries about some one in the village, sir—know everybody, sir—been living here all my life, sir—native of the place, sir—large estate in the neighbourhood—got a fine *manor* of my own, sir—(aside.) That's no bounce, at any rate. Splendid sport there, sir—lots of *hares* about me—preserve them, sir. (aside.) Yes, with macassar oil. Happy to give you any information, sir—you understand—but however—

Cash. You are very kind, sir; and being a resident here, are, doubtless, acquainted with one who had an engagement with a gentleman abroad, sir. (aside.) Now, I shall learn whether my Julia has been true to me or not!

Chiz. (aside.) That's I, by jingo! I left word I was engaged to France—now to put the catchpole on a wrong scent. Oh, yes, sir!—knew the party well, sir—sorry to say it, sir—hope you've nothing to do there, sir—but however—

Cash. But however what, sir! You alarm me, sir; pray proceed; I have an attachment in that quarter.

Chiz. (*aside.*) Yes—a writ of attachment, of course—regret to hear it, sir—you're too late, sir—a day after the fair, sir—no wish to hurt your feelings—but however—

Cash. But however what, sir? Continue; pray continue—I'm prepar'd to hear the worst—what has become of the party, sir?—I entreat you to tell me.

Chiz. (*aside.*) Well, damme, if this is n't the most enthusiastic catchpole I ever knew!—What has become of the party, sir?—I'll make him believe I have ran away—why, bolted sir!—

(*aside.*) That'll do, I think.

Cash. Bolted! How! What! Explain yourself.

Chiz. Why bolted!—mizzled—cut—decamped—exploded—gone off—which ever you please, sir.

Cash. What gone!—the chief object of my search!—then all is lost!

Chiz. (*aside.*) Devilish lucky for me, you think so! Yes, sir! deceitful creature, sir—kept faith with no man, sir—ran away in the night, sir! (*aside.*) My usual style of doing it.—Eloped when everybody was asleep, sir—but however—

Cash. Gracious heaven! is it possible?—a being who was so chaste!

Chiz. Yes, chased indeed, sir!—chased like a fox, sir!—ran after by everybody, sir. (*aside.*) That's my case wherever I go.

Cash. Well, I never could have imagined it! (*aside.*) Oh, Julia! Julia! Why I intended to have taken the person myself—thought it would have been quite a catch!

Chiz. (*aside.*) Yes, you're fond of a catch, no doubt—intended to have taken the person, did you, sir—but, bless you, that would have been nothing new. (*aside.*) I'll make him believe I was in prison here. Was laid by the heels here, sir—confined in this very town, sir!

Cash. What! confined in this town!

Chiz. Oh, yes—fact, I assure you, sir—had a little affair at the Red Lion, sir!

Cash. A what!

Chiz. A little affair, sir—landlord quite distressed about it, sir—a little bill, sir—long as that, sir—left it quite unprovided for, sir!

Cash. Gracious heaven! that such a being should ever become so utterly devoid of all feeling and honor.

Chiz. La! that's a mere nothing, sir!—several little affairs of the same sort in the neighbourhood.

Cash. You astound me! but, is there no trace of the fugitive?

Chiz. None, that I know of, sir. (*aside.*) Egad, I must get rid of this fellow, somehow; yet, stay! yonder comes a gentleman who knows more about the movements of the party

than myself, sir—so, if you'll just retire into that room, sir, (u.) I'll learn particulars, and report progress, sir—do you understand, sir?

Chiz. Yes, yes!—only give me some clue to the fugitive's retreat, and I will pursue the creature even to the remotest corner of the earth. [Exit s. e. e.

Chiz. Well, damme, if he isn't the most persevering bailiff I ever met with; but I've got you now, my master, and to make sure, I'll turn the key. (*locks the door.*) I'm afraid, tho', my troubles are not at an end yet—it's very evident I'm supposed to be somebody beside myself, down here; and if the real Simon Pure should come before I'm tied to that lovely angel, with the twenty thousand pounds, what the devil's to be done, then! Egad, I have it—I'll excite his jealousy—stir up his green-eyed monster—and if that doesn't make him forswear the dear creature—why, damme, since I've been taken for him, the bailiff yonder shall take him for me; and, at all events, let the worst come, I've old Mother Juniper to fall back upon—and, after all, I don't think she'll make so very bad—a—but however—

Enter PROWL, S. E. L.

Chiz. Top-boots!

Prowl. Whity-brown coat!

Chiz. Broad brim!

Prowl. Plaid continuations!

Chiz. Egad, this looks like the squire.

Prowl. He's too great a swell for my man.

Chiz. (*aside.*) No time to be lost; good day to you, sir—snug little place this, sir—natives devils to talk, sir—no secrets here, sir—capital place for information, sir—I should say you'd come down on a voyage of discovery, sir—you'll excuse me, sir—no wish to appear inquisitive, sir—but however—

Prowl. (*aside.*) Voyage of discovery! Egad, he smells the bailiff already. Why, yes, I certainly came to look after a certain party in the village here. [Goes up L.

Chiz. (*aside.*) Damme, how he struts—all the air of a nabob, I declare! Very curious, sir—I guessed as much, sir—if I mistake not, sir, you've a suit of long standing in that quarter, sir—heard all about it, sir—isn't it the case, eh?

Prowl. A *ca:sa:* it certainly is, sure enough, and a precious long time I've been engaged in the business—I thought I never should have been able to have got possession of the person, but I think I may make pretty sure of getting hold of the party now.

Chiz. (*aside.*) Now to raise the squire's jealousy. Don't make too certain of that, sir—there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, sir—but however—

Prowl. But however! well, go on! What do ye mean?

Chiz. Mean—*(aside)*—he'll break his heart, poor devil!—that it's all up with you there, sir—no go, I assure you, sir—you've been too long on the road, sir—attachment, somewhere else, sir!

Prowl. What! you don't intend to say any other gentleman has been before me, and captivated the prize.

Chiz. *(aside.)* The squire's getting the steam up. Yes; fact, I assure you, sir—no wish to hurt your feelings—you've been cut out, sir—fickle creature, sir—quite taken in another quarter—sorry for you, sir—but however—

Prowl. Taken! the devil! Well, I heard there were a number of gentlemen after the individual.

Chiz. Oh, yes, sir—scores, sir—never knew a person so much sought after in all my life, sir!

Prowl. And quite nat'ral with such a bird as that.

Chiz. Quite, sir—person handsome, sir—manners winning—fascinating creature, sir.

Prowl. So they are all of that kidney; make victims of many honest men by such artful means; and, certainly, of all the rogues I ever came across, there never was, to my fancy, such a regular, out-and-out, thorough-bred *do*, as that Mr. Caleb Chizzler.

Chiz. *(aside.)* Caleb Chizzler! egad, here's a screw loose here.

Prowl. Why, here's the very writ I've got against him, is for as complete a plant as ever you heard of.

Chiz. A writ! *(aside.)* Egad, then, this is the bailiff after me; and *that* must be the squire after Julia. What the deuce is to be done now—I have it—*(to Prowl.)* So then, you're a bailiff, are you?—shouldn't have thought it, to look at you—you see, knowing so little about those people, I mistook you for a gentleman—only shows how wretchedly ignorant I am in these matters—actually mistook you for a gentleman I'm expecting down here after a fair neighbour of mine—father's estate adjoins my park—known and loved her ever since I was so high—intended to have horsewhipped the fellow—but however—

Prowl. It's lucky for me, then, you've found out your mistake—so then all you've been telling me, don't concern Mr. Chizzler, sir?

Chiz. Mr. Mizzler?

Prowl. No, Chizzler!

Chiz. Grizzler! no; don't know such a person—never heard the name before.

Prowl. You hav'n't noticed a person down 'ere on the aly, have you, sir?

Chiz. *(aside.)* Now, to get rid of the squire and this fellow at one stroke! To be sure I have—was here only a moment

ago, and did n't want to see you—spied you coming—went in there—thought it odd—locked the door—suspicious-looking character—said he was a squire—couldn't believe it—that's your man, depend upon it—but however—

Prowl. Ah, just his way!—then I've got him at last, thank goodness. (*slaps CHIZZLER on the shoulder.*) You've no notion the trouble that fellow has given me, sir—he is the most knowing card I ever was after—but I'll be even with him now.

Chiz. Aye, do—but mind he doesn't slip through your fingers, this time; you'll take him off directly, of course.

Prowl. Never fear, sir. Ah, sir! you an't up to the wicked dodges of this life.

Chiz. No! I am happy to say I am as innocent as a new-born babe on that score.

Prowl. Yes, you are an honest gentleman, sir!

Chiz. And you are a man of discernment.

Prowl. He didn't ask you to lend him anything, did he, sir?

Chiz. What! borrow of a stranger—unblushing impudence.

Prowl. Just his way, sir.

Chiz. But you'd better look after your bird, or he may take wing, for what you know.

Prowl. I'll cage him!

(*Opens the room door, R., and drags CASHMERE out.*)

Prowl. Come along, Mr. Chizzler—you are my prisoner at last.

Cash. Chizzler!—prisoner! What do you mean?—unhand me. I am Squire Cashmere, of Quagmire Hall—just returned from India.

Prowl. D'y hear that, sir? Botany Bay, more likely.

Chiz. Oh, fie! fie! young man! appalling iniquity.

Prowl. Just his way, sir—an old hand in that line.

Chiz. Take care of him—make the wretched creature comfortable—and any little expences, I shall be most happy to—but however—

Prowl. There's a honorable gentleman for you!—why don't you take pattern by him—but, come along; I can't waste my time with such as you; come!

Cash. Loose me, fellow, I say!—I'll not stir one step.

Prowl. Oh! wont you!—we'll soon see that—(*calling off.*) Here! Sturdy!

Chiz. There! there! take him away—shameful impostor!

[*PROWL endeavours to drag CASHMERE off—he resists, and cries "HELP, THIEVES, MURDER!"—CHIZZLER shoulders him behind—when they have nearly reached the door, enter STANDWELL, JULIA, MRS. JUNIPER, and GABY.*

Stan. Holloa! what is all this?—

Chiz. Awkward affair—gentleman particularly wanted—private business—pressing invitation—wont accept it—better retire and arrange it—ladies present—can't do so before them—but however—

Mrs. Jun. Well, it certainly be a very unpleasant business—I wouldn't have had it happen in this house for a great deal, I can assure you, Mr. Standwell.

Cash. Mr. Standwell!—What! Squire Standwell, of the Grange.

Stan. The same, sir. What do you know of me?

Cash. There is some dreadful mistake here; I am Christopher Cashmere, returned from India, sir, to take possession of my uncle's estate, and claim the hand of my beloved Julia—these letters of your daughter's, sir, which I have ever worn nearest to my heart, will prove my identity—(*gives packet.*)

Proul. I have got into a quagmire here, I'm thinking!

Chiz. It's all up with me—knocked out of the twenty thousand, by Jupiter!

Stan. These are genuine, certainly—but then, who is this gentleman—he represented himself to me as Squire Cashmere.

Chiz. No, pardon me, sir—you wrong me, sir, I assure you—I'd scorn the action, sir—you see, sir—the fact is, sir—came down here—represented nobody, sir—got taken for somebody, sir—all I said was, sir—but however—

Stan. Egad, now I recollect, that I believe is all you did say; but who the devil are you? What is your name?

Chiz. Who am I, sir! what's my name, sir!—I'm a private, single gentleman, sir—and my name is—(*turns, and looks at Prowl*)—but however—

Proul. Caleb Chizzler, you mean; and you're my prisoner!

Chiz. I'm a free born Briton; and this is the land of liberty—but however—

Stan. So, then, your tale about catching the yellow fever on top of the blue cholera, and so becoming green, a bright pea-green, sir, was all false, sir, eh?

Cash. Aye; and so was, I suppose, your story about Miss Julia—and the little affair at the Red Lion—a little bill, sir—long as that, sir—left it quite unprovided, sir—

Julia. And your swearing by the great Wanky Fum!

Mrs. Jun. And your offer to comfort me, and larrup the pot-boy!

Proul. And your palaver about having heard there were such people in the world as regular *doo's*!

Gaby. And your stuff that you always liked to reward attention.

Chiz. Spare me, my good friends, spare me—I respect you all—shall ever respect you—you see, the fact is—temptation was before me—bailiffs behind me—beauty beside me—my wonted modesty forsook me—and I—but however—

Stan. Well! well! it's a pity that the ingenuity you have displayed in this affair, should not be applied to some worthier purpose. Come, I'll free you from your present difficulties, and procure you a snug birth in the neighbourhood, upon the stipulation that you promise to reform.

Chiz. Sir, I make no promises, whether I shall ever again turn blue, green, yellow, or be ultimately *dun-brown*, I cannot tell—my fate is not in my own hands—all I have to say is—but however—

END.

Disposition of the Characters.

R. PROWL, MRS. JUNIPER, CHIZZLE, STANDWELL, CASHIMERE, JULIA, GABY L.

W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU PRESS," 6, NASSAU STREET, SOHO.

No. 62.

Price 6d.

WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

UNDER THE AURCIES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI,
CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY
B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON WOOD,
BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,
From a Drawing taken during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON:
WEBSTER AND CO., 19, SUFFOLK STREET,
PALL MALL EAST;

W. L. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S
LANE; MESSRS. SHERWOOD, GILBERT AND PIPER; WILLIAM
STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; VICKERS, AND BERGER,
HOLYWELL STREET; ALLEN, WARWICK LANE; WISEHART,
SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN; JOHN SUTHERLAND AND CO.,
CALTON STREET, EDINBURGH: AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY,

SPLENDID NEW EDITION OF PLAYS.

WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

Comprising every successful New Play, Farce, Melo-Drama, &c.

Produced at the London Theatres, correctly printed from the
Prompter's Copy.

A Number will be published every Fortnight, price Sixpence.

(The more expensive Copyrights One Shilling.)

Each Play will be illustrated by an Engraving of the most interesting
Scene, taken during the representation.

VOLUME I.

With a Portrait of J. R. PLANCHE, F.S.A., price 7s. in cloth, contains:

1. The Two Figures
2. The Country Squires
3. The Quaker Subject
4. The Sentinel
5. The Modern Orypheus

6. A Peculiar Position
7. Walter Tyrell
8. The Tiger at Large
9. The Bridal, &c.

10. My Young Wife and My
old Umbrella
11. The Middle Temple
12. A Banquet with the Devil

VOLUME II.

With a Portrait of TYRONE POWER, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains:

13. A Quarter to Nine
14. Blanche of Jersey
15. The Bottle Imp
16. Court Favour
17. The Spifire

18. Rory O'More
19. Advice Gratis
20. The Original
21. Barbers of Bassora

22. Why did You Die?
23. Valisha
24. Revival Tiger
25. St. Patrick's Eve

VOLUME III.

With a Portrait of CHARLES MATIREWS, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains:

26. Puss in Boots
27. The Bingley
28. The Black Domino
29. Our Mary Anne
30. Shocking Events

31. The Culprit
32. Confounded Foreigners
33. The Dancing Barber
34. All for Love; or the Lost
Friend

35. The Spitalfields Woore
36. The Rifle Brigade
37. Angelina
38. Truth

VOLUME IV.

With a Portrait of T. HAYNES BAYLEY, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains:

39. You Can't Marry Your
Grandmother
40. Spring Look
41. The Valet de Sham
42. Groves of Blarney, &c.

43. A Hasty Conclusion
44. The Meltonians
45. Week Points
46. Naval Engagements
47. British Legion

48. The Irish Lion
49. Lying in Ordinary
50. One Hour, or the Ca-
nival Ball

VOLUME V.

With a Portrait of J. B. BUCKSTONE, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains:

51. White Horse of the Pe-
pers
52. Gemini
53. The Artist's Wife
54. A Lesson for Ladies

55. The Devil's Opera
56. Tom Noddy's Secret
57. Forty and Fifty
58. Sons and Systems
59. Printer's Devil

60. Ask no Questions
61. "But However—"
62. Nicholas Nickleby
63. Married Life

VOLUME VI.

With a Portrait of B. WEBSTER, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains:

64. Oliver Twist
65. Chaos is Come Again
66. Mr. Greenfinch
67. My Little Adopted
68. Maid of Croissey

69. Grace Darling
70. The Court of Old Frits
71. Jane Lomax
72. "Queen's Horse"

73. Burlington Arcade
74. His First Champagne
75. Jessie Wallin
76. Swiss Swallows





NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

A FARCE,

In Two Acts.

Taken from the popular work of that name, by "BOZ."

BY

EDWARD STIRLING, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "CARLINE," "PICKWICK CLUB," "DON JUAN," "DAN-
DOLO," "ROSE OF CORBEIL," "WOMAN'S THE DEVIL,"
"BACHELOR'S BUTTONS," "SADAK AND KAL-
RASADE," "THE WHITE HOODS," "BLUE
JACKETS," &c. &c.

As performed at

THE ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENTS,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED AT THE NATIONAL ACTING DRAMA OFFICE,
19, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST; "NASSAU STEAM
PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS; TO BE
HAD OF STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; WISEHEART, SUFFOLK
STREET, DUBLIN; AND ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed, November 19, 1838.

RALPH NICKLEBY. Dark green coat, blue
spencer, dark gray pantaloons, Hessian boots, } Mr. CULLENFORD.
bow-crowned broad-brimmed hat

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Suit of black, black
stock, Wellington boots, black hat } Mr. J. WEBSTER.

NEWMAN NOGGS. Old black coat, striped
waistcoat, drab trousers, black gaiters, shoes,
and white handkerchief, black hat (all very
ragged) } Mr. O. SMITH.

MANTILINI. Flowered-silk dressing-gown
and trousers, light waistcoat, green slippers,
blue silk stock, red silk sash at waist. 2nd
dress. Brown coat, handsome satin waistcoat,
Greek cap, black trousers, shoes, hat, silk stock-
ings, wig, and whiskers } Mr. YATES.

SQUEERS. Black coat, waistcoat, pantaloons,
Hessian boots, dark great-coat, comforter and
gloves, black hat. 2nd dress. Drab morning gown } Mr. WILKINSON.

SCALEY. Green coat, red striped waistcoat,
low-crowned white hat, top boots. 2nd dress.
Buff morning gown

TIX. Green coat, light waistcoat, black
trousers, and shoes

SMIKE. Black jacket, dark trousers, old
boots, frill round neck, old black hat, black wig } Mrs. KEELEY.
straight hair

Lord Verisopht, Choucer, Swob, Pike, Pluck, and Sir Mulberry Hawke.
Modern dresses, extreme of fashion.

JOHN BROWDIE. Green countryman's coat,
flowered cotton waistcoat, corduroy breeches, } Mr. BEVERLY.
worsted stockings, shoes and buckles, red wig,
round black hat. 2nd dress. Smockfrock over

SERVANTS. Liveries, modern } Mr. UPSDELL.
Mr. GEORGE.

MRS. NICKLEBY. Black widow's dress, bon-
net, &c. } Miss O'NIEL.

KATE NICKLEBY. Black dress, black bon-
net and shawl. 2nd dress. Black, white veil } Miss COTTERIL.
over shoulders

MADAME MANTILINI. Rich chaley dress,
trimmed with rose-coloured satin, turban, red } Miss SHAW.
and pink feathers

MISS KNAGG. Coloured cotton dress, green } Miss GEORGE.
silk apron with pockets, cap (all extravagant)

MISS SQUEERS. Red silk dress trimmed
with green ribbons, small fancy apron with } Miss GOWER.
pockets, broad blue sash, flowers in hair

MISS PRICE. White dress, pink apron, } Miss GROVE.
flowers in her hair

MRS. SQUEERS Mrs. FOSBROKE.
Work Ladies. Modern dresses.

Time of representation, one hour and thirty-eight minutes.

DEDICATION.

TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

ALLOW me to dedicate to you your own *Nicholas Nickleby* in his dramatic garb. The exceeding popularity that you have already invested him with must plead my apology for the attempt.

Your sincere admirer,

EDWARD STIRLING.

13, John Street, Adelphi.

REMARKS

This dramatic combination of the most popular points of one of the inimitable works of "Boz" is most cleverly put together, and as cleverly acted, though we think it hardly fair to attempt to finish what is as yet unfinished in the original. By chance or in consequence of some indistinct hints during the progress of the plot the counterfeit coinage of Mr. Stirling's brain might have borne the impress of the true gold so nearly as to have rendered it necessary to alter and remodel the denouement of the source whence he derived his piece, to the great annoyance and trouble of the inventor and constructor of the whole. Such however, we are happy to find is not the case. We are equally happy to learn that the skill and tact of the adapter, and the excellence of the acting by which this little piece is sustained, have in this particular instance certainly removed from the mind of Mr. Dickens those objections which, as a general principle, he naturally entertains to the adaptation of his unfinished works to theatrical purposes.

The interest to know the real end of this eventful history will now rather be increased than lessened; and that the conclusion of "Boz" will surpass that of all others we are well convinced, for "none but himself can be his parallel."

B. W.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The coffee room, the window of which extends across the stage—inn yard of Saracen's Head, Snorchill, seen through it—fire is seen burning cheerfully—table laid for breakfast, coffee, &c. smoking—opposite is another table, at which is seated four little boys, eagerly watching SQUEERS who is eating voraciously, and cutting large slices from a round of beef, which is placed on a third table, and occasionally pocketing the same—a fifth boy sits on a small box—an ostler or chambermaid crosses—it is snowing lightly during scene.

Squ. (speaking to children while eating.) Conquer your passions boys, and don't the eager after victuals. (swallows a large piece.)

WAITER enters with a large jug, and a kettle, with hot water, R. H.

Wai. The milk, sir.

Squ. (speaking with his mouth full.) Very well. (looks into jug.) Is this twopenn'orth, William?

Wai. Two penn'orth, sir.

Squ. What a rare article milk is in London! Fill the jug up to the top with water.

Wai. To the top, sir? why the milk will be drownded. (filling jug from kettle.)

Squ. Serve it right for being so dear. Now have you brought the bread-and-butter for three, for these five little boys?

Wai. Yes, sir. (places a small plate of thick bread-and-butter at the table.)

Squ. Very good. I expect a young gentleman of the name of Nickleby, when he arrives send him to me.

Wai. Yes, sir. (going.)

Squ. Stop! you may leave the kettle.

[WAITER places kettle on fireplace, and exits, (tasting milk and pouring water in it.) Here's richness!—think of the many beggars and orphans in the street, that wou'd be glad of this, little boys. (pours more water.) Now, boys, for breakfast. When I say No 1, the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say No. 2, the boy next him will go in; and so till No. 5, which is the last boy. Are you all ready?

Boys. Yes, if you please, sir.

Squ. That's right! keep so till I tell you to begin. No. 1. (boy drinks.) No. 2. (drinks.) 3, 4, & 5. (all drink.) And now for the bread-and-butter. (breaking it into five portions.) Look sharp, for when the horn blows every boy leaves off. (boys eat quickly. SQUEERS standing before fire.) Capital chance—this Nickleby for me—the very man I want—it is not the first time Old Ralph has thrown me a bone to pick. (a horn sounds, and people cross yard with luggage.) That's the horn! leave off, boys. No. 1, pull that crust out of your mouth; 4 & 5, I'll knock your heads together. (taking bread-and-butter from them, and placing it in a small basket.) There, you'll want it on the road.

WAITER re-enters, R. H.

Wai. Mr. Nickleby, sir.

Squ. Very well, William, get these boys on the coach, will you? [WAITER exits with boys, R. H.

RALPH and NICHOLAS enter R. H. SQUEERS bows.

Squ. (to RALPH.) Servant, sir. Those dear children are five pupils of mine, all booked outside for the delightful village of Do-the-boys Hall, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire; where youths are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, and—

Ral. As advertised; we know all about it, sir.

Squ. You do, sir, you do, no man better. That boy you sent us, Docker, he that died, how kind Mrs Squeers behaved to him; the attention that was bestowed upon him in his illness—dry toast and warm tea every night and morning, when he couldn't swallow it—a candle in his bedroom on the very night he died—and the best Walker's Dictionary to lay his head upon, yet he died ungrateful.

Ral. (groans.) Hem!

Squ. (whispers to RALPH.) That half-witted fool still lives, although we tried every thing.

Ral. Silence! my nephew, Mr. Nicholas Nickleby.

Squ. (aside.) All muni. (to NICHOLAS.) How do you do, sir? you'd be delighted with Mrs. Squeers—she'll be a mother to you.

[SQUEERS, RALPH, and NICHOLAS, retire up talking, and exit R. H.

NEWMAN NOGGS enters, 1 E. L. H.

Nog. (looking cautiously round.) Governor—not here—all right. (producing a dirty soiled letter.) This may be a slight assistance to his nephew—poor lad—widowed mother—innocent pretty sister—unprovided—not a friend to look to but Ralph Nickleby—he a friend—ha! ha! ha!—to any thing but himself.—No, no, I've heard of hard-hearts—but rock marble's a feather bed to his. (a noise of passengers arriving. Horn sounds, and "Coach, coach ready") I mustn't be seen—no, no, secrecy, secrecy's the word—ha! ha! (retires behind coach.)

Enter MRS. NICKLEBY, KATE, RALPH, SQUEERS, and NICHOLAS.
R. H. 1 E.

Ral. (to Mrs. N.) Don't tell me, madam—I never paid for a hackney-coach in my life.

Mrs. N. I can't help it; if the dear boy had gone without seeing us, I should never have forgiven myself—without his breakfast too.

Ral. Breakfast! stuff—when I first started in the world, I took a penny loaf and a drink at the pump for my breakfast.

Squ. (who has been placing boys on coach.) Now Nickleby, I think you'd better get up behind. I'm afraid of one of them boys falling off, and that would be a clear loss of twenty pounds a year, and two towels.

Kate. (to NICHOLAS) Dear Nicholas! who is that vulgar man?

Squ. (giving a card.) Mr. Whackford Squeers, ma'am, and I'm far from being ashamed of it. There's some of my boys, all gentlemen's sons—each boy is required to bring two suits of clothes, six shirts, six pair of stockings, two nightcaps, two pocket-handkerchiefs, two pair of shoes, two hats, and one razor.

Nic. A Razor! what's that for?

Squ. To shave with. (touches his own beard.)

Ral. (advancing.) My niece—Nicholas' sister—Mr. Squeers!

Squ. (bowing.) Indeed! I wish Mrs. Squeer's took gals, and we had you for a teacher. I don't know tho', she might grow jealous. Eh! ha! ha! (retires up with RALPH, and talks part.)

Kate. I don't half like the appearance of this person, Nicholas. What kind of a place are you going to? (aside to NICHOLAS.)

Nic. I hardly know Kate! but I suppose the Yorkshire folks are rather rough and uncultivated. Mr. Squeers is my employer—you mustn't take his coarseness ill. (SQUEERS and RALPH look round.) They are looking this way—I must take my place. Bless you love—and good bye mother, look forward to our meeting again some day—good bye! (kisses sister and mother, then exits L. H. 1 E. and re-enters immediately U. E. L. H. and is seen to mount coach.)

Kate & (crying.) Good bye.

Mrs. N. (crying.)

Squ. (to RALPH.) I understand—I'll hold him with a tight hand—and for Smike.

Ral. (aside, interrupting SQUEERS.) As you value my friendship, never let me hear any news of the brat again—but—his—

Squ. Death—ha! ha!

[Nodding his head and placing his fingers on his nose—
they whisper—RALPH gives money and all exit 1 E. L. H.
[NEWMAN NOGGS who has stolen on during the latter part
of the scene, U. E. L. H., now approaches the coach cau-
tiously.

Nog. (holding up letter to NICHOLAS) Here.

Nic. What's this?

Nog. Hush!

[Points to RALPH who has entered, *u. x. l. x.*, with all the characters for tableau.

Nic. It—read it—nobody knows—that's all.

Nic. (taking letter.) Stop!

Nog. (going.) I can't.

Nic. Why?

Nog. Because I won't.

Tableau.—(See work.)

Gua. Now gentlemen—coach ready.

[*Horn blows*—SQUEERS jumps up—KATE and MRS. NICKLEBY wave their hands—coach moves slowly—snow descends heavily as scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*A chamber in MADAME MANTILINI's house—a single knock and a bell heard as the scene opens.*

Enter a SERVANT in livery, *l. h. 1 e.*

Ser. (yawning.) I never saw such a bore of a house as this is—knocker and bell going from morning till night—I most positively must give my master his discharge.

[Exit, *r. h. 1 e.*, and re-enters immediately followed by NEWMAN NOGGS carrying a letter.

Nog. Give this to your master—Mr. Ralph Nickleby will be here immediately—be quick—no time to lose. (gives letter.)

Ser. No time to lose. (mimicking.) What a wild boar!

[Exit slowly.

Nog. Nice place the benevolent old gentleman has selected for the pretty delicate creature—his niece—a dressmaker—a milliner—and open to all the insults and degradations that the wasps and butterflies of fashion may choose to heap upon her—and for what? why the splendid recompence of six shillings per week—fourteen hours per day—and find herself in food and all the necessities of life—the boy pack'd off to the worst of slavery—the drudgery of a Yorkshire school—the girl condemned to perpetual misery and squalid poverty. So much for the widow's friend—kind uncle and loving brother—bah! I'm ashamed to own myself of the same species—but a day will come—will come. (rubbing his hands.)

Enter RALPH NICKLEBY conducting KATE, *r. h. 1 e.*

Ral. Why are you loitering here, idling your time away? go home.

Nog. Yes, sir—but allow me to—

Ral. (loud.) Go!

Nog. Oh! [Hobbles off *r. h. 1 e.*

Kate. Is this Madame Mantilini's, sir?

Ral. It is Madame Mantilini's—and what of that, pray?

Kate. (timidly.) Nothing.

Ral. Oh! I thought you might have some objections to offer

to the situation—I have been at the trouble of providing for you.

Kate. Uncle—I must ask one question—am I to live at home?

Ral. At home! where's that? didn't know you had one.

Kate. I mean with my mother—the widow—I cannot leave her.

Ral. Humbug! Do as you like—tho' you will live here to all intents and purposes, for here you will take your meals—here you will be from morning till night—and occasionally till morning again.

Kate. But at night, I mean—I must be with my mother—at home—although that home may be humble.

Ral. May be humble—must be, you mean.

Ral. Your pardon, uncle—the word slipped from my tongue.

Ral. I hope it did—we must have no false notions of pride.

[*MANTILINI* is heard speaking without.

Man. (without.) Make haste my devinity—can't exist without you—pon my honor.

MANTILINI enter, L. H. 1 E.

Man. Nickleby—how are you? Demmit! you don't mean to say you wan time yet—do you?

Ral. Not yet—my niece

Man. I remember—demmit—I remember now—what you come for—ha! ha! forgot the note—and thought you wanted money—you are such a rum fellow, Nickleby—the demdest, long-headed, queerest tempered old coiner of gold and silver ever was—demmit.

MADAME MANTILINI enters, L. H. 1 E.

Man. My life—what a demn'd devil of a time you have been!

Mad. M. I didn't even know Mr. Nickleby was here, love.

Man. Then what a double demn'd infernal rascal that footman must be my love.

Mad. M. That is entirely your fault, my dear.

Man. My fault, my heart's joy?

Mad. M. Certainly—you will not correct the man.

Man. Correct the man—my soul's delight?

Mad. M. Yes, I am sure he wants speaking to—bad enough.

Man. Then do not vex yourself—he shall be horsewhipped till he cries out demnibly. (*kisses her—she pulls him violently by the ear.*)

Ral. Now ma'm, this is my niece. (*bringing KATE forward.*)

Mad. M. Just so—Miss Nickleby—can you speak French, child? (*crosses to KATE.*)

Kate. (timidly.) Yes, ma'am.

Man. Like a demn'd native. (*eyeing KATE with a glass.*)

Mad. M. We keep twenty young women constantly employed in this establishment.

Man. Yes, and some of 'em demn'd handsome too

Mad. M. Mantilini!

Man. My idol!

Mad. M. Do you wish to break my heart?

Man. Not for twenty thousand hemispheres—populated with little ballet-dancers.

Mad. M. You will pay no attention if you please to what Mr. Mantilini says, he knows nothing whatever about any of my young ladies, he was never even in the workroom—I do not allow it—pray what hours of work have you been accustomed to?

Kate. I have never been accustomed to work at all ma'am.

Ral. For which reason she will work the better.

Mad. M. I hope so—our hours are from nine to nine, with extra work when we're very full of business, for which I allow payment—dinner and tea you will take here—your wages will average from five to seven shillings a week.

Man. (aside.) What she'll do with so much demn'd money I can't guess!

Mad. M. If you are ready to come, you had better begin to-morrow morning at nine precisely. Miss Knagg, my fore-woman shall be prepared to receive you—is there any mort, Mr. Nickleby?

Ral. Nothing more, ma'am.

Mad. M. (curtseying.) Then, I believe, that's all.—Come, love.

Man. Yes, my soul. Adieu Nickleby!—*Au revoir* you little bonnet sylph—(bowing to KATE)—mind the demn'd nine in the morning.

Mad. M. (angrily.) Mantilini!

Man. (putting his arm round her waist and hurrying her off.) Silence, charment—you know I'm too demn'd fond of you.

[Exit MANTILINI and MADAME, L. H. 1 E.

Ral. There, now you're provided for—I had some idea of providing for your mother in a pleasant part of the country—but, as you want to be together, I must try to do something else for her—she has a little money, hasn't she?

Kate. A very little.

Ral. A little will go a great way if it's used sparingly. There's a house empty that belongs to me—I can put you into it till it's let—but no time to spare now. Come, I'll see you into the street, then you must find your way home—turn to the right-hand, straight on—if you forget, then ask—or stand still till you remember again.

[Exit hurriedly, R. H. 1 E., dragging KATE after him on his arm.

SCENE III.—*A dilapidated room, supposed to be a kitchen at Do-the-boys Hall—window in F. through which the snow is falling—a fireplace, 2 E. R. H.—the reflection of the moon falls strongly on SMIKE, who is sitting by a wretched fire with his head leaning upon his hands and knees—a solitary rushlight illuminates the scene—stage half dark.*

Smi. (mournfully sighs.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! he died—my heart will break—it will—it will—there is no hope for me—how many years have passed since I was a little child—younger than any that are here now. (widdly.) Where—where are they all gone?—I wish I was with poor Dorker—the boy that died here. I remember when I sat up with him at night—he cried no more for friends he wished to come and sit with him; but began to see faces round his bed, that came from home all smiling—ah! what faces will smile on me when I die? (shivering.) Who will talk to me in those long—long nights? they cannot come from home—I—I don't know what *home* is—nothing—nothing but pain and fear—pain and fear for me—alive or dead—no hope—no hope! (buries his face in his hands.)

[*A loud knocking at door in F.—SMIKE rises hastily—wipes his eyes.*

Squ. (without.) Are you coming to-night—the wind blows fit to knock a man off his legs.

Smi. (sighs.) He's come again. Oh! (opens door in flat.)

SQUEERS and NICHOLAS enter D. in flat.

Squ. Is that you, Smike?

Smi. Yes, sir!

Squ. Then why the devil didn't you come to the door before?

Smi. Please, sir, I was almost asleep over the fire.

Squ. Fire—what fire?

Squ. The kitchen-fire, sir. Missus said as I was sitting up, I might come in for a warm.

Squ. Your missus is a fool—you'd have been more awake in the cold I reckon—away with you, and tell Mrs. Squeers I'm arrived—jump.

[SMIKE exits slowly, R. H. 1 E.

Nic. Is this Do-the-boys Hall, sir?

Squ. Yes, but you needn't call it a hall down here; the fact is, it isn't a hall.

Nic. Oh, indeed!

Squ. No, we call it a hall up in London, because it sounds better; a man may call his house an island if he likes, there's no Act of Parliament against that I believe? (strutting up to NICHOLAS.)

Mrs. S. (without.) Where is he? where's my—my deary?

[MRS. S. enters followed by SMIKE, R. H. 1 E.—MRS. S. rushes into SQUEERS'S arms and kisses him—SMIKE goes to fireplace.

Mrs. S. How is my Squeery

Squ. Well, well, love. How are the cows?

Mrs. S. All right!

Squ. And the pigs?

Mrs. S. As well as can be expected.

*Squ. Come, that's a blessing. The boys are all as they
were, I suppose?*

*Mrs. S. They're well enough—that young Pitcher's had a
fever.*

*Squ. Damn that boy—he's always at something of that
sort.*

*Mrs. S. I say it's obstinacy, I'd beat it out of him and I told
you so, six months ago.*

*Squ. You did, darling, you did. This is the new young man,
my dear.*

Mrs. S. Oh!

*Squ. You must give him a shake down in the parlour
to-night—you don't much mind how ou sleep I suppose,
Nickleby?*

Nic. No, I am not particular.

Squ. That's lucky, eh! Mrs. Squeery, my deary. (laughs.)

SMIKE comes forward.

Squ. Well, what do you want, eh?

*Smi. (trembling.) Is there—did any body—has nothing been
heard, about me?*

*Squ. Devil a bit, and never will be—pretty sort of thing
isn't it—that you should have been left here all these years,
and no money paid after the first six months, nor no clue left
who you belong to!—and I've had to feed and clothe you, that's
the best of the joke.*

[*SMIKE presses his hands to his head, and exits, R. H. 1 E.*

*Mrs. S. It's my firm belief, Squeers, that young chap's turn-
ing silly!*

*Squ. I hope he won't make such a *fool* of himself for he's a
handy fellow, and worth his meat and drink any day; besides,
we should lose—hem! I'll tell you by and by. Let's have
supper—I'm hungry—Nickleby will pick a bit with us to-
night, to-morrow we'll settle matters, and put him into his
regular bedroom—let me see, how many have we got in
Brookes's bed—Jennings, one—Bolder, two—Graymarsh,
three—Primrose, four—and what's name, five—yes, Brookes
is full.*

Nic. (aside.) I should think he was, poor devil!

*Squ. There's a place, somewhere, but I can't call to mind
where.—Seven in the morning—seven winter, six in the sum-
mer.*

Nic. I shall be ready, sir.

*Squ. I'll come myself, and show you where the pump is—
you'll always find a little bit of soap in the kitchen-window—
that belongs to you—I don't know what boy's towel I can put*

you on—but if you'll make shift to-morrow morning. Mrs. S. will arrange it—my dear, don't forget.

Mrs. S. I'll take care—and mind you take care, young man, and always get first wash—the teacher ought to have it, but the boys get the better of him, and whollop him if they can.

Squ. (aside.) Now for supper. We'll eat first—he can polish the bones.

Mrs. S. (aside.) Hush! I've got a nice juicy steak—I bought a large piece on purpose.

Squ. Why, have you? For what?—not for the boys?

Mrs. S. No, no.

Squ. I didn't think you would make such a noddy of yourself—ha! ha!

[SQUEERS and MRS. S. exit R. H. 1 E., his arm round her waist.

Nic. (walking up and down stage.) Extraordinary person—wild, uncouth place! Can my uncle have been deceived, or has he willingly condemned me to such a life as this?—No, no; I wrong him for the supposition. Perhaps I am judging too hastily; matters may turn out here much better than they promise; I must be patient, and endeavour to accommodate myself to circumstances, for my mother and dear sister's sake. (takes out NEWMAN NOGGS's letter.) What an extraordinary hand! Why did Noggs give this to me? There was an earnestness in his manner that has struck me forcibly. (reads.) "My dear young man—I know the world—your father did not, or he would not have done me a kindness when there was no hope of return; you do not, or you would not be bound on such a journey. If ever you want a shelter in London, they know where I live at the sign of the Crown, in Silver-street, Golden-square—it is at the corner of Silver and James-street—bar-door both ways. You can come at night. Once nobody was ashamed—never mind that—it's all over now.

"NEWMAN NOGGS."

"P.S.—If you should go near Barnard Castle, there is good ale at the King's Head. Say you know me, and I am sure they will not charge you for it. You may say Mr. Noggs there, for I was a gentleman then, I was indeed."

SMIKE re-enters slowly, R. H. 1 E.

Smi. (shivering.) You're to go in to supper, sir.

Nic. Thank you. (crosses to R. H.) You are shivering—are you cold?

Smi. N—no, I'm not cold—I'm used to it.

Nic. Poor fellow. (patting SMIKE's head.) What a pitiable object! My heart bleeds for him. [Exit, R. H. 1 E.

Smi. He spoke kindly to me. I—I—can't bear it. (sighs.) When—when shall I hear from home—from some one that loves me? To remain longer in this dreadful place will drive me mad. If I was a little bird, then I could fly far, far away, to live happily all the summer days among the green fields and wild flowers. Yes, yes, I'll go at once. (runs to window.) But

there are no flowers now. The cold glistening snow is on the ground, and the green fields are buried under a large white shroud. If I left the house now I might be starved, and drop helpless and frozen, like the poor birds! (pauses.) I've heard that good people that live away from this place feed the pretty harmless robins when the cold days and dark nights are on—perhaps they would feed me too, for I am very harmless—very. I'll run to them at once, and ask them. (going.)

Squ. (heard without, r. u.) *Smike!* you lazy rascal, where are you?

Smi. (creeping from window.) I dare not go—that voice renders me helpless! I'll—I'll wait till the moon goes to sleep and the gloomy clouds come down; then—then I'll fly away, to be my own master, to walk about all day, and sleep soundly at night. (laughs.) Ha! ha! that will be what some of the boys call liberty. (clasps his hands with joy.) Oh! I love it—I love it—I love liberty! Yes, yes; this night I will be free—ha! ha!

[Exit through window carefully—the reflection of the moon is thrown upon *Smike* as he gets out of window—he then closes the window-shutters, and the scene changes.

SCENE IV.—*The work-room at Mantilini's—a number of girls discovered at work making bonnets, &c.—Miss Knagg, Katz, and Madame Mantilini discovered.—Tableau.*

Mad. M. (coming forward.) Miss Knagg, this is the young person I spoke to you about—Miss Nickleby.

Girls. (aside to each other.) The new country young lady.

Mad. M. I think, for the present, she will not be of much use, but her appearance will—

Miss K. Suit very well with mine. Miss Nickleby's and I are quite a pair—he! he! [Door 2 e. l. h. opens—*MANTILINI* peeps in.

Man. Is my life and soul there?

Mad. M. No! (girls laugh aside.)

Man. How can it say so, when it is blooming there like a little rose in a demnition flower-pot. May its poppet come in and talk?

Mad. M. Certainly not. You know I never allow you in the work-room. Go along!

Man. (walks towards her on tiptoe, blowing kisses to her.) Why will it vex itself and twist its little face into bewitching nut-crackers? (embracing her.)

Mad. M. Oh! I can't bear you.

Man. Not bear me?—fibs, fibs, it couldn't be. There's not a woman alive that would tell me such a thing to my face—to my own face. (girls laugh.)

Mad. M. Ladies, leave the room. (girls rise.) Miss Knagg, retire a few minutes with Miss Nickleby. (one of the girls laughs loud.) Miss Jones, your services will not be required after to-morrow evening.

Girl. I'm sure I don't care. I can get a shilling a-day and my victuals any where, and here I get none.

[*Girls exit, talking*—MANTILINI is seated in chair L. H., coqueting with KATE NICKLEBY.

Miss K. Isn't he a beautiful man creature?

[*Miss K. and Kate exit R. H. 2 H.*

Mad. M. Alfred! I am surprised at your conduct. Why do you show yourself to the girls—my young ladies?

Man. (tapping her chin.) If you will be odiously demnibly outrageously jealous, my soul, you will be very miserable—horrid miserable—demnition miserable.

[*MANTILINI sits and pulls MADAME on his knees.*

Mad. M. (pettishly.) I am miserable.

Man. Do not put itself out of humour. It is a pretty bewitching little demn'd countenance, and it should not be put out of humour, for it spoils its loveliness, and makes it cross and gloomy—like a frightful, naughty, demn'd hobgoblin.

Mad. M. I am not to be brought round in that way always, sir.

Man. It shall be brought round in any way it likes best, and not be brought round at all if it likes it better.

Mad. M. You are always flirting with some new person. Last night, at the ball, your attentions to Miss La Spinnini was remarked by every one.

Man. No, no! 'pon my soul, my life—

Mad. M. They were. I had my eye upon you all the time.

Man. Bless the little winking, twinkling eye, was it upon me all the time?—Oh, demmit!

Mad. M. You ought not to waltz with any body but your own wife, and I will not bear it, Mantilini, if I take poison first. (*throws herself into a chair.*)

Man. She will not take poison and have horrid pains, will she? (drawing a chair towards her and seating himself.) She will not take poison because she had a demn'd fine husband, who might have married two countesses and a dowager?

Mad. M. Two countesses!—you told me one before.

Man. Two—two demn'd fine women—real countesses, and splendid fortunes—demmit!

Mad. M. (playfully.) And why didn't you?

Man. Why didn't I? Had I not seen the demn'd st little fascinator in all the world—and, while that little fascinator is my wife, may not all the countesses and dowagers in England be?— (*MADAME M. kisses him in time to interrupt the sentence.*)

Mad. M. Dear Alfred!

Man. Adorable Evelina, let me worship you! Can't it spare its Alfey a little more cash, my existence's jewel?

Mad. M. Don't ask, my love, we've so little in hand.

Man. Then we must have some more, pigeon. We must have some discount out of old Nickleby to carry on the war with—demmit!

Mad. M. But you can't want any more just now, dear?

Man. My life and soul! there is a horse for sale at Scrubb's

which it would be a sin and a crime to lose. Magnifico...
quadruped—going, my senses' joy, for nothing!

Mad. M. For nothing! I am glad of that.

Man. For actually nothing—a hundred guineas down will buy him. Mane and crest, and legs and tail, and all of the demn'd st beauty. I will ride him in the park before the very chariots of the rejected countesses. The demn'd old dowager will faint with grief and rage, and the other two will say he is married—he has made away with himself—it is a demn'd thing—it is all up. They will hate each other deminably, and wish you dead and buried—ha! ha! he! he!

Mad. M. Ha! ha! you naughty flatterer. I suppose I must see what money I have in the desk. (*going very slowly.*)

Man. Make haste, angel of beauty! Get me the hundred, or I shall devour you with kisses—absolutely swallow its little body, clothes and all—demmit!

[*Exit, l. h. 1 r.* with MADAME MANTILINI *coquettling, and running her off.*]

SCENE V.—*A parlour meanly furnished in Do-the-boys Hall.*

Enter MISS SQUEERS and MISS PRICE, *r. h. 1 e., carrying a table—followed by a servant-girl with teatthings which she places on table then fetches four chairs—two candles alight on table.*

Miss P. So Fanny—you've really got a right down sweet-heart at last, eh?

Miss S. Yes, 'Tilda—and I flatter myself such a one as folks don't meet with every day—he's a perfect gentleman bred and born.

Miss P. Lor! how nice!

Miss S. Ain't it? We fell in love with one another at first sight—he's only been here a fortnight—now can't you guess who it is, 'Tilly, dear?

Miss P. Is it the new tutor, Mr. Nickleby?

Miss S. (*simpers.*) Y—e—s—although he's only pa's assistant he's a young gentleman of high birth—and immense connections—I mustn't tell you all I know just yet—but he will have heaps of money—and perhaps—a title or two—ain't I a fortunate girl at last?

Miss P. Uncommon! what has he said to you?

Miss S. Oh! don't ask me—when I begged of him to make me a soft pen—this morning—he looked so soft at me—oh dear! I'm a lost girl, 'Tilly. (*sighs.*)

Miss P. Did he look this way, Fanny. (*squinting.*)

Miss S. Yes, only much more genteel.—Pa and ma being out, I've invited him to meet you, and your intended, Mr. Brodie, the miller's son, to drink tea and play cards—in the parlour—this evening.

Miss P. How delicious! John will soon be here—he's only gone home to clean himself. (*fetches chairs, they sit.*) Between ourselves, Mr. John's grown rather jealous—I must take him down a bit—I'll give myself a few airs.

Miss S. I do so palpitate! (placing her hand on her heart.)
Miss P. Ah! poor thing! I know what it is—you'll soon get the better of it, my dear.

[*A slight knock, R. H.*

Miss S. Oh! Tilda—there he is—is my hair in order?

Miss P. Yes, hush! (whispers.) Say come in.

Miss S. Oh! come in. (whispering.)

NICHOLAS enters, R. H. 1 E.

Nie. Good morning, ladies. (bowing.) I—understood from Mr. Squeers—that—

Miss S. Oh yes—it's all right—father—pa—don't tea with us—but you won't mind that I dare say—we are only waiting for one more gentleman.

Miss P. Don't mind me a bit; for I'm quite as bad. Go on just as you would if you were alone.

Miss S. La! Tilda! I'm ashamed of you. (both giggle.)

Nic. (aside.) What are they about? Well, as I am here, and seem expected (for some reason unknown to myself) to be amiable, why it's no use looking like a goose—ladies, allow me the honour. (places chairs—girls giggle.)—

Miss S. Ain't he a duck, 'Tilly! (aside.)

[*A heavy footstep heard without, R. H.*

Miss P. That's John Brodie's step! (runs to wing.) Well, John!

JOHN BRODIE enters R. H. 1 E.

Bro. Weel, Mat-il-da! (grinning.) I be here at last. I had to clean the horses, and milk 'tould cow, before mother would gi I my Sunday coat, to come out a sweetheartsing.

Miss S. I beg your pardon Mr. Nickleby—Mr. John Brodie, sir, a perfect gentleman. [NICHOLAS bows.

Bro. 'Ees! and a miller, grazier, and cow doctor. For eating bacon, drinking yale, and killing a pig, I won't turn my hand upon any chap in Yorkshire—gi us thy fist, lad! (grinning.)

Miss S. Now sit down—the tea's drawn. Mr. Nickleby, will you sit here? (placing chair next her.)

Miss P. To be sure he will. Where should he sit?

[*They all sit at table. NICHOLAS eats very heartily.*

Bro. (speaking with mouthful.) Old wooman out, beant she Miss? (Miss S. nods.) I'm glad of it, she be a rum un—ye doant get thin bread and butter ev'ry night I expect, man? Eh! (aside.) Ecod, how he does put it away! ha! ha! (laughs, and appears to choke with a mouthful of bread.)

Nic. (sharply.) Sir?

Bro. (laughing.) Ecod! if you stop down here at school long eneaf, mister, ye'll be nout but skeen and boans—ha! ha! t'other teacher wur a lean un, ecod he were, a mopstick was a Daniel Lambert to un—ha! ha!

Nic. Your remarks are ungentlemanly and offensive, (shaking hand,) sir, and I—

Bro. Dang it—does want to fight? Come on. (squares up to NICHOLAS.)

[*All rise.*

Miss P. (stopping Brodie.) If you say another word, John, I'll never forgive you.

Bro. Weel, weel, I won't. Kiss I, lass, and we'll say no more about schoolmaster chap. (kisses Miss P. heartily.)

Miss S. (sobbing.) Oh !

Miss P. What's the matter, Fanny ?

Miss S. Nothing, 'Tilda, dear.

Miss P. I'm sure there is. (to NICHOLAS.) Say something to her. Shall I and John go into the little kitchen, and come back presently ?

Nic. What on earth should you do that for ?

Miss P. What for ? Well, you are a one to keep company.

The Servant enters R. H. and takes off teatings.

Miss S. We're going to have a game at cards if it's agreeable. We had better go partners, as there are only four of us, 'Tilda, dear—two against two.

Miss P. With all my heart. What do you say, Mr. Nickleby ?

Bro. (aside.) She doant ask I.

Nic. I shall feel a pleasure, allow me to be your partner (takes her hand.)

Bro. (aside.) That Lunnon chap wants to court her. I'll—

Miss S. Well, I never ! Mr. Brodie, shall we join partners against 'em ? (resat themselves.)

Nic. (dealing cards.) We intend to win every thing.

Miss S. Miss 'Tilda has won something she didn't expect.

Miss P. La, dear ! your hair's coming out of curl.

Miss S. Never mind me.

Miss P. I never had such luck—I should always like to have you for a partner, Mr. Nickleby.

Nic. I wish you had.

Miss S. Did ever any body hear !—(aside.)

Miss P. John ! why don't you say something, and not sit there so silent and glum.

Bro. Weel then, what I say is this, dang me if I stan' this ony longer. Do you think I'm going to let that cockney chap, make luve to you, after all I've done and spent ? haven't I treated ye to all the races, fairs, and bull-baitings in 'country ? didn't I last Tadcaster fair pay for two pound of gingerbread-nuts, two combs as good as tortoise-shell, and a chap that dances when they pulls a string ?—besides spending a mather o' nine pence in the lucky bag, tea totums, cherrybounce, and sweet stuff ? after all this, dost think I'm going to stand ony Lunnon nonsense ? No ! I be dom'd if I do. (going up to NICHOLAS.) Stand up like a man, and let me knock you down.

[Pulls off coat, and squares up to NICHOLAS.

Miss P. Well, I'm sure, sir ! what's all this about ? ha ! ha ! (laughs.)

Bro. Don't laugh. I beant a bit jealous ; oh no—oh no—no—ha ! ha ! ha ! it be capital fun beant it ? Eh ! ha ! (stampin with rage.) Oh you two-faced Jezebel ! where be all my money

the lucky bag—I'll be revenged—I'll be revenged—(*kicks over table.*) I wool—I wool.

[Exit, R. H. 1 *z.* dragging off MISS PRICE.

MISS S. (*sobbing violently.*) Oh! Oh! I had five trumps in my hand. (*falls into NICKLEBY's arms.*)

[Exit, L. H. 1 *z.* with NICKLEBY.

SCENE VI.—*The school-room at Do-the-boys Hall. Desks, forms, &c. Mr. and Mrs. SQUEERS and boys discovered at the opening of scene, the boys are heard spelling. Mrs. S. is looking in a cupboard in flat.*

Boys. Bab—bab—by—Bab—by—l—o—b—lon—Babylon. (*this is done with a confused noise.*)

Mrs. S. (*coming forward.*) Drat the things—I can't find the school spoon any where.

Squ. Never mind it, dear—it's of no consequence.

Mrs. S. No consequence—isn't it brimstone morning?

Squ. Oh! I forgot—yes—we must not neglect purifying the boys' blood, you know—besides if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine, they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner.

Mrs. S. That Smike must have hid it somewhere or other. (*calls.*) Smike, where are you?

Squ. I haven't seen the young gentleman this morning. Since Nickleby has been here, he's grown dull and lazy; a good thrashing will bring him to his senses, I'm thinking.

Mrs. S. You are always thinking, why don't you act? That Nuckleboy will set all the boys against you, with his proud stuck-up ways. I hate the very looks of him.

Squ. My love, you are indiscreet.

Mrs. S. Stuff, don't tell me, I know what's what. Smike! where the devil are you?

Squ. He shall have a double allowance of brimstone for this, and no treacle. (*retires up to his desk, R. H.*)

Enter NICHOLAS, 1 *z.* L. H.

Nic. When will the day arrive, that enables me to turn my back on this accursed place, never to set foot in it again, or to think of it—even think of it, but with loathing and disgust—added to my other sufferings, as if they were inefficient. Is the pretended affection towards me, advanced by Miss Squeers, the disgusting prototype of her more disgusting father? By rejecting her attentions I have set these people together by the ears, and made more enemies, when, Heaven knows, I needed none. The unfeeling, dastardly conduct, pursued by Squeers, towards the boy Smike, is beyond all forbearance. I'm determined to oppose such barbarity the next time, let the consequence be what it may. (*seats himself at desk—a low murmur heard without.*)

Squ. Boys, boys, silence, or I'll—(strikes form with his cane, they are instantly silent.)

Enter Mrs. SQUEERS, with treacle.

Have you seen Smike this morning, Mr. Nickleby?

Nic. I have seen nothing of him since last night.

Squ. Come, sir, you won't save him this way; where is he? —he is missing.

1st Boy. Please, sir, I thinks Smike's run away.

Mrs. S. Ha! who said that?

Boys. Tomkins, sir.

Squ. (sizing boy.) And what reason have you to suppose any boy would run away from this establishment, eh, sir? take that. (boxes his ears.) I give you all notice if I catch Smike, I'll only stop short of flaying him.

Mrs. S. If you catch him, you can't help it, stupid—he hadn't any money, had he?

Squ. Never had a penny in all his life.

Mrs. S. And he didn't take any thing to eat with him, I'll answer for, ha! ha! Then of course he must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road.

Squ. That's true, and I've sent one chaise one way, and Swallow's man another, so we are sure to catch the rascal ~~before~~ fore night.

Nic. (aside.) Wretches!

Squ. Who says wretches? (rapping with his cane.) Now first class, treacle. (the boys all advance slowly and reluctantly, Mrs. S. gives each a spoonful of treacle, some a rap of the head with spoon. Music.) Tableau.

Squ. Now is that physicking nearly over?

Mrs. S. Just over. (giving a little boy a very large spoonful.) There that's the last. (takes pan away—boys make wry faces.)

Squ. Now, Mr. Nickleby, we'll begin business for the day. First class in English Spelling and Philosophy come forward. (six ragged boys advance with tattered books—NICHOLAS places himself near SQUEERS.) We'll get up a Latin class by and by, which I shall turn over to you, Nickleby—now then, where's the first boy?

Boy. Please, sir, he's cleaning the back-parlour windows.

Squ. So he is to be sure, we always go upon the practical mode of teaching, the regular educational system, C L E A N, veritative, to make bright, to scour. W I N—win-, D E R der, winder, a casement—when the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes—how now, where's the second boy?

Boy. Please, sir, he's weeding the garden.

Squ. To be sure he is—B O T—bot, T I N—tin, N E Y—ney, bottinney noun substantive, a knowledge of plants—when he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows them, that's our system, what do you think of it?

Nic. It's a useful one at any rate.

Squ. I believe you—third boy, what's a horse?

Boy. A beast, sir.

Squ. So it is, ain't it Nickleby?

Nic. I believe there's no doubt of that, sir.

Squ. Of course there isn't—a horse is a quadruped, and quadruped is Latin for beast, as every body that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all, so as you are in that, go and look after my horse, and rub him down well—the rest of the class Philosophy, go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for its washing-day to-morrow.

Enter Mrs. Squeers hastily, S. E. E. H.

Mrs. S. We've got the gentleman at last—Swallow's man caught him on the road to York, tied him hand and foot to prevent him giving them the slip again.

Squ. Bring him in, bring him.

[*Mrs. S. exits, and returns directly dragging in Smike trembling and dejected, 3 E. R. H.*

Nic. (aside.) Poor fellow! my heart bleeds for him.

Squ. Let every boy keep his place. (striking desk.) Nickleby, attend here. Now, sir, (to Smike,) have you any thing to say for yourself. (flourishing his cane.) Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers my dear, I've hardly got room enough.

Sm. Spare me, sir, I was driven to do it.

Squ. Driven to do it, were you? Oh, it wasn't your fault, it was mine I suppose, eh?

Mrs. S. What does he mean by that?

Squ. We'll try and find out. (seizes Smike, and is in the act of striking him when NICHOLAS stands before them.)

Nic. Stop.

Squ. Who cried stop?

Nic. I—this must not go on.

Squ. Must not go on.

Nic. No—I say must not—I will prevent it, you have disregarded all my quiet entreaties on this poor miserable boy's behalf, therefore don't blame me for this public interference, you have brought it on yourself.

Squ. (violently enraged.) Sit down, beggar! (endeavouring to strike Smike.) Stand back.

Nic. Wretch! I will not stand by and see it done, I have a long series of insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care, for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily on your own head.

Squ. Dog! rascal! take that. (strikes NICHOLAS a blow with the cane—NICHOLAS wrests cane from him and beats him without mercy—Boys shout—Miss S. rushes in and belabours NICHOLAS—MASTER S. and Mrs. S. join in universal confusion. (Tableau formed.—(See Work.)

END OF ACT 2.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A desolate wild heath, with a barn or outhouse painted on one of the flats—small practicable door in same—daybreak—music piano—SMIKE discovered crouching on the stage and peeping through barn-door.*

Smi. Yes—yes, he's there—I'll watch beside him till he wakes, then hide behind the tall bushes lest he should see and send me back. Oh—no—no—he would not be so cruel. They'd kill me now he's gone—I am cold and hungry—yet very happy, for I'm near the only being that ever spoke kindly to me since I was a little child, eh ! (wildly.) What am I now? a man, a brave man, ha! ha! No I am nothing, a fool—those cruel people always tell me so.

[*The barn-door slowly opens, and NICHOLAS enters from it, covered with straw. SMIKE partially conceals himself behind door.*

Nic. I have slept well, spite of the fatigue and vexation that overwhelmed me, though I cannot banish fully from my mind the certain painful misgivings as to the probable fate of the poor boy SMike; it makes me shudder, to even think of his unhappy situation. (SMIKE advances.) What is this, can it be some lingering creation of the visions that have disturbed me, it cannot be real, and yet I—I—am awake—SMike!

Smi. (kneeling.) Y—e—s—don't—don't beat me.

Nic. (raising him.) Wretched boy, why do you kneel to me?

Smi. To go with you, anywhere—everywhere—to the end of the world—to the churchyard grave, let me—do let me go with you, you are my home, my kind friend; take me with you, pray!

Nic. I am a friend that can do little for you. How came you here?

Smi. I have followed your footsteps, a long, long way from there. (shudders.) Watched when you slept, and crouched like a hare in the grass when you stopt to eat—I—I was very hungry, I dare not ask for bread, or you might have discover'd and sent me back.

Nic. Poor fellow, your hard fate denies you any friend but one, and he is nearly as helpless as yourself.

Smi. May I—may I—go with you? I will be your faithful hard working servant—I will indeed. I want no clothes, these will do very well; I only want to be near you. (taking NICHOLAS's hand.)

Nic. And you shall, we will walk to London together, and the world shall deal by you as it does by me, till one or both of us shall quit it for a better. (shaking SMIKE's hand) Come.

Smi. (laughing wildly.) Ha! ha! I'm so happy, I don't feel a bit hungry now. Come, come, let us run all the way.

(JOHN BRODIE whistles without, R.)

Hush, they are coming to carry me back, don't let 'em, don't let 'em. (clings to NICHOLAS).

Nic. Silence, boy, you've nothing to dread. (*looks off, r. n.*) Unfortunate, it's my late rival, Mr. John Brodie. I am in no mood for noise and riot, and yet do what I will, I shall not escape altercation with this honest blockhead, and perhaps a blow or two with his staff.

Smi. No, no, he shall beat me, not you.

Enter JOHN BRODIE, carrying a huge stick.

Bro. Barn-door open, eh ! what the devil's in t'wind now ? (*seeing NICHOLAS.*) Gadzooks, thee be'st out betimes this morning, sur, servant young gentleman. (*bows.*)

Nic. Yours. (*bows.*)

Bro. We'e'l we—ha' met at last—eh ? (*whistling and striking his stick on the ground—SMEKE shrinks away.*)

Nic. Yes. Come, we parted on no very good terms the last time we met—it was my fault, I believe—but I had no intention of offending you, and no idea I was doing so. I was very sorry for it afterwards. Will you shake hands ? (*offers hand.*)

Bro. Shake hands !—ah, that I will. (*shakes hands.*)

Smi. (*running forward.*) Mine—mine, too. (*offers his.*)

Bro. Dong it, mun, what does this scarecrow do wi' thee—why, the feace be all broken loike—wa-at be the matter ?

Nic. It is a cut—a blow ; but I returned it to the giver, and with interest, too.

Bro. Noa, didee though ? I loike un for that.

Nic. The fact is, I've been ill-treated—

Smi. (*mournfully.*) For me.

Bro. Noa—don't say that.

Nic. Yes, I have been, by that man Squeers ; and I have beaten him soundly, and have left the place in consequence.

Bro. What ! beaten the schoolmaster ?—ho ! ho ! ho ! Gi' us thee hond again, youngster. Beaten a schoolmeaster ! Dang it, I loove thee for't—ho ! ho ! ho ! (*shakes NICHOLAS's hand violently.*)

Smi. (*laughs.*) Ha ! ha ! ha !

Bro. Capital, capital, mun. And what does mean to do lad, now ?

Nic. Go immediately to London. We are now on our way.

Bro. (*shaking his head.*) Dost know how much coaches charge ?

Nic. No, no, I do not ; but that is of no consequence, for we intend walking.

Bro. Gang awa to Lunnun a-foot, a matter of one hundred and ninety miles ?

Nic. Every step of the way.

Smi. We'll be there by night.

Nic. Silly lad. Good bye, Browdie. We must walk forty miles before night. (*going.*)

Bro. Stan' still noo. How much cash hast thee gotten, mun ?

Nic. Not much—perhaps five shillings; but I can make it enough. Where there's a will there's a way.

Bro. Five shillings for two lads to walk up to Lunan w', one hundred and ninety wearisome miles. No! I'm dang'd if thee shall while John Browdie's gotten a golden guinea in his t'ould leather purse. (*pulling out a shabby purse and offering it to NICHOLAS.*) There he be, lad—tak' as much as loike, mun.

Nic. You are too kind!

Bro. Too kind—pack o' stuff; beas't it a duty of one man to assist another? If every body would stick to that, there wouldn't be quite so much mischief done in t'world. Tak' eneaf to carry thee whoam — thee'll pay me yean day, I warrant.

Nic. I will not refuse your generous-hearted kindness. (*taking money.*) A sovereign will be quite enough.

Bro. One! Dang it, lad, tak' one spicce.

Nic. No, I thank you; one will be sufficient for both.

Bro. If thee won't ha' it, t'other chap shall. Here, Smi, here be one for thee.

Smi. (*taking money and giving it to NICHOLAS.*) Both for you —ha! ha!

Nic. Heaven will reward you for this kindness.

Bro. It be all right. Something be thumping up and down under my waistcoat that tells me so. (*shakes hands with both.*) Good bye—bless ee. Stop! tak' this bit o' timber to help thee on wi', mun. Keep a good heart, and bless thee! Beaten schoolmeaster!—cod, it's the best thing a've heard this twenty year—ho! ho! ho!

[BROWDIE exits, R. H.—NICHOLAS and SMIE, L. H.—

NICHOLAS carrying his bundle on his stick over his shoulder and waving his hand to BROWDIE—SMIE looking back, nodding his head and holding NICHOLAS's coat-tail in one hand. *Music.*

SCENE II.—*The show-room at MADAME MANTILINI'S—KATE discovered arranging various articles of dress and bijouterie—large cheval glass—dresses, bonnets, &c. scattered about the scene.*

Kate. I am almost tired of this wretched state of existence, no relief, no relaxation, perpetually associating with these odious people, not one being in the world, that can understand or sympathize with my situation but my mother, and that kind good creature, Newman Noggs—innumerable are the little acts of delicate attentions shown by him towards us. I quite love him. (*crosses up stage.*) Amidst all our troubles it is a comfort to learn from Nicholas that he is likely to do well—it is a bright star in our dark horizon. (*approaches glass, at the same moment MR. SCALEY pops his head up from behind it;—KATE screams.*

Sca. Don't be alarmed, Miss, this 'ere is the mantimaking consarn, ain't it?

Kate. Yes, what do you want?

Sea. Wait a minit, young woman—ver'e's your governor ?

Kate. My what did you say ?

Sea. Mr. Muntichinney, vot's name of him—ain't he at home ?

Kate. He is above stairs, I believe, do you want him ?

Sea. No, I don't exactly want him, if it's made a favour on—you can gest gi' him that 'ere card, and tell him if he vants to speak to me and save trouble, here I am, that's all. (gives card to KATE.)

Kate. I'll take the card to him immediately. [Exit, r. u.

Sea. As you likes, Miss. (opens doors. TIX enters, touching glass with stick.) Good plate, this 'ere. Tix, and this 'ere harficle wasn't made for nothing, mind you. (pointing to silk.)

Enter MADAME MANTILINI and KATE—SCALEY is arranging his neckcloth at glass.

Mad. M. Gracious heaven ! the wretch !

Sea. Oh ! is this the Missus ?

Kate. It is Madame Mantilini, sir. (MADAME sits in chair.)

Sea. Then, this is a writ of execution, and if it's not convenient to settle, we'll go over the house at wunst, and take the inventory. [MANTILINI enters hastily with a knife in his hand.]

Man. Stop—stop—what's the dem'd total.

Sea. Fifteen hundred and twenty-seven pounds, four and ninepence ha'penny.

Man. The ha'penny be dem'd.

Sea. By all means if you wish it, and the ninepence too—but vot's this rig to be, only a small crack, or a out-and-out smash ?

Man. (hurriedly.) A dem'd smash.

Sea. Very good—then Mr. Tom Tix, esk-virre, you must inform your angel wife, and lovely family, as you von't sleep at home for three nights to come, along of being in possession here. Now let's walk our precious legs up stairs and proceed to business. (MADAME M. sobs.) Wot's the use of fretting yourself, Madam, a good half of wot's here, isn't paid for I des say, and wot a consolation oughtn't that to be to her feelings. [Exit with TIX, MADAME M. sobs.]

Man. (approaching her.) My cup of happiness's sweetner will you listen to me for two minutes.

Mad. M. Oh ! don't speak to me, you have ruined me, that's enough, oh ! oh !

Man. Have I—the infernal rascal to ruin such a puppet—let me cut its villain's dem'd throat. (raises razor to his throat.)

Mad. M. Oh, Alfred ! if you love me, don't. Miss Nickleby, arrest his arm for heaven's sake, he will destroy himself—I spoke unkindly to him, and he cannot bear it from me—Alfred, my darling Alfred, d—o—n—t. (embracing him.)

Man. I'm not fit to live, to breathe the same air with my angel wife, I am too dem'd bad—let me die—fall a dem'd bleeding object at your pretty little feet.

Mad. M. Alfred, I didn't mean to say—I didn't mean to say it. (clinging to him.)

Man. Ruined ! (starting.) haven't I brought ruin on the best the purest creature, that ever blest a damnation vagabond ! (flourishing razor.) let me go—let me make myself a horrid object.

Mad. M. Pray, compose yourself my own angel, it was no body's fault. (MANTILINI groans.)

Man. Oh ! this is too beautiful.

Mad. M. Never mind, dear, we shall do very well yet.

Man. (starting.) Oh ! dem it, the razor's too dem'd sharp.

Mad. M. If you talk so, Alfred, you'll drive me mad.

Man. Mad, is there no dem'd mineral poison in the world—will no kind, invaluable, dem'd friend, blow my brains out—let me go—I can't live, let me hide in some solitary corner and cut my throat quietly.

Mad. M. Help, help, for heaven's sake ! Alfred ! Alfred ! cut mine first.

Man. I will, I will, with the same dem'd razor.

[All exit, R. H. 1 E.—Music.

SCENE III.—*Lodgings of NEWMAN NOGGS, a meanly furnished garret—Scene half dark.*

Nog. (speaking without, L.) This way, come this way, my dear boy.

[*NEWMAN NOGGS enters L. carrying a glass of rum-and-water—a candlestick (very old and shabby) with a small candle in it alight—he pushes in NICHOLAS and SMIKE—the two latter appear much fatigued—SMIKE carries bundle and sick.*

Nog. Taste this. (pouring rum-and-water down both their mouths.) You are wet through, and I haven't even a change to offer you.

Nic. I have dry clothes in my bundle. If you look so distressed to see me, you will add to the pain I feel already, at being compelled to cast myself upon your slender means for shelter.

Nog. (grasping him.) Good lad—good lad—you won't refuse to eat, will you ? (taking some bread and cheese from his pocket, wrapped in a piece of paper.) It is the best I have—eat heartily—bless you !

Nic. Thaukye—thankye, now tell me of my mother and siste—
—are they well ?

Nog. Well—both well.

Nic. Now listen to me ; before I would make an effort to see them, I deemed it expedient to come to you, lest, by gratifying my own selfish desire, I should injure them.—What has my uncle heard from Yorkshire ?

SMIKE during this, is picking up the crumbs which he has dropped on the stage and eats them—NOGGS smiles and shaves his head.

Nic. What has he heard ? I am prepared to hear the very worst that malice has suggested—tell me at once, pray.

Nog. To-morrow—hear it to-morrow.

Nic. What purpose would that answer?

Nog. You would sleep the better—that's all.

Nic. I should sleep the worse, I cannot hope to close my eyes unless you tell me every thing—don't fear—you may rouse my indignation, or wound my pride, but you will not break my rest; for if the scene were acted over again, I could take no other part than I have taken—never, if I starve or beg in consequence. If I had stood by tamely and passively, I should have hated myself, and merited the contempt of every man in existence—the black-hearted scoundrel Squeers!

Nog. My dear young man, you must not give way to—this sort of thing will never do—you know, as to getting on in the world, if you take every body's part that's ill-treated—why—why—(seizing NICHOLAS's hand and shaking it violently.)—Damn it, I am proud to hear of it, and would have done it myself—that Squeers is a damned scoundrel, I hope you thrashed him well.—The day before yesterday, your uncle received this letter; I took a hasty copy of it while he was out. (produces dirty letter.) Shall I read it?

Nic. If you please.

Nog. (reading, and spelling occasionally.) "Sir—My pa requests me to write to you—the doctor's considering it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of his legs—which prevents his holding a pen he is one mask of brooses.—both blue and green likewise two forms which is steeped in his goar—when your Nevey—that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my Pa and jumped upon his body with his feet—he assaulted my Ma—dashed her to the earth and drove her back comb several inches into her head a very little more and it must have entered her skull—me and my brother were then the victims of his fury—I am screaming out loud all the time I write with pain—the monster having centiated his thirst for blood—run away—taking with him a boy of desperate character called Smike—and a Garnet ring belonging to Ma—my Pa begs that if he comes to you the ring may be returned—and that you will let the thief and assassin go—as if we prosecuted him he would only be transported—and if he is let go—he is sure to be hung before long—hoping to hear from you when convenient

"I remain

"yours and ceterre" *

"Fanny Squeers

"P.S. I pity his ignorance and despise him—"

Nog. (aside and looking at SMIKE.) Is that the boy of desperate character?—Poor fellow—poor fellow!

Vic. Mr. Noggins, I must go out at once. (putting his hat on.)

Nog. Go out?

Nic. Yes—to Golden-square—nobody who knows me would believe this story of the ring—but it is due to myself that I should state the truth—besides, I have a word or two to exchange with Mr. Ralph Nickleby, which will not keep cool.

Nog. They must.

Nic. They must not, indeed. (going.)

Neg. You have nothing to fear at present—your uncle is too much employed to think of you—he had hardly read this letter when he was called away, its contents are known to nobody but himself and us.

Nic. Not even to my mother and sister—if I thought that they—I will go there—I will see him immediately—I am determined.

Neg. Then I'll go with you, let me see your uncle first, to pave the way for you—he may be at the counting-house—we'll try that first—he gives a grand party and dinner at home to his friends, ha! ha! his friends—poor devils! that he plunges into ruin by his kindness, he once was kind to me—very—ha! (calmly.) You can wait at the corner of Silver-street while I go in—I'll give you the signal to enter—don't be impetuous—meet him calmly—he's a dangerous man—I know it too well—too well. [Exit, L.

Nic. (thoughtfully gazing on the ground and sighs.) What a miserable wretched fate is mine!

Smi. (creeping towards him, and placing his hand on his arm.) Don't, pray don't look so sad—I know you have got into great trouble by bringing me away—I ought to have known that and stopped behind—you, you are not rich—you have not enough for yourself, and I should not be here—you grow thinner every day, your cheek is paler, and your eye more sunken—I cannot bear to look at you—to-day I tried to leave you, but I could not without a word—I—I love you too much.

Nic. The word which separates us, shall never be said by me—I would not lose you now for all the world could give. Give me your hand, my heart is linked to yours—what if I am steeped in poverty, you lighten it and we will be poor or rich together.

[Exit shaking hands, L.—SMIKE carries bundle and stick.

SCENE IV.—*The counting-house of RALPH NICKLEBY—two desks—stools, practicable window and door in flat—the window opens to Golden-square.*

RALPH NICKLEBY discovered seated at his desk looking over papers.

Ral. Curses on them both! to think that all my plans should be overthrown; rendered abortive by the headstrong rashness of this boy, Nicholas! he shall never have one penny of my money, or one crust of my bread, or one grasp of my hand! No, not to save him from the loftiest gallows in all Europe. (rises.) At every risk, SMike must be separated from him, or some unfortunate events might reveal all. (pauses.) Yes, yes; they will surely make for London—I'll be upon the watch for them; my dutiful nephew shall see the inside of a prison; the garnet ring will fix him there, and the poor fool that accompanies him shall back to Yorkshire—ha! ha! (chuckles.) He'll be safe this time with his kind master, Squeers,

I'll warrant. (collecting papers.) These deeds shall go with me, I am at last resolved to destroy them; present circumstances demand it for my own security. (puts them in his pocket-book.)

NEWMAN NOGGS enters, L. with a very shabby umbrella under his arm, which he opens and places on stage near his desk, he then takes his hat off and hangs it up and hobbles to his desk (which is a high one) and commences mending a pen.

Ral. So, sir! you are here at last! Pray why didn't you come before, when you knew I wanted to leave the office earlier.

Nog. Hnnmph! (affecting to write.)

Ral. Fool!

Nog. Brute!

Ral. Why I keep such an idle dog about me, I can't tell.

Nog. Keep! starve you mean.

Ral. What's that your mumbling, sir, eh?

Nog. A thing you don't understand—the truth.

Ral. Bah! I wish I had never seen you.

Nog. So do I, with all my soul.

Ral. Is this your gratitude—to me—rascal?

Nog. (leaning over desk.) What have I to be grateful for? Is it the knowledge—that your cruel conduct brought me to ruin—or is it for the miserable pittance that you begrudgingly bestow upon me weekly, in the shape of wages?

Ral. (passionately.) Do you know me, sir?

Nog. I do—worse luck!

Ral. Scoundrel! did I not release you from prison, and take you into my employment?

Nog. You did—but you first sent me there—as long as I had houses and land to mortgage, Mr. Ralph Nickleby was my good friend—when they ceased, his friendship ceased—and his very dear friend, Newman Noggs, became—a fool—an idle vagabond—and a prison was much too good for him—in the opinion of the honest, warm-hearted, conscientious Ralph Nickleby! (sits down.)

Ral. Very good, sir—very good—now be kind enough to listen to me for one minute. We part, sir;—and if after to-morrow you dare to place your foot in my house, I'll send you back to prison—to starve, sir—to starve—don't let me be disturbed to-night—I have friends at home—to-morrow—remember my promise—beggar!

[During this speech he has taken the pocket-book from the desk, and placed it apparently in his breast pocket; but, wearing a spencer coat over his other, the book slips between them and falls on the stage unnoticed—RALPH exits L. shaking his finger at NEWMAN NOGGS—NOGGS opens desk and takes out a bottle from it and drinks.

Nog. (getting down and walking up and down stage.) Perhaps I have acted wrong—but that's nothing new—I'm never right—

quarrelling with the oppressor is not the best way of serving the oppressed. Nicholas must not see his uncle while this angry fit is on—he called me beggar—he that made me one.—Oh! if I could but repay the villain. (kicks the pocket-book.) What's this? (picking it up.) His pocket-book—it will be safe here till morning.

[*He is in the act of placing it on the desk, when the papers which are much longer than the pocket-book catch his eye—turning them over he reads.*)

“The copy of a will.” Perhaps his own—I should like to see what he has done for poor Nicholas—for once in his life he may have acted with a little generosity towards his fellow-creatures—at all events, there's no great harm in peeping. (*opens will and reads.*) Eh! am I awake? (*speaking and reading rapidly.*) ‘I give and bequeath all my personal estates, lands, houses, funded property, to my executor, Mr. Ralph Nickleby—in the event of the death of my only child, Thomas Smike.’—Oh! I shall choke! “20,000—three and a half per cents—landed estates in Surrey—houses in Portland-place.” Oh! oh! I see it all now—Ralph Nickleby you old rascal. (*laughs.*) Ha! ha! (*rubbing his hands violently.*) Now—now the beggar may have a chance of sending you to prison—to starve—to starve—ah:

[*Runs to window—throws it up—and calls “NICKLEBY! NICKLEBY!”* NICHOLAS and SMIKE appear at window.

Come in—come in, (*opens door in flat.*)

They enter.

Don't speak a word, my dear boy—let me talk.

Nic. But my uncle?

Nog. Damn your uncle, listen to me. (*taking SMIKE's hand.*) I want to ask this boy a question or two—has he a good memory?

Nic. I don't know.

Smi. I had once—but it's all gone now—all gone. (*sighs.*)

Nic. Why do you think you had once?

Smi. Because I could remember when I was a child—before I went to that place. (*shuddering.*)

Nog. Did you find your way there alone?

Smi. No—oh—no.

Nog. Who was with you?

Smi. A man—a dark withered man. (*imitates the look of RALPH NICKLEBY.*) I was glad to leave him—I was so afraid of him.

Nog. Do you recollect any thing about the house you lived in, before this man took you into Yorkshire?

Smi. No! (*NICHOLAS looks at SMIKE who suddenly recollects.*) Yes—a room—I remember—I slept in a room—a large lone-some room—at the top of the house—where there was a trap-door in the ceiling—I have covered my head with clothes often—not to see it—for it frightened me—a young child with no one near at night—and I used to wonder what was on the other side.

Nog. (*laughing and singing.*) Ha! ha! Tol-lo!, diddle-lo!. (*hugging SMIKE.*) It's all right—this is the very house—the

trap-door's up-stairs. You shall have your own. Tol, lol, lol, my dear boy. (*shakes NICHOLAS's hands.*)

Nic. Are you mad, Mr. Noggs?

Nog. Yes, yes—with joy! Don't ask me any questions now—you shall learn all presently. Jump into a coach with me—take two. We'll fetch your mother—then drive to your uncle's—your sister is there already—he gives a grand party to-night—and I'm sure he'll be delighted to see us all—very—ha! ha! Come along, boys—I'm proud of you—I wish I'd been your father. But never mind, I'll be a mother and father to you both. [*Exit, l. hastily, dragging NICHOLAS and SMIKE*

SCENE V.—*A handsome suite of rooms at RALPH NICKLEBY's, richly furnished, carpeted, chandeliers, sofas, &c. — RALPH, KATE, MANTILINI, LORD VERISOPHT, SIR MULBERRY HAWKE, HON. MR. SWOB, COLONEL CHOUKER, MESSRS. PLUCK and PIKE, discovered. (See Tableau, No. 6.) Music.*

Ral. Lord Frederick Verisopht—my niece, Miss Nickleby.

Lord V. (*lispingly.*) Delighted to know her. (*bows.*)

Ral. Colonel Chouker, Honourable Mr. Swob, Mr. Pike, and Mr. Pluck, my dear gentlemen, my niece. (*gents bow, KATE curtseys.*)

Man. Dem it, Nicky, don't leave me out. (*advancing.*)

Ral. You have met my niece before, I believe, at —

Man. (*interrupting him.*) Yes, I believe so too. (*aside to LORD V.*) The old boy is jealous. The fact is, Very, she's most outrageously demnibly in love with me. Poor little pet, how can she help it—I am so dem'd beautiful! (*retires up, talking to LORD V., followed by the gentlemen, laughing.*)

Omnes. Oh, oh, Manti!

Man. Truth, the dem'd truth, 'pon honour. (*sauuters off, shaking his hand to KATE, unobserved by RALPH.*)

Ral. Now let me lead you down—dinner will soon be served.

Kate. Pray, uncle, are there any ladies here?

Ral. No, I don't know any. Come.

Kate. Must I go immediately?—I should like to arrange my dress.

Ral. Oh, very well, you can do that here—there's a glass. I'll come for you in a few minutes. (*aside.*) Umph! these women always want something. [*Exit, c.*

Kate. (*arranging her hair at the glass.*) I wish my dear mother was here with me; the rude gaze of uncle's guests annoy me beyond measure.

Re-enter MANTILINI on tiptoe, centre D.

Man. There she is, the charming rosy posy! I'll make her dem'd happy (I'll show her this beautiful waist) by whispering dem'd soft pretty nonsense into her delicate little ear. (*advancing.*)

Kate. I'm astonished at meeting Mr. Mantilini here, after the scene at his house.

Man. My name! She dotes upon me. Mantilini—you dem'd—wicked—lucky—lady's pet!

Kate. Poor Nicholas! I wonder what he is doing now! I wish I could see him.

Man. She wants to see me! I'm a dem'd—happy—woman's tormenter. (*Kneeling at KATE's feet.*) Adorable enchantress! behold me at your delicious little ten toes!

Kate. (starting back.) You here, sir!

Man. Yes, ain't it dem'd kind—jump into its adorer's arms at once, and let it stop its pretty mouth with demnibly sweet kisses.

Kate. Sir! dare you address this language to me, under my uncle's roof? Shame upon you, sir! If you have no respect for yourself, remember your wife.

Man. Never mind it's ugly wife, moppets, poppets—we'll fly far enough from her reach—love me—and it shall have every thing it wishes for—a new cab, a dem'd little tiger, and a box at the opera—you'll date upon me when you know me better, 'pon my soul you will, dear. This dem'd beautiful hair, and these outrageously beautiful whiskers are real—no dem'd macassar. (*aside.*) If she resists the dem'd whiskers, she's not worth having.

Kate. Your behaviour, sir, offends and disgusts me beyond measure. If you have one spark of gentlemanly feeling, you will leave me instantly.

Man. (laughs.) Now it's making fun of it's devoted darling—cruel—dem'd cruel—Kitty. (*taking her hand and kissing it.*)

Kate. Unhand me, sir, this instant!—Uncle! help! help!

[*They struggle a minute or two, when NICHOLAS rushes in c., and RALPH and MRS. NICKLEBY enter c., following NICHOLAS.*]

Nic. (knocking MANTILINI down.) Scoundrel!

[*KATE rushes to her mother. RALPH stands astonished at seeing NICHOLAS.*]

Man. (rising.) Dem that fellow, he has ruffled my whiskers. The next time it speaks first to a woman, may its whiskers entirely drop off, and no dem'd bear's grease be able to bring them back again—dem it. [Exit, c.]

Nic. Is it thus, sir! you expose beneath your own roof, a helpless girl—your dead brother's child—to insult and degradation? You shrink to look at me—you well may—shame—shame upon you!

Ral. (recovering from his surprise.) How dare you, sir, enter my house unbidden, after your disgraceful conduct in Yorkshire? If I did my duty, I should immediately deliver you up to justice.

Kate. Justice! what does he mean, Nicholas? I'm sure you are innocent. (*embracing him.*)

Ral. Innocent, indeed! (*sneeringly.*) Pray do innocent men

inveigle nameless vagabonds, and prowl about the country?—Assault, riot, theft—what do you call these?

Nic. A lie! and well you know—you, who under the pretence of serving, heaped every insult, wrong, and indignity upon my head—you, who sent me to a den, where, indeed, cruelty worthy of yourself, runs wanton; youthful misery stalks precocious; where the lightness of childhood shrinks into the heaviness of age, and its every promise blights and withers as it grows.

Kate. Of what does he accuse you, brother?

Ral. First of attacking his master, and being within an ace of qualifying himself for a trial for murder! and robbing his mistress of a valuable ring.

Nic. Tis false! the woman, the wife of the fellow from whom these charges come, dropped, as I suppose, a worthless ring among some clothes of mine, early on the morning on which I left the house. I found it when I opened my bundle on the road, and returned it at once by coach, and they have it now.

Kate. I knew it. I was sure you would scorn so mean an act. But about this boy, in whose company they say you left?

Nic. That boy, a silly, helpless creature, that I rescued from brutality and hard usage, is with me now.

Ral. Do you choose to restore that boy, sir?

Nic. No, I do not.

Ral. You do not?

Nic. No.

NEWMAN NOGGS enters, *u. e. l.* followed by all the visitors, and advances down *c.*

Nog. No, I'm damn'd if he does.

Ral. Dog! what brings you here

Nog. Business! I know you are fond of that. (*producing pocket-book.*) This pocket-book belongs to you—you lost it, I found it.

Ral. (*aside.*) Confusion! give it to me—give it me.

Nog. To be sure I will! There's the book, its contents I keep for the right owner. (*offers book.*)

Ral. (*enraged.*) Give me the papers—would you rob me?

Nog. Rob! no, I leave the robbing for you to do. These papers belong to a poor persecuted orphan, named Smike. (*bringing SMIKE in from u. e.*) Do you know him?

[*Music. Chord. Picture.* RALPH appears overwhelmed with confusion.

Smi. (*runs to NICHOLAS.*) 'Tis he—'tis he—the cruel man that left me at the school!

Nog. (*rubbing his hands joyfully.*) Ah, I knew it—I knew it. (*giving papers to NICHOLAS.*) Look over these, chance gave them to my hands. Deeds, which your uncle unlawfully withheld, seeking to deprive this lad of his property.

Nic. (*looking hastily over the papers.*) Villain!

Kate. (to Smike.) Poor boy! (patting his head—Smike kisses her hand—Noggs walking up to Ralph rubbing his hands.)

Nog. And now, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, I think the dog! the beggar! the fool! that you kept from starving, and rescued from prison, is more than a match for you now, eh! (chuckles.) Ha! ha!

Ral. Wretch! you show your teeth do you? Beware! I'll be revenged! The law—the law will protect me against your plot. I'll indite you for a conspiracy. I'll—I'll transport you all. (rushing out, L. H. E.—Noggs laughs and rubs his hands, L.)

Nic. (giving paper to Smike.) These papers place you for ever far beyond the reach of poverty, riches are yours.

Smi. (returning papers to Nicholas.) For you, not for me—I only want to live and die with you, my kind, my only friend.—No, not my only friend—I hope that we have been fortunate enough to secure the good wishes and approbation of a numerous circle of kind friends, (pointing to audience,) who by their generous sympathy and support, will ensure the future career of Smike and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

COL. CHOU.

LORD VEN.

HON. MR. SNOOK.

PIKE.

PLUCK.

MRS. N.

SMIKE.

KATE.

NICH.

NOGGS

R.

L.

WEBSTER'S
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

MARRIED LIFE:

A COMEDY,

In Three Acts,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF

J. B. BUCKSTONE, Esq.

EDITED BY
B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON WOOD,

BY MR. WALL,

From a Drawing taken during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON:
WEBSTER AND CO., 19, SUFFOLK STREET,
PALL MALL EAST;

W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S
LANE; MESSRS. SHERWOOD, GILBERT AND PIPER; WILLIAM
STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; VICKERS, AND BERGER,
HOLYWELL STREET; ALLEN, WARWICK LANE; WISEHEART,
SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN; JOHN SUTHERLAND AND CO.,
CALTON STREET, EDINBURGH; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

SPLENDID NEW EDITION OF PLAYS

WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

Comprising every successful New Play, Farce, Melo-Drama, &c.

Produced at the London Theatres, correctly printed from the
Prompter's Copy.

A Number will be published every Fortnight, price Sixpence
(*The more expensive Copyrights One Shilling.*)

Each Play will be illustrated by an Engraving of the most interesting
Scene, taken during the representation.

VOLUME I.

With a Portrait of J. R. PLANCHE, F.S.A., price 7s. In cloth, contains

1. The Two Pagains	5. A Peculiar Position	10. My Young Wife and I
2. The Country Squires	6. Walter Tyrell	11. Old Desideria
3. The Queer Subjects	7. The Trap at Large	12. The Middle Temple
4. The Sentinel	8. The Bruin, Esq.	13. Ringers with the Tur
5. The Modern Orpheus		

VOLUME II.

With a Portrait of TYRONE POWER, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains

13. A Quartet to Nine	18. Harry O'More	29. Why did You Die?
14. Blanche of Jersey	19. Advice Gratin	30. Valises
15. The Bottle King	20. The Original	31. Bengal Tiger
16. Court Favour	21. Barbara of Bassora	32. St. Patrick's Eve
17. The Spirtire		

VOLUME III.

With a Portrait of CHARLES MATTHEWS, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains

20. Pass in Boots	31. The Culprit	35. The 7pitalfields Were
21. The Winkdoves	32. Confounded Foremoets	36. The Rifle Brigade
22. The Black Domine	33. The Danning Barber	37. Angeline
23. Our Mary Anne	34. All for Lovers; or the Lost	38. Truth
24. Shocking Events	Pleid	

VOLUME IV.

With a Portrait of T. HAYNES BAYLEY, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains

25. You Can't Marry Your Grandmother	45. A Hasty Conclusion	48. The Irish Lion
46. Spring Lock	46. The Melomaniac	49. Lying in Ordinary
47. The Valet de Sham	47. Weak Points	50. One Hour or the C
48. Groves of Blarney, Esq.	48. Naval Engagements	aval Hall
	49. British Legion	

VOLUME V.

With a Portrait of J. B. BUCKSTONE, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains

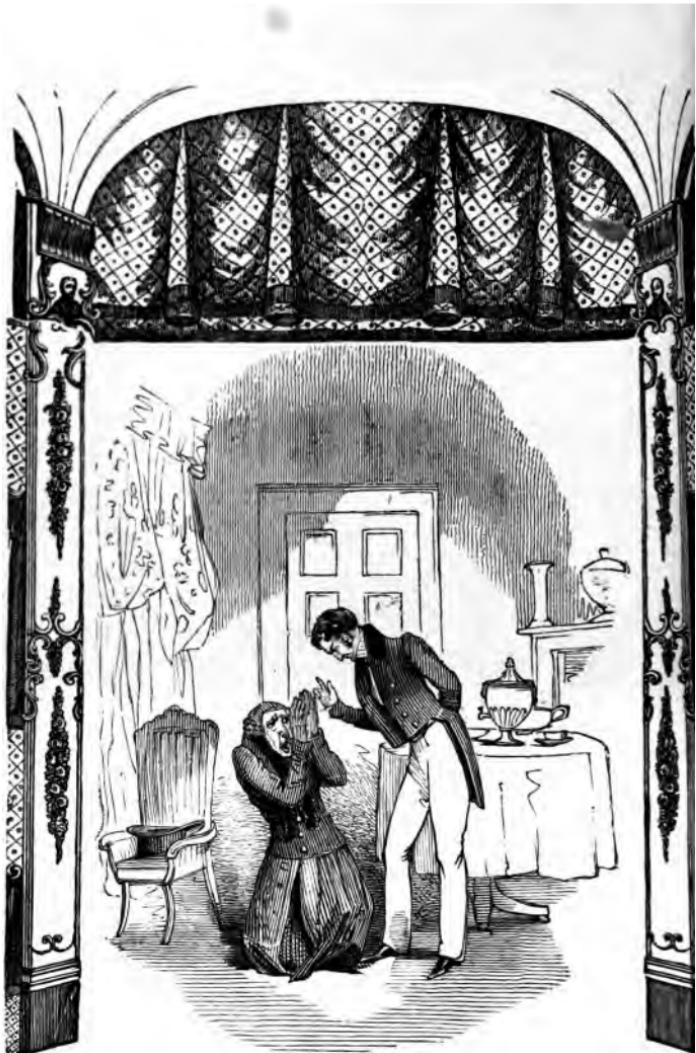
51. White Horse of the Poppers	55. The Devil's Opera	59. Ask no Questions
52. Gemini	56. You Noddy's Secret	60. "But However—"
53. The Artist's Wife	57. Forty and Fifty	62. Nicholas Nickleby .
54. A Lesson for Ladies	58. Sons and Systems	63. Married Life
	59. Printer's Devil	

VOLUME VI.

With a Portrait of B. WEBSTER, Esq., price 7s. cloth, contains

64. Oliver Twist	68. Grace Darling	72. Burlington Arcade
65. Chaos is Come Again	69. The Court of Old Frits	73. His First Champagne
66. Mr. Greeninch	70. Jane Lomax	74. Frank Walton
67. My Little Adopted	71. Queen's Horse	75. Swiss Raisins
68. Maid of Crooksey		





MARRIED LIFE.

0

MARRIED LIFE,

A COMEDY,

In Three Acts,

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.)

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMTER'S COPY, WITH
REMARKS, THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC
ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND
RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,
BY KENNEY MEADOWS, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING
THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED AT THE NATIONAL ACTING DRAMA OFFICE,
19, SUFFOLK STREET, PALE MALL EAST; "NASSAU STEAM
PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS; TO BE
HAD OF STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; WISEHEART, SUFFOLK
STREET, DUBLIN; AND ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

W. S. JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane Charing Cross

REMARKS.

The Comedy of "MARRIED LIFE" is *entirely original*—if the being unassisted by either anecdote, tale, ballad, biography, or any other resource constitutes *entire originality*.—Yet, as some of the couples, especially MR. and MRS. CODDLE, and MR. and MRS. DOVE, have been "*sketched from the life*," the important question of originality is still open to much disquisition.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed, August 20, 1834.

Mr. SAMUEL CODDLE. (<i>1st dress.</i>)	A drab long pilot cloth great coat, a grey spencer, drab trowsers, broad brimmed hat, and Welch wig. (<i>2nd dress.</i>) A blue coat, black satin waistcoat, drab trowsers. (<i>3rd dress.</i>) Nankeen coat and trowsers, white waistcoat, and straw hat	MR. W. FARREN. MR. WEBSTER.
Mr. LIONEL LYNX. (<i>1st dress.</i>)		
Morning gown, white waistcoat and trowsers. (<i>2nd dress.</i>) Brown dress coat.		
Mr. FREDERICK YOUNGHUSBAND.		MR. BRINDAL.
Blue coat, fancy waistcoat, tight pantaloons, and hessian boots.		MR. STRICKLAND.
Mr. GEORGE DISMAL.	Light olive coat, drab small clothes, and gaiters.	MR. BUCKSTONE.
Mr. HENRY DOVE.	A plum-coloured frock coat, buff waistcoat, white trowsers, and white hat	MRS. GLOVER.
Mrs. SAMUEL CODDLE.	White muslin dress, and white satin bonnet	MRS. FAUCIT.
Mrs. LIONEL LYNX.	A white silk dress.	MRS. HUMBY.
Mrs. FREDERICK YOUNGHUSBAND.	A pink silk dress and bonnet	MRS. TAYLEURR.
Mrs. GEORGE DISMAL.	A plum-coloured silk dress	MRS. W. CLIFFORD
Mrs. HENRY DOVE.	A yellow silk dress, and white chip bonnet	

Time of representation, two hours.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S.E.L. second entrance, left. S.E.R. second entrance, right. U.E.L. upper entrance, left. U.E.R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T.E.R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

M A R R I E D L I F E.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment at the house of Mr. LYNX.—A fireplace on the l. s. e., before which LYNX is discovered in his morning gown, reading a newspaper. A table near him, with breakfast service on it. Mrs. LYNX at a small table on r. in the sulks; a practicable window to throw up, r.*

Lynx. (Reading.)—“BOW STREET.—Matrimonial Squabble.
The chief magistrate was occupied all the morning investigating a case of assault, arising out of a matrimonial squabble. It appears that the wife of the complainant is a woman of violent passions, and so excessively jealous, that her husband's life is endangered.” Do you hear that, my dear? you are not singular in your temper, you see.

Mrs. Ly. Indeed!

Lynx. There are other women in the world, excessively jealous besides yourself.

Mrs. Ly. You think so, do you?

Lynx. Shall I read the whole of the police report?

Mrs. Ly. You may do just as you please.

Lynx. Don't you feel interested in the case? Have you no sympathy with the poor woman?

Mrs. Ly. You have taken good care to destroy all my sympathies; indeed, almost every feeling and quality that I once possessed.

Lynx. Save one, my dear.

Mrs. Ly. Well, sir, what is that one?

Lynx. The quality of making yourself extremely disagreeable—why don't you take breakfast?

Mrs. Ly. I don't want any.

Lynx. You did not sup last night?

Mrs. Ly. I did not require it.

Lynx. You eat nothing at dinner yesterday?

Mrs. Ly. I had no appetite.

Lynx. You'll starve yourself, love, and die?

Mrs. Ly. Then you will be happy.

Lynx. I shall certainly lead a quieter life—

Mrs. Ly. And have more opportunities for carrying on your intrigues.

Lynx. What intrigues, dear?

Mrs. Ly. Those are best known to yourself.

Lynx. I thought you were perfectly acquainted with them.

Mrs. Ly. I am acquainted with a sufficiency, believe me.

Lynx. Name them, my dear?

Mrs. Ly. I shall not trouble myself so much.

Lynx. Nay, I insist.

Mrs. Ly. Well, then, sir,—my dress-maker could not call yesterday, but you must make yourself ridiculous.

Lynx. What did I do?

Mrs. Ly. You told her, in my presence, that she was very pretty.

Lynx. Was there any sin in that?

Mrs. Ly. 'Twas not only a very great familiarity on yoar part, sir, but a want of respect for me.

Lynx. True—it was wrong in me to forget that few women can endure to hear another admired.

Mrs. Ly. And few men think their wives to be possessed of any charms superior to the first doll they may meet.

Lynx. Excellent, indeed—my love, we must turn authors; and between us, publish a book of Conjugal Aphorisms. However, I plead guilty to your first charge, and implore your mercy—proceed to the next.

Mrs. Ly. I think the last time we walked out with Mr. and Mrs. Coddle, that you might have offered me your arm, and not have left me to the care of the husband, while you flirted with the wife.

Lynx. What do you call flirting?

Mrs. Ly. Whispering—laughing—and affecting to have, or really having, a quantity of interesting secrets. Don't ask me for a definition of the word, sir—I am not a dictionary.

Lynx. I think you are, my dear—if I may judge by the hard words that you ever use to me. Proceed with your charges, I beg.

Mrs. Ly. I heard of your being in a private box at the theatre two evenings since—and with some strange female.

Lynx. Your hearing such a report is no evidence of its truth.

Mrs. Ly. You were not at home on that evening—indeed I don't know when you are at home; always out—always running about—calling on this lady, and meeting that—receiving notes of assignation, and—but I'll not endure it longer, Mr.

Lynx—you may provoke me beyond the bounds of endurance, and then beware—

Lynx. Of what, dear?

Mrs. Ly. That is best known to myself.

Lynx. I am grateful for the information (*rising*) and now having discussed a very conjugal breakfast, I shall prepare for my morning walk.

Mrs. Ly. Is it possible that you can have no particular appointment? Have you had neither pink nor blue note this morning?

Lynx. No, my love—*me miserable dolorous homine.*

[*A two-penny postman's knock heard.*

Mrs. Ly. There's the postman.

Lynx. So I hear.

Mrs. Ly. A letter for you, no doubt—I thought it would be strange if a morning passed without the arrival of some mysterious billet for Mr. Lynx.

[*LYNX makes a movement towards the l. entrance, but resumes his seat.*

Oh, sir, don't check your impatience—anticipate your servant, and run to the door, I beg.

Lynx. Certainly, my love—if you wish it.

[*LYNX jumps up and runs off, l.*

Mrs. Ly. Now, sir, I think I have you in my snare—'tis my own letter that has arrived—bearing a fictitious signature, and appointing to meet him in the park alone;—he will receive it, read it—then what should he do? What *should* a good and true husband do under such circumstances? Show the letter to his wife. Will he do that? If he does, I will freely forgive—forget—and think all I have seen and heard to be delusions and falsehoods;—but if he neither gives it me, nor alludes to it in any way, I shall be convinced of his perfidy, and my course shall be resolved on.

Re-enter LYNX, singing carelessly,

"I have pluck'd the fairest flower, &c. &c."

By Jove, I must dress—'tis near eleven. (*Looking at his watch.*) My love, I think I shall dine at my club to-day.

Mrs. Ly. Was the letter that you have just received an invitation to meet some one there?

Lynx. Oh, dear, no.

Mrs. Ly. Was it from any one that I am acquainted with?

Lynx. No, 'twas merely a note.

Mrs. Ly. On a matter of business?

Lynx. Yes—yes—mere business.

Mrs. Ly. Which, of course, you will attend to?

Lynx. Business *must* be attended to, my dear.

Mrs. Ly. Especially when the only business of a man is pleasure.

Lynx. Precisely.

Mrs. Ly. Then you *are* going out?

Lynx. I am.

Mrs. Ly. I think, on such a fine morning as this, you might, for once, take me with you?

Lynx. Certainly, my love, if you wish it.

Mrs. Ly. Ah! will he take me? *(Aside.)*

Lynx. Yet, now I think of it,—I have two or three places to call at, where I may be detained.

Mrs. Ly. I can wait for you.

Lynx. That will be so unpleasant: I shall be fidgetty at the thoughts of your becoming impatient, and half the little matters that I may have to arrange may escape my memory. You had better name to-morrow for our walk.

Mrs. Ly. You *won't* take me this morning?

Lynx. Not this morning.

Mrs. Ly. You *will* go out?

Lynx. I must.

Mrs. Ly. Very well, sir,—*(aside)* pernicious man, you will bitterly repent this treatment of me. There is some one in the hall.

Lynx. *(Looking off, l.)* They're your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Coddle; they will amuse you during the ten minutes that I require for dressing. What a strange couple—so oddly assorted; poor Coddle is the thinnest, chilliest man in the world. You must shut all your windows.

Mrs. Ly. His wife will immediately open them.

Lynx. She, poor thing, is so hot. When he is below freezing point, she is above fever heat.

Mrs. Ly. You must allow that they do endeavour to accommodate themselves to each other's foibles, and not oppose them, and use them as the means of tormenting, as *some* people do!

Lynx. We shall see.

[Enter Mr. and Mrs. CODDLE; CODDLE wrapped up in a great coat, over which is a spencer; a boa round his throat; a cravat covering his chin, and a Welsh wig on his head. MRS. CODDLE is dressed in thin white muslin.

Coddle. Ah, Mrs. Lynx!

Mrs. Cod. Good morning, my friends

Lynx. How d'ye do? How d'ye do?

Cod. I'm very cold—ugh! *(Shuddering.)*

Lynx. Quite well, Mrs. Coddle?

Mrs. Cod. Very well—but so hot. Phew! Pray open the windows and give me some air.

Cod. No don't, don't—I shall jump out of one of 'em, if you do. My inhuman wife would drag me from my warm fire-side this morning, although I told her there was an incipient easterly wind fluttering about. If it should blow in full force before I get home, I shall die.

Mrs. Cod. My dear love—'tis nothing but a fine refreshing breeze, and one that you ought to be very grateful for.

Cod. I tell you it is warmth that I want—warmth.

Mrs. Cod. And it's air that I want—fine, fresh, blowing, whistling air.

Cod. (*Shuddering.*) Ugh—don't dear; you chill me to the bone to hear you.

Lynx. Be seated, I beg. (*Crosses to L.*) Excuse me for a few minutes.

[*Exit Lynx, L.*]

Mrs. Ly. (*Aside.*) If he does go out, I'll follow him, watch him, and enjoy his disappointment.

Cod. You have a window open somewhere, Mrs. Lynx—pray shut it. I sat in a draught last week, that so completely fixed my head upon my shoulders, that I could'nt have moved it without turning my whole body at the same time, had it been to save my life.

Mrs. Cod. Merely a stiff neck, *Mrs. Lynx.*

Cod. All my wife's fault. I sat for five days in this attitude. (*Holding his head up stiffly.*) If I wanted to look at anybody on my left, I was obliged to turn my whole body thus. If any one spoke to me on my right, I could only attend to them by pivoting so. If I wished to see what was going on behind me, I was obliged to whirl round like a weathercock at a sudden change in the wind; but how d'ye think I managed my movements?

Mrs. Ly. I really can't guess.

Cod. 'Twas the only thing I could hit upon. I sat upon my wife's music-stool for five whole days. I ate, drank, lived and twirled upon a music-stool;—all through sitting in a draught—do shut your windows, there's a dear.

Mrs. Cod. You'll suffocate me some day, Coddle—I know you will. You don't know what a life I lead with him, Mrs. Lynx—five blankets in July—think o' that.

Cod. Highly necessary—we are more liable to take cold in hot weather, than in any other. I always have four colds, one rheumatism, and two stiff necks every July.

Mrs. Cod. What d'ye think he did a week ago, Mrs. Lynx? I had retired early: in the middle of the night I awoke in such a state of alarm—I really thought the room beneath us was on fire—the air of my apartment was so hot, so sultry, that I could not draw my breath; I gasped for air. What can be the matter I said to myself? Surely, I've been suddenly transported to the Indies, and there is a thunder-storm brewing. I rose—I opened the windows—

Cod. And almost killed me on the spot; there was a strong

north wind blowing at that moment—enough to wither one,—imprudent woman.

Mrs. Cod. 'Twas a fine bracing night breeze—but out of kindness to Coddle, I immediately closed the windows—Phew! Oh, gracious, had you but have felt the heat—I fainted away in the easy chair—Coddle rang the bell—the servants came—and, to my horror, we discovered that Coddle had clandestinely introduced a German-stove into the bed room, and there it was, red hot. Think what a person of my temperament must have endured! I've been ill ever since.

Cod. Dr. Heavysides recommended it; he said 'twas the only thing that could save my life, and rescue me from a threatened pulmonary complaint. I've had a wheezing cough ever since its removal—barbarous woman! (Coughs.)

Mrs. Cod. You seem dull, Mrs. Lynx.

Mrs. Ly. I'm not in very good spirits.

Mrs. Cod. Ah! we poor wives all have our little troubles.

Cod. And we poor husbands too. Mrs. Coddle wont let me wear a hair-skin comforter—did you ever hear of such cruelty?

Mrs. Cod. He thinks of nothing but his own personal ease.

Cod. I'm obliged; there's no one else thinks of it for me.

Mrs. Cod. He's the most apathetic creature living—no life, no passion, no impulse. I do like to see a husband subject to some little caprices of temper. If Coddle, now, were inclined to jealousy—and would scold me well—and throw things about, and go into a fury now and then, I should be the happiest woman in the world; but he wont—there he sits from mornin till night, as carefully wrapped up as an Egyptian mummy. I really think he is one; he is—he's King Cheops. (Aside to *Mrs. Lynx.*) Oh, Mrs. Lynx, I'd give the world to make him jealous. But what is the matter with you—have you had words with your husband?

Mrs. Ly. I confess that we have had a trifling disagreement this morning.

Mrs. Cod. How delightful!—Coddle, why don't you go into a passion, and knock me down?

Cod. My dear, if I were to go into a passion, and suddenly cool, as I know I should, the checking of the perspiration would be the death of me—I should die.

Re-enter LYNX, dressed for walking.

Lynx. Good morning, my friends! I am going to leave you; don't you hurry away on my account.

Mrs. Ly. There's no necessity for that; I shall be alone the whole day.

Mrs. Cod. (To *Mrs. Lynx.*) Ah! you are a happy woman in possessing such a husband! Look at him, Coddle; observe his manner—his air. Why don't you dress in that fashion?

Cod. Me! as thinly clad as Mr. Lynx is now—would you see me in my grave? Ugh! I shudder to look at him.

Mrs. Cod. I'm sorry that you are going out. (*To LYNX.*) I thought to have passed a very pleasant morning in your society.

Mrs. Ly. (*Aside.*) I'm certain there's an understanding between them. (*Watching them with suspicion.*)

Mrs. Cod. (*To LYNX.*) A word with you. (*She whispers LYNX, and laughs.*) Eh? Ha! ha! ha! it would be very droll, now—would it not?

Lynx. Ha! ha! very, indeed.

Mrs. Cod. I shall endeavour.—

Lynx. Do, do—rely upon me. Ha! ha!

Mrs. Cod. Ha! ha! ha!

Lynx. Adieu, my friends, adieu. Good morning, Mrs. L. If I do not return by five, you need not expect me till late.—Adieu. [*Exit L.*]

Mrs. Ly. May I ask, madam, why you whispered my husband?

Mrs. Cod. A mere matter of pleasantry.

Mrs. Ly. Indeed!

Mrs. Cod. He's the most charming creature living, is that husband of yours. I wish my poor drone was like him.

Mrs. Ly. I should be sorry to make your husband unhappy, madam.

Mrs. Cod. Do, do—make him wretched, there's a love—but for once.

Mrs. Ly. I don't comprehend you, madam—I can only observe, that your conduct to my husband a moment since, was as ill-mannered as it seemed suspicious.

Mrs. Cod. He's a fine spirited man.

[*Looking at CODDLE who is busy wrapping himself closely up.*]

Mrs. Ly. Indeed! pray, madam, what might be the subject of your whispers?

Mrs. Cod. I never betray confidence.

Mrs. Ly. Surely you are not that base woman, who, under the mask of friendship, seeks to ruin my peace? I have watched your behaviour before, madam, and I am now convinced there is some secret correspondence existing between you and my husband; and how Mr. Coddle can sit there, and affect to be blind to your actions, I am at a loss to conceive.

Cod. Blind—I affect to be blind—what is there to see, madam?

Mrs. Cod. (*Aside.*) This is delicious;—if Coddle would but listen to her.

Mrs. Ly. What is there to see?—quit my house, and from this moment I trust that neither of you will ever enter it again.

Cod. What have we done?

Mrs. Ly. (*To Mrs. CODDLE.*) I look upon you, madam, as a dangerous woman.

Cod. So she is, my night-caps are never thoroughly aired.

Mrs. Ly. And if your husband can countenance your con-

duct, I'm not so lost to every sense of self-respect as to submit to it.

Mrs. Cod. Bless me, Mrs. Lynx, what do you mean?

Cod. (Coming between them.) Don't, don't, pray don't excite me; if you get to words I must interfere, and any interference, at this moment, might be fatal.

Mrs. Ly. I shall not attempt to explain my insinuations—I only desire that you will leave me to myself, and that your visits here may be less frequent.

Mrs. Cod. Don't you stir from this house, Coddle, till you are perfectly convinced of the baseness of her inuendoes. Be jealous, and demand an explanation; if you don't, I'll tear the list from all the doors at home.

Mrs. Ly. Will you compel me to ring the bell?

Mrs. Cod. Go into a rage, Mr. Coddle.

Cod. I can't; (Mrs. LYNX throws open a window, R.) My love, we are in a thorough draught; that woman wants to destroy me. Let us leave the house, if you wish to see me alive an hour hence. Be satisfied—I'll call on Mr. Lynx, and demand an explanation.

Mrs. Cod. But one word more—

Cod. No, no, not one. Come, my dear—I've the rheumatics in my right shoulder already—I tremble from head to foot—I've taken cold, and you'll have to nurse me for a month. Come, dear, come. [Exit L., dragging off Mrs. CODDLE.]

Mrs. Ly. (Falling into a chair.) Wretched woman that I am, why did I ever give power to any man so to torment me? I'll now follow Mr. Lynx, and enjoy his disappointment.

Mrs. Cod. (Without.) Don't send up your name at present, the poor creature is in a rabid state.

Mrs. Y. (Heard without.) Mrs. Lynx wont mind us.

Mrs. Ly. (Looking off L.) Who is this? Mr. and Mrs. Young-husband!—how provoking—just as I'm going out. What can bring them here?—they are a couple that I can't endure; though married but three months, they are perpetually contradicting and annoying each other; if, now, they had suffered the five years of matrimony that I have, there might be some excuse for them; but to disagree so early in their career is sad indeed.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. YOUNGHUSBAND, L.

Mrs. Y. (Running to Mrs. LYNX, and taking both her hands.) How do you do, dear? don't mind me and Y. coming in so unceremoniously—we have called to give you some information.

Young. How can you talk so absurdly, Louisa? we have not called to give Mrs. Lynx any information.

Mrs. Y. For what, then?

Young. Merely to tell her that a person wishes to see her.

Mrs. Y. Well, that is information.

Young. No, it isn't.

Mrs. Y. Yes, it is.

Young. How can that be?

Mrs. Y. To tell any body of any matter, is to inform them; and to inform people, is, of course, to give them information. How you do contradict me!

Mrs. Ly. What, then, is the information that you bring me?

Mrs. Y. There, you hear, sir; Mrs. Lynx allows it to be information.

Young. It can't be.

Mrs. Y. But it is.

Young. It isn't; you have not informed Mrs. Lynx of any thing, yet.

Mrs. Y. I should have done so, if you had not interrupted and contradicted me, as you always do.

Young. Allow me to tell Mrs. Lynx—you must know, madam, that some years ago, my wife was sent to the boarding-school of Mrs. Dove, in Sussex—

Mrs. Y. No, it was in Kent.

Young. In Sussex.

Mrs. Y. In Kent, I tell you.

Young. If you aggravate me in this manner, I'll go home again.

Mrs. Ly. Well—well.

Mrs. Y. Last night, at a friend's house, we accidentally met Mr. and Mrs. Dove—when she informed us that she had given up her school, and was now in London for the purpose of collecting some old debts, and amongst the names of the persons that she had to call on, was that of Mr. Lynx—

Mrs. Ly. My husband?

Mrs. Y. Your husband.

Young. Louisa, how can you? why will you thus agitate Mrs. Lynx? you are not sure the Mr. Lynx, that Mrs. Dove is looking for, is the husband of our friend—we merely surmised that it was.

Mrs. Y. I tell you, I'm certain it is the same.

Young. You are not?

Mrs. Y. I am.

Young. It can't be the same.

Mrs. Y. It is.

Young. It isn't.

Mrs. Ly. Now, pray don't trifle with me; think of my dre^{ful} suspense—think of my feelings at this moment.

Mrs. Y. Mrs. Dove is now below, with her husband; shall I ask her to walk up?—then she can relate this strange circumstance herself.

Young. You ought first to tell Mrs. Lynx, who and what the people are, before you introduce them to her.

Mrs. Y. There is no necessity for it.

Young. There is.

Mrs. Y. There isn't.

Young. I tell you there is.

Mrs. Ly. Yes, yes—pray tell me.

Mrs. Y. Well, then—*Mrs. Dove*, you must know, was a widow, and formerly the mistress of a large boarding-shool; but has now retired, after marrying her footman. They are the oddest couple you ever met with. She is perpetually drilling her husband into politeness and correct pronunciation, which the poor man will never comprehend as long as he lives. Oh, had you but seen them last night! whenever a bell rang, poor *Mr. Dove* could scarcely help starting from his chair, and running to attend to it; and could only be checked by the alarming eyes of *Mrs. Dove*. Ha! ha!—Oh, those eyes—how they did remind me of my school-days! just the looks that she used to dart at us poor refractory girls.

Young. My dear, why don't you keep to that portion of the narrative most interesting to *Mrs. Lynx*; she don't want to hear of great eyes and refractory girls.

Mrs. Y. I am sure I have mentioned all that is necessary.

Young. You have not.

Mrs. Y. I have.

Young. You have not.

Mrs. Ly. Ask them to walk up, I shall then be satisfied.

Mrs. Y. (Calling.) Step up, *Mrs. Dove*, and bring your husband with you.

Young. There is no necessity for calling up *Mr. Dove*.

Mrs. Y. There is.

Young. There isn't.

Mrs. Y. There is.

Young. They are here; don't make a noise.

Mrs. Y. 'Twas you that made the noise.

Young. 'Twas not.

Mrs. Y. It was.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Dove.

Mrs. Y. *Mrs. Lynx*—*Mr. and Mrs. Dove*.—Will you be kind enough to relate to *Mrs. Lynx* the purport of your enquiry?

Mrs. Dove. The purport of my enquiry is to ascertain, whether the *Mr. Lynx*, that I am informed is residing here, is the identical person who, two years ago, placed a young lady under my care?

Mrs. Ly. A young lady! My husband place a young lady under your care?

Young. Nay, madam, before you distress yourself, you had better be assured that the *Mr. Lynx* alluded to, is your husband.

Mrs. Dove. The gentleman's christian cognomen was *Lionel*.

Dove. *Lionel Lynx*, Esquire.

Mrs. Dove. Silence, my dear!

Dove. That is what was on the trunk he sent to our house; that's all I know, my precious.

Mrs. Ly. The name is perfectly correct.

Mrs. Dove. I was told that he had been in the army——

Mrs. Ly. Right, madam.

Mrs. Dove. But had sold his commission, and *was* married.

Mrs. Ly. You are right, madam—it is the same; there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt but 'tis the same;—and this person that he placed with you, what was she?

Mrs. Dove. A young lady of great personal attractions.

Mrs. Ly. Ha!

Dove. She played the harp *divinely*.

Mrs. Dove. Divinely, dear—think of your v's.

Dove. Hang them *we's*—I shall never get over 'em.

Mrs. Dove. She was placed at my establishment, not so much with a view to education, as with reference to the meeting with a comfortable and respectable home at a moderate charge.

Dove. A hundred a year, and bring your own silver knife, fork, spoon, and six towels!

Mrs. Dove. Hush, love, we must forget the school now!

Mrs. Ly. I never heard of this.—Who could the girl have been? What was her age?

Mrs. Dove. At that time, seventeen.

Mrs. Ly. Her name?

Mrs. Dove. Harriet Seymour.

Mrs. Ly. Where is she now?

Mrs. Dove. That question I am quite incompetent to answer—she resided with me a year and a half, and at the end of that time suddenly disappeared.

Dove. We think she eloped, for every now and then somebody used to come and sing under the window, to such a degree that all the girls in the house went raving mad.

Mrs. Dove. Silence, dear.

Dove. Yes, darling.

Mrs. Dove. At the time of the young lady's disappearance there remained a small balance in my favour on her account, for extras, and of which I think it probable that Mr. Lynx is not aware.

Dove. Eight pound odd.

Mrs. Dove. Pounds, dear—speak in the plural.

Dove. Pounds, love.

Mrs. Ly. I'm in a maze—bewildered—who can this girl have been? Did she—did she seem attached to him?

Mrs. Dove. Very.

Dove. He called once, and I happened to enter the room quite promiscuously where they *was*—

Mrs. Dove. Where they were; *I was*—they *were*.

Dove. Where they were; and I saw the young lady a *dis-solving* away into tears upon his shoulder; I was then Mrs. D.'s footman!

Mrs. Dove. Henry!

Dove. Martha!

Mrs. Dove. How often have I told you never to touch—
Dove. Oh, la! Ah, I forgot.

Mrs. Ly. 'Twas some victim to his villainy, no doubt. How to discover the mystery—how to come upon him, when he may be unprepared for equivocation! I have it, my friends. (*To Mr. and Mrs. YOUNGHBUSBAND.*) If you should meet Mr. Lynx, let me implore you not to breathe a syllable of this matter to him—let me be the first to tell him. Pray oblige me by dining here to-morrow, (*to Mr. and Mrs. Dove,*) you shall then be introduced to my husband; and should it indeed be the person who placed that girl under your care, he cannot dare to deny it. You, my friends (*to Mr. and Mrs. Y.*) will also be here—nay, I will invite every soul that I am acquainted with, and publicly expose his villainy.

Mrs Dove. We will do ourselves that honour.

Mrs. Ly. To-morrow, at five.

Mrs Dove. We shall be punctual, Madam.

Dove. (*Aside to Mrs. D.*) You said you'd take me to the Jewological Gardens.

Mrs. Dove. We must defer it, my dear. (*Aside to Dove.*)

Dove. That's the way you always serve me—you never promise to take me any where, but I am continually disappointed.

Mrs. Dove. Pointed!

Dove. Pointed. You use me shameful, dear.

Mrs. Dove. Don't be an idiot, love.

Dove. You're a brute, precious.

Mrs. Dove. Henry! (*Looking fiercely at him.*)

Dove. Oh, them eyes—I never can answer 'em.

Mrs. Dove. Then to-morrow at five, Mrs. Lynx.

Mrs. Ly. I shall rely on you being here—you will not disappoint me?—

Mrs. Dove. Certainly not. Good morning, Madam.—Now, Henry, your arm.

Mrs. Ly. The servant shall see you to the door.

[*Mrs. LYNX pulls a bell-rope hanging by the side of the fire-place; a bell rings. DOVE suddenly starts, and is running confusedly as if to answer it, when MRS. DOVE checks him.*]

Mrs. Dove. My lamb, you forget yourself.

Dove. Deuce take them bells, I never can hear one without running to answer it.

Mrs. Dove. Good morning, Mrs. Lynx—Good morning, Madam,—Good morning, Sir—(*Curtsying profoundly to each.*)—Now, my dear,—(*aside to Dove,*)—don't forget to leave the room like a gentleman.

[*They approach the L. door, when they both make a profound obeisance, and go off. MRS. LYNX falls in a chair, hiding her face in her hands.*]

Mrs. Y. My dear Mrs. Lynx, pray don't allow this matter to affect you so seriously.

Young. Louisa, why do you check the feelings of our friend? you ought to be aware that tears are a great relief when one is suffering from mental agitation.

Mrs. Y. No, they an't; a pretty relief, indeed, to break one's heart with crying.

Young. It is a relief.

Mrs. Y. No it isn't—how do you know?—you never cry, you hardened creature.

Young. I prefer preserving my tears for a certain event.

Mrs. Y. Ah, when you lose me?

Young. Yes, dear.

Mrs. Y. That's the kindest thing you have said since our marriage.

Young. No, it isn't.

Mrs. Y. Yes, it is.

Young. It isn't.

Mrs. Y. It is.

Mrs. Ly. My dear friends—pray cease your bickering.

Mrs. Young. He will always contradict me.

Mrs. Ly. If you meet my husband, pray be silent on this matter, and be here to-morrow, I beg; and should I be compelled to take a desperate resource to conquer the feelings that now consume me, you will know how to pity and to pardon me.—(She sinks into a chair.)

Mrs. Y. Come, Frederick, we'll soon leave poor Mrs. Lynx; people don't like to have their sorrows intruded upon.

Young. We ought rather to stay and console her.

Mrs. Y. A charming consoler you are—how did you console me yesterday, when that frightful bonnet was sent home?

Young. 'Twas your own taste.

Mrs. Y. It was not.

Young. You insisted upon having a fall of blond in the front of it.

Mrs. Y. That is the thing I detest.

Young. It is the very thing that you ordered.

Mrs. Y. When I tried it on, you told me that I never looked so frightful in all my life.

Young. I didn't.

Mrs. Y. You did—I'll burn it when I go home.

Young. Indeed you shall not.

Mrs. Y. I will—and I'll wear my dirty yellow one to vex you. [Exit, L.

Young. Louisa! how can you be so absurd. Louisa, why don't you wait for me?—you're the most aggravating woman I ever met with.

Mrs. Y. (Without.)—I shall go home alone.

Young. You shall not.

[Rushing out L.]

Mrs. Y. I will.—(Without.)

Young. You shall not.—(*Without.*)

Mrs. Y. I will.

Young. You shall not.

Mrs. Y. I hate you.

Young. You don't.

Mrs. Y. I do.

Young. You don't.

Mrs. Y. I do.

[*The voices of Mr. and Mrs. YOUNG-HUSBAND are heard contradicting each other, till they gradually cease.*]

Mrs. Ly. I surely never felt the passion of jealousy till this moment; all my past suspicions have been mere faults of temper, compared with the restlessness, the wretched thoughts, and sinking of the heart, that I now endure. Who can this girl be? Where is she now? *He* knows full well—no doubt he visits her—may be at this moment in her society. I'll leave the house—him—all—for this agony is more than I can bear.

[*She is rushing out L. when LYNX appears.*]

Lynx. Where are you going in such haste?

Mrs. L. (*Controlling her feelings.*)—So soon returned!

Lynx. I had forgotten my purse.

[*Going to desk, on a table up the stage.*]

Mrs. Ly. I hope you have been gratified by your walk?

Lynx. Yes, perfectly.

Mrs. Ly. Of course you were not so much annoyed at your disappointment, but you sought amends in some more certain amusement?

Lynx. Yes, dear—I returned to you.

Mrs. Ly. You little thought that your note of assignation—your note of “mere business,” was written by me.

Lynx. It was, eh? And pray, what end has the paltry trick answered?

Mrs. Ly. Your immediate attention to it has convinced me of your perfidy.

Lynx. Indeed! Could you think of no better plan to convict me? (*Taking a chair.*)

Mrs. Ly. I have little occasion to tax my invention further, Sir; I now feel quite assured of my misery.

Lynx. Of what misery?

Mrs. Ly. The possession of a husband, who practices concealment. (*Aside.*) I did not intend to breathe a syllable of what I have heard; but I cannot resist. I must tell him—perhaps he may be guiltless. Lionel! is the name of Harriet Seymour known to you?

Lynx. (*Starting from his seat.*) Who has dared to utter that name to you? who has dared to breathe a word of that person?

Mrs. Ly. Ha ! now I am, indeed, firmly—wretchedly convinced. What, Sir ! your agitation leaves you defenceless ?—Where are your arts—your falsehoods—your equivocations, now ?

Lynx. Who has been here ?

Mrs. Ly. I shall not name.

Lynx. By heaven, you shall ! (Seizing her arm.)

Mrs. Ly. Hold, sir ! would you use violence ? Would you conceal your shame by rage ? Listen to me ! Ere I quite decide upon my course, I will give you one opportunity of justifying yourself—one chance of a full and fair explanation. Promise me to be at home to-morrow,—I will not, in the mean time, allude to this matter, by a single word ; no, no—till then I will conquer my feelings and be silent. I shall be sorry to proceed in the revenge that I contemplate ; but should I have cause—remember, 'twas your own hand that cast down the fire-brand here ; and if I do take it up, and set the home of our happiness in flames, you alone are to blame.

[Exit, r.

Lynx. What can she mean ? Does she threaten me with retaliation ? Who can have been here—through what channel can she have heard ? But I must avoid all explanation ; I dare not reveal aught connected with that unhappy girl.

Enter CODDLE, L.

Cod. Excuse my coming in so uncremoniously—I knew you were here—I saw you come home—merely called to oblige Mrs. Coddle. There's that window still open ; permit me to shut it. (He crosses to r. and pulls down the window.) Mrs. Lynx has hinted to my wife that a familiarity exists between you and her, and one that I ought not to shut my eyes to ; now, I candidly confess that I have opened them as wide as I can, and what Mrs. Lynx can possibly mean, I am at a loss to guess. But entirely to oblige my wife, I call here, at the risk of my life—as I did not intend to come out any more to-day—to ask, if such a familiarity really exists ? Mrs. Coddle demands it, for my own satisfaction. If I am not satisfied, she insists on my fighting you ; and if I am satisfied she is determined to make Mrs. Lynx beg her pardon. Now what is to be done ?

Lynx. My dear sir, you well know the temper of my wife, and the pains that she takes to make herself wretched. Be assured that her suspicions are groundless.

Cod. I know they are ; and I am convinced it has all originated in my wife's anxiety to excite me.

Lynx. A word with you.—(Bringing CODDLE forward)—I left you here when I went out this morning—did any one call during your stay ?

Cod. No one but Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband.

Lynx. (Aside.) Surely they can't have heard—no—no; yet they may. Ha! a thought strikes me. Sir, you have more than professed a friendship for me?

Cod. And have proved it, too. Didn't I visit you every week, when you lodged in that airy situation at Hampstead?

Lynx. My wife has, by some means yet unknown to myself, discovered my connexion with a young female.

Cod. Oh, you villain! why don't you wear a Welsh wig? you would escape all these troubles, then.

Lynx. I am compelled to avoid all explanation respecting her.

Cod. Well?

Lynx. 'Tis in your power to relieve me from my embarrassment.

Cod. In what way?

Lynx. This young female, I, some time since, placed at a country school for protection—

Cod. You rogue!

Lynx. She disappeared, and all trace of her had been lost.

Cod. Well!

Lynx. My wife has this moment mentioned her name.

Cod. Then, of course, she has discovered your trick?

Lynx. You must publicly declare this girl to be your own.

Cod. What!

Lynx. Your own daughter—and that to save your secret, I undertook her charge.

Cod. Bless you! what would Mrs. Coddle say? My dear boy, she'd murder me. I could not support such an assertion for the world; how could I ever look in my wife's face afterwards?

Lynx. With more confidence than were she to know—

Cod. What?

[LYNX *whispers* CODDLE, *who staggers back to a chair, in great alarm.*

Cod. I'm a dead man.

Lynx. I am in possession of more than you thought for, Mr. Coddle. Now, sir, you see the plot is not one of such very great difficulty to execute. If you will not assist me, I must proclaim—

Cod. Not a word, on your life—plunge me into a cold bath, make me sleep a whole night on the top of the Monument—compel me to do anything for which I have a horror—but breathe not a word of *that*—of *that*—

Lynx. Do then, as I request.

Cod. I will—I swear it—there—*(Falling on his knees.)*

Lynx. Save my secret, and I will preserve yours.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*An apartment in the house of Mr. Coddle; windows at the back with curtains; the doors are edged with list and leather. Table and chairs; an easy chair in the centre of the stage; Mrs. Coddle discovered at the table, a note in her hand.*

Mrs. Cod. How very odd! how very strange! though this note arrived last night, I have scarcely done anything since but read it. (*Reads.*) "My dear Mrs. Coddle, pray pardon the warmth of my temper that led me to use certain expressions to you, of which, at the time, I was not conscious—though now, on recollection of them, I express my sorrow. Forgive me, and dine with us at five to-morrow; do not disappoint me on your life, as I have a strong reason for inviting you; bring Coddle with you, of course. Sincerely yours, Emmeline Lynx." What a strange woman! who would suppose, that yesterday, she desired me to quit the house and never enter there again. Well, I'm resolved to go. What a length of time Coddle takes for dressing; 'tis now half-past four, and I have been ready this hour. (*She knocks at r. d.*) Coddle, you drone, make haste.

Cod. (*Within.*) I shall be ready immediately—I am now putting on my fourth waistcoat.

Mrs. Cod. And he wears *six*—how the man can exist in such a state, I know not; and what is the matter with him, I am equally at a loss to guess; he has been overpowered with nervous agitation, and in a high fever all the morning—has been talking in his sleep all night. I could only catch the words "Don't,—I'll say anything—declare anything—but don't,"—the man has something on his mind—what can it be?—He surely can't have committed any crime—a robbery, or a murder?—oh, the monster! I must question him.

Enter CODDLE, r. d., dressed for a dinner party.

Well, my dear, are you better?

Cod. Not much—I feel very faint.

Mrs. Cod. Give me your hand. (*CODDLE presents his hand timidly.*) Dear—dear—what burning fever you are in—your hands are like live coals; and what a pulse! (*Feeling his pulse.*) Heaven's, Samuel!—you are ill!

Cod. I am.

Mrs. Cod. And the cause is not so much bodily infirmity as mental anxiety.

Cod. Lord !—do you—do you think so ?

Mrs. Cod. You are fainting—let me open the windows.

Cod. No—no—not for worlds.

Mrs. Cod. What has caused this fever ?

Cod. I—I—don't know.

Mrs. Cod. Coddle, your mind is diseased.

Cod. My dear, don't speak to me in that fierce manner, yet make me tremble from head to foot.

Mrs. Cod. You pass'd a wretched night.

Cod. I did.

Mrs. Cod. You talk'd in your sleep.

Cod. No ! (Alarmed.) Did I—what did I say ?

Mrs. Cod. Sufficient to rouse my suspicions.

Cod. I have been criminating myself—'twas while I was dreaming of being hanged. (Aside.) What will become of me ?

Mrs. Cod. Tell me—what is this matter that has so suddenly disconcerted you ?

Cod. Ah !—she don't know—I breathe again.

Mrs. Cod. Answer me, sir ; what have you done ?

Cod. I—I—left off my life-preserving under-waistcoat, yesterday.

Mrs. Cod. Base equivocator—you shall have no rest, depend upon it, till I am perfectly acquainted with the cause of your agitation. I have watched your actions, sir, more than you are aware of ; 'tis something in which Mr. Lynx is concerned ; I observed you, when you returned from his house yesterday, you came home quite an altered man—you that were not to be roused by anything that did not interfere with your own immediate comfort, seemed suddenly to have changed your nature : the servant left your room door open, uncheck'd ; a broken pane close to your ear escaped your notice—you ate no supper—you ordered no fire in your bed-room—and your sleep was disturbed by sighs and groans, and words of guilt.—Ha ! I have made you tremble—now, sir, I shall leave you, and in the meantime you will do well to prepare for a confession that I am resolved to wring from you. (Aside.) I have shaken him from his lethargy at last.

[Exit L.

Cod. I am a lost man—I knew my day of reckoning would arrive. Mary suspects something, that's clear—um !—and I'm going out to dinner too—what a dinner it will be to me ; it must be a feast of poison, and a flow of woe—if my secret is preserved, my promise to Lynx must lead to a commotion.—Who can this girl be that I undertake to own ? Ha ! ha !—now I think of it, I am safe ; he dare not betray me, he is as much in my power as I am in his—yet how could he have discovered my unhappy situation ? He wont acknowledge that. No—no ; he considers that mystery adds to his stronghold upon me. I have borrowed a book of criminal jurisprudence from my attorney. I want to learn the utmost penalty of the law for my offence.

[He takes a book from his pocket and turns over the leaves.

Here it is—bigamy! (Reads.) “If guilty,”—what? “transportation for life.” Oh! (Falling in a chair.) Think of my being at Botany Bay—working night and day—summer and winter—in trousers without lining—only a shirt on my back—and a chain round my leg; no umbrella to put up when it rains, no such thing as a yard of Welch flannel within a thousand miles of me, and nothing aired for me—I should die—the first damp night would send me to the tomb of the Coddles—oh! (Shuddering.)

Re-enter Mrs. Coddle, introducing Mr. and Mrs. Dismal.

Mrs. Cod. Come in, come in; there is nobody here but Coddle.

Cod. Ah, Mr. Dismal!—I was thinking of you.

Mrs. Cod. Mr. and Mrs. D. have also received an invitation to dine at Lynx's to-day—and have called, in passing, to know if we were also going.

Mrs. Dis. How ill poor Mr. Coddle looks!

Dis. What is the matter with him?

Mrs. Cod. I'm sure I can't tell, he keeps the cause of his illness a profound secret.

Mrs. Dis. He's like me—he loves to pine in solitude, and brood over unrevealed sorrows.

Dis. You love to be a fool.

Mrs. Cod. Our friends are as much surprised at receiving an invitation from Mrs. Lynx as we were.

Mrs. Dis. For the last time we called there the poor woman thought proper to be jealous of *me*.

Dis. There was only that wanting to prove her madness.

Mrs. Dis. But she has a cause for her jealousy.

Dis. Certainly, when you are present.

Mrs. Dis. Didn't we see him, yesterday, following a young person past our house?

Dis. What of that? 'tis a natural impulse to which our sex are peculiarly subject.

Mrs. Cod. Except Mr. Coddle—were Venus herself to rise from the sea before him, he'd take to his heels for fear of catching cold from the foam.

Mrs. Dis. Tell Mr. Coddle the strange result of our inquiries, respecting Mr. Lynx's conduct.

Dis. Pooh! tell him yourself.

Mrs. Dis. The young person that we saw Mr. Lynx following, and striving to speak to, was joined by an elderly lady in black.

Cod. Eh! an elderly lady in black—'twas she, he told me she was in black. (Aside.)

Mrs. Dis. Of a very masculine appearance—Mr. Lynx seemed to enter into earnest conversation with her; when they parted,

the two ladies entered a boarding-house, next door to us; our servant, gossiping with the footman, there ascertained that the elderly lady in black—

Cod. Well —

Mrs. Dis. Had just arrived from Antigua —

Mrs. Cod. Where your property is situated. (*To CODDLE.*)

Mrs. Dis. That she had taken lodgings there for a short time, her object being to discover her husband, who had left her in the West Indies, and whose name, strange to say, was —

Cod. Oh !

[*CODDLE has started up during MRS. D's narrative, and is regarding her with intense curiosity, now falls back into his chair.*]

Mrs. Cod. What's the matter?—what's the matter?

Dis. He has fainted. —

Mrs. Dis. Here, here are my salts.

Dis. Open the windows—open the windows.

Mrs. Cod. No, no, you will kill him if you do.

[*DISMAL makes to the windows, but is checked by MRS. CODDLE; CODDLE, on hearing that the windows are to be opened, is about to start from his chair, but checks himself and resumes his position.*]

Mrs. Dis. Get him some water—ring the bell.

Mrs. Cod. Stay, stay, I'll go myself.

[*MRS. CODDLE runs off R. F. E. CODDLE suddenly starts up between MR. and MRS. DISMAL, and takes a hand of each.*]

Cod. As you love me—if you do not wish to see me lifeless at your feet, breathe not a syllable relative to the elderly lady in black—mention not her name.

Dis. 'Twas your own.

Cod. I know it, I know it—'tis a terrible secret; a story of horror and despair; when we are alone, you shall know all—but not a word now. I beg—I implore—I pray—ah, my wife! (*He falls back again into his chair.*)

Re-enter MRS. CODDLE, with a glass of water.

Mrs. Dis. He's better now.

Dis. Much better.

Cod. (*Affecting to revive.*) Considerably better.

Mrs. Cod. I don't wonder at your fainting, my only surprise is, that you can breathe at all in such an atmosphere; there's not a breath of air permitted to enter the room. Phew! I'm stifled; excuse me a moment, my friends, I wish to speak to

Coddle alone. (*DISMAL and his wife are going.*) No, no—don't leave the room.

Cod. (*Aside.*) What can she be going to say?

Mrs. Cod. Samuel!

Cod. My love!

Mrs. Cod. Surely your agitation, and your sudden faintness cannot arise from any apprehension?

Cod. Of what?

Mrs. Cod. That this elderly lady in black, is ——

Cod. No, no, no—oh, dear! no, no.

Mrs. Cod. You anticipate me—not what?

Cod. Not—I don't know? what were you going to say?

Mrs. Cod. I have very strange and very terrible suspicions—'tis surely no poor creature that you, in the hey-day of your youth ——

Cod. No, no, no—my dear! How can you think—how can you dream of such a thing? I never had any hey-day—never; don't think that of me. Come, come—let us go to Lynx's to dinner. Get ready, dear; get ready.

Mrs. Cod. I strongly suspect you.

[*Mrs. CODDLE goes up the stage, and throws a shawl on her shoulders.*]

Cod. What will become of me? If I escape the imputation of bigamy, the subject of that girl will be sufficient to bring my wife's vengeance on my head; I'll run and drown myself in a warm bath. I'll—no, no—I must rouse, I must rouse; I must summon all my courage—all my fortitude—and bring out what little of the devil I have left in me.

Mrs. Cod. Now, Coddle, I'm quite ready.

Cod. So am I. (*Putting on his hat.*) Come along, I shall be very gay to-day; you will wonder what possesses me. I shall be so gay; come, Mrs. Dismal, take my arm, my dear, 'tis bad taste to walk with one's wife. D., look to Mrs. Coddle!

Mrs. Cod. The man's mad ——

Dis. Raving.

Cod. You shall see me to advantage to-day; I feel a new man; you may open all the doors and windows in the house. I'll do anything desperate to-day—walk to Lynx's without my coat, hat, anything—come, my love.—Come, Dismal.—Fol de rol, de rol lol. [*CODDLE dances off with Mrs. DISMAL, L.*]

Mrs. Cod. Mad!

Dis. Gone, quite gone.

[*Exit following.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room at LYNX's.*

Enter MRS. LYNX, R.

Mrs. Lynx. The time has almost arrived that will either believe me 'rom the dreadful suspense that I now endure, or

plunge me still deeper into misery; since yesterday I have scarcely uttered a word in his presence; I have religiously adhered to the resolution that I would not touch upon a subject, that has so filled me with conflicting emotions; but to-day, in an hour, I shall know the worst; and if he be the guilty one that I am madly certain he is, his friends and the world shall know how I have been wronged, and for what purpose I have assembled them here. (*Produces a letter.*) Were it not for tokens like these, I should almost think that I had ceased to charm—had ceased to be looked upon even with interest, by the meanest of earth's creatures; here is one that tells me he loves me; my husband once told me so, but then I was younger and had a free heart to give; that now, alas, is gone for ever; here is one who offers me wealth—splendour and affection—if I will forsake a husband that slighted me—that torments and maddens me—what shall I do? I have now the means of revenge—of a full and bold revenge. Shall I use them but to awe my husband, or shall I listen, and so make him rue the day that he first roused my jealousy? But he may not be guilty—this girl may have no claim on him—beyond one of compassion or kindness. I may have suspected wrongly, and he may still have a lingering love for me, that may one day revive in all its early strength; and then, were I to know him innocent, and myself the only guilty one, I should go mad—should die—should—oh, heaven! help me.

[*She falls exhausted by her feelings, in a chair; Mr. and Mrs. Dove heard, L.*

Mrs. Dove. Now, my dear Henry, mind your behaviour.

Mrs. Ly. Ah! those people have arrived; my husband has neither seen them, nor heard of their having been here. I shall watch him well when they first meet

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Dove, L.

Mrs. Dove. Good day to you, madam—I hope you find yourself in perfect health?

Dove. (*Bowing.*) Good day, madam, feel yourself pretty well?

Mrs. Dove. Henry, my dear, silence.

Mrs. Ly. I am obliged to you for being so faithful to your promise.

Mrs. Dove. 'Tis the height of ill-manners to disappoint one's friends in an *invite* to dinner.

Dove. And very stupid too—to refuse *wittles*.

Mrs. Dove. Henry, my dear—

Dove. My darling, you never will let me talk.

Mrs. Dove. Not till you know how, my love.

Dove. But my dear, if you don't let me practise, how am I ever to enquire the art?

Mrs. Dove. Acquire, verb active, to gain; inquire, verb neuter, to ask questions—acquire the art.

Dove. Acquire the *hart*?

Mrs. Dove. Don't aspirate, love.

Dove. Oh, bother, dear.

Mrs. Ly. Let me beg of you not to allude to this young person till after dinner, I will then lead the conversation to that subject—and then I hope you will freely and truly state all that you may know respecting her.

Enter LYNX, R.

Lynx. Emmeline, I—(*Seeing Dove and his wife.*)—What the mystery is now clear—that woman has traced me—has told my wife, but my secret is safe.

Mrs. Dove. Ah, Mr. Lynx, how d'ye do?—surprised to see me here, no doubt?

Lynx. No, madam—no.

Mrs. Dove. 'Tis some time since we met.

Lynx. Almost a year, I think.

Dove. Eleven months! I ought to know, because we warn't united when Mr. Lynx used to give me half a crown for—

Mrs. Dove. Henry—

Mrs. Ly. I was informed that you knew these good people?—(*To LYNX.*)

Lynx. Oh yes, my dear—they are my very old friends.

Mrs. Ly. Then I am happy in being the cause of renewing a friendship that seems so warm on either side; come, Mr. Dove, lead me to the dining-room—our friends have arrived, no doubt. Mr. Dove, will you favour me with your arm?

Dove. Eh! (*Looking confused at his wife.*) What am I to do?

Mrs. Dove. Give Mrs. Lynx your arm.

Mrs. Ly. Lionel, will you bring Mrs. Dove?

Lynx. (*Offering his arm to Mrs. Dove.*) Certainly.

Dove. (*Leading off Mrs. LYNX, L.*) Well, I declare, this is genteel life.

Mrs. Dove. Thank you, sir, you are very kind.

[*LYNX leads off Mrs. Dove, L.; CODDLE looks on, R., quite pale.*

Cod. I have been running all over the house to look for Lynx,—I thought I heard his voice here—how I tremble! he must know that Mr. and Mrs. Dismal have seen that wretched woman—though they have promised secrecy, yet I cannot expect they will be always silent.

Re-enter LYNX.

Oh, my friend! I have been looking for you—they are all at dinner, but I can't eat in the state of mind I am in. Mr. and Mrs. Diamal saw you talking to her.

Lynx. To whom ?

Cod. The elderly lady in black.

Lynx. They did ?

Cod. Don't—don't look so astonished, you frighten me.

Lynx. They surely will not talk of it ?

Cod. They have promised to be secret, but what will be my feelings, in their presence !—when either of them speak, I shall die with apprehension.

Lynx. Leave it to me ; we will see this woman to-morrow, and make some arrangement with her.

Cod. I'll say anything—do anything—give anything—only conceal the affair from my wife.

Lynx. Depend upon me—and be at peace. But be sure you do not equivocate in the question of this girl. The school-mistress with whom she lived is now here—at my very table. Remember ! I, at your request, placed the girl under her care.

Cod. Yes.

Lynx. Because you did not dare confess to your wife that you had incurred such a responsibility,—but now you are anxious to acknowledge her.

Cod. What will Mary say ?

Lynx. Remember, you have sworn it.

Cod. I have, but tell me—who is this girl ?

Lynx. That is a mystery that I dare not disclose, even to you.

Cod. Bless me ! what two reprobates we are.

Lynx. Come to the drawing-room, I must make some excuse for your leaving the table. Now, be bold.

Cod. Yes, yes.

Lynx. Do not equivocate.

Cod. No, no.

Lynx. On your moral courage depends your own safety, and my happiness.

Cod. I know it, I know it.

Lynx. And the least appearance of timidity may ruin us ; now, are you ready ?

Cod. Wait a moment.

[*Buttoning his coat up to his throat with great resolution.*

When I expect to be excited, I like to be guarded against taking cold—against the effects of draughts and currents of air. My courage is rising—it's up—now I'm ready—give me your arm—there, look at me ! Did you ever see a finer illustration of desperate courage ? Never.—Now to the field of action—to mortal strife—and death or victory.

[*Exit, dragging off LYNX, L.*

SCENE III.—*A drawing room ; in the centre a large loo-table, on which is set out a complete dessert ; all the party are discovered ; CODDLE occupies the R. corner, in an easy-chair ;*

MRS. LYNX is seated beside him; next to her is MR. YOUNG-HUSBAND and MR. DISMAL; MRS. DOVE and MR. LYNX sit together, MRS. DISMAL next to him; then MRS. CODDLE and MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND; MR. DOVE occupies the L. corner.

All. (But CODDLE and LYNX.) Astonishing! to keep the matter a secret so long. Strange! strange!

Lynx. Now, let us drop the subject. Mrs. Coddle, I trust that you will not respect or love your husband the less, for this late disclosure?

Mrs. Cod. Oh! no, no; I merely feel hurt that he should have thought it necessary to have concealed the circumstance. Had I been a violent, jealous, bad-tempered woman, there might have been some cause for secrecy; but as every body knows what a kind, indulgent creature I really am, he might have made me his confidant! and the poor girl should have been brought home. Where is she now?

Lynx. Quite safe, depend upon it; I will explain all at another opportunity.

Mrs. Ly. (Aside.) Falsehood, all falsehood! I'm convinced.

Lynx. (To his wife) Now, my dear, I trust you are perfectly satisfied; and in this instance, I hope, you will confess that you were in error.

Mrs. Ly. Certainly, as I have no opposing evidence to the veracity of your story; though, still, I think it very—very strange, that you should have so troubled yourself on Mr. Coddle's account, if 'twere a mere act of friendship; the most famed heroes of antiquity have never been surpassed.

Coddle. Ha! ha! now I feel happy; now my mind is at ease, and I'll be comfortable. How that Mrs. Dismal fixes her eyes on me! Now fill your glasses; Mr. Dove, take care of your lady.

Dove. Yes, yes! [A knock and ring heard.

Lynx. Some arrival. [Dove jumps up and runs off, L.

Mrs. Dove. (Starting up,) Henry, come back. I declare the man has gone to the door. Henry!

DOVE re-enters.

Dove. The door's opened; there's an individual —

Mrs. Dove. Sit down, my dear, sit down.

Dove. (Aside,) I never shall get over answering the door, when a knock comes. [Voices heard without in altercation.

A voice. You mistake; you do, indeed!—You mistake.

Cod. (Apprehensively,) What is it?

Dove. An individual —

Mrs. Dove. Silence, Henry!

Mrs. Ly. (Rising,) The servant is in altercation with some one at the door; who can it be?

Lynx. (Rising,) Ring the bell.

MARRIED LIFE.

Mrs. Lynx. No, no—I'll go myself. [Exit.
Cod. I have a horrid presentiment of evil; a moment since I was glowing like a furnace, with joy—and now I freeze again with terror.

Mrs. Cod. What's the matter, dear? do you feel cold?

Cod. Yes—yes, ugh! (Shuddering.)

Mrs. Cod. And I'm dying for air.

Mrs. Young. So am I, Mrs. Coddle

Young. I am sure you are not.

Mrs. Young. I am.

Dismal. Shall I open the folding doors?

Cod. No—no!

Dove. I feel very languishing.

Mrs. Dove. Henry! languid.

Dove. Languid!—how she does take me up before people.—

(Aside.)

Cod. Hush! here's Mrs. Lynx.

MRS. LYNX re-enters, a letter in her hand. *CODDLE* regards her with anxiety. *MRS. LYNX* is trembling with agitation.

Mrs. Ly. It was—it was as I suspected, a black falsehood.

Lynx. What is the matter?

Cod. I shall fall flat on the floor, something is going to happen.

Mrs. Ly. (To *LYNX*.) Restrain your curiosity, sir; you will know all in a moment, there is a lady below.

Cod. I thought so.

Mrs. Ly. An elderly lady in black.

Cod. I'm a dead man.

[Falling back in his chair, in utter despair.

Mrs. Ly. She tells me that her name is Coddle ——

Mrs. Cod. (Starting up.) What!

Mrs. Ly. (Pointing to *CODDLE*.) And that she is that man's wife.

Cod. (Groaning.) Oh! I wish I could vanish through the floor.

Mrs. Ly. This letter is for you, madam.

Mrs. Cod. For me!

[She tears the letter open, a marriage certificate falls on the floor.

What is this?—Oh, I can't read it—I shall faint, I have no power to read, pray take it—some one, Mr.—any body—pray read it.

[She holds out the letter, *Dove* takes it.

All. (but *CODDLE* and *Mrs. Dove*.) Read it, Mr. Dove.

Dove. I—I can't read.

Mrs. Dove. Henry—how can you so expose yourself?

Dove. You read it, ma'am.

[*Giving it to MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND.*

Mrs. Y. Shall I read it, *Mrs. Coddle*?

Mrs. Cod. Yes, yes, aloud—aloud—let the whole world hear it.

Mrs. Y. (*Reading.*)—“Madam, the writer of this is an injured woman—the monster—

Cod. That's me—oh—

Mrs. Y. “The monster to whom you are married, has another wife. I am that person; the enclosed is a copy of my marriage certificate—’tis dated twenty years back; my object in coming to England is to claim a maintenance, and expose the villain.

“Your obedient servant,
‘Belvidera Coddle.’”

All. Bless me! dear, dear, dear! What a wretch—what a monster!

Mrs. Ly. The poor woman had better be asked up.

Cod. (*Springing from his chair.*) No, no! I'd sooner face a thousand fiends than look once again on that dreadful being. My dear, my love!—(*to his wife*)—you don't know what I have suffered—what I have endured through that woman! In the first place, I was decoyed—trapped; she left me—I once thought she was dead—but—

Mrs. Cod. (*Rising with dignity.*) Silence, Samuel! you have deceived me; I could have pardoned anything but this. As to the subject of the poor girl, that you have stated belongs to you, that I freely forgave.

Mrs. Ly. (*Violently.*) 'Tis false, *Mrs. Coddle*! I asked the question of the bearer of that letter—I thought that she might be the parent of the girl—but, no, no; your husband has but supported mine in a falsehood; he never had a daughter. And you, sir,—(*to Lynx*)—are discovered and laid bare; but I shall leave you this day, for ever.

All. Nay, nay.

Mrs. Cod. And I shall quit my wretch.

[*She advances to CODDLE, who buries his face in his hands.*

From this moment, sir, we separate; go to your wife, the woman who lawfully claims you, and never look me in the face again. We were an ill-assorted pair from the first; but your affected apathy is now accounted for—it arose from an evil conscience. Cold-hearted, deliberate deceiver! farewell for ever!

[*Mrs. CODDLE rushes out, L.*

Cod. Mary, come back; come back; hear me.

[*He runs to the L., but suddenly stops.*

I dare not follow her; I shall meet the other. No, no; I must fly—I must leave the country—’tis now no home for me.

Lynx. Sit still, my friend; be composed.

Cod. I can't—I'll leave the house—I'll—Ah, this door—*(pointing R.)*—leads to the canal; I'll drown myself—I'm desperate enough—the sun has been on the water all day, so I've nothing to fear—I am resolved upon my course—*felonie*, nothing else—adieu, my friends—I'm a discovered, a guilty monster—and this is the last time that you will ever see the distracted, wretched, Samuel Coddle.

[*CODDLE* *rushes off*, R.

Mr. Young. (*Starting up.*) The man will drown himself!

Mrs. Y. No, he wont;—sit still; you will only make matters worse.

Dis. Sit still all of you—I know him—when he comes in sight of water, his courage will cool; sit still.

Mrs. Dove. Shall my dear Dove follow him?

Dove. I can't swim, duck!

Dismal. No, no; sit still.

Mrs. Ly. What, sir—not a word! quite confounded!

[*Who has kept her eyes fixed on her husband throughout the scene.*]

Lynx. Emmeline!—*(Rising)*—appearances, I confess, are against me; but you know not all. You know not the cause which compels me to this course; be patient.

Mrs. Ly. I have been patient long enough, and will endure no more; this is the last moment that I pass under your roof.

Lynx. Are you mad? will you hear me?

Mrs. Ly. No, sir.

Lynx. If you once quit the house, we never meet again.

Mrs. Ly. That is my wish.

Lynx. Be warned—if you leave me now—it *must*—it *shall* be for ever.

Mrs. Ly. It is, sir, for ever.

[*Rushes out*, L. *All the company rise.*]

Lynx. Nay, nay, keep your seats, my friends—keep your seats. I will not have a soul stir a foot to expostulate with her; let her take her own course. I have been in error, I confess; but not to the extent that she supposes; her causeless jealousies—her unceasing suspicions have wearied me, and she is free to go—pray do not be disturbed on my account—make yourselves happy; I am sorry that our meeting should have ended thus—but my wife is to blame—she would not hear—would not listen to me, and now—*(Aside.)*—I leave this house, never to return.

[*Exit R.*]

Dove. Now he's gone—shall I follow him, love?

Mrs. Dove. No, no; sit still, dear.

Mrs. Y. Call him back! Mr. Lynx!—*(Calling)*—he'll do himself a mischief—I know he will.

Young. He wont, sit still—if you follow and torment him.

as you do me, sometimes—you will, indeed, drive him to desperation.

Mrs. Y. I follow and torment you, sir?

Young. You do—often—often.

Mrs. Y. You're an aggravating man, and—

Mrs. Dove. (Rising.) Nay, nay; dear, dear; pray don't get to words—my darling, Henry, hand that lady some wine; sit still, there's a dear.—(To *Mrs. YOUNGHUSBAND*)—Emulate Mr. Dove and me, we never utter a cross word to each other—do we, dear?

Dove. No, love. (Handing wine to *Mrs. YOUNGHUSBAND*.)

Mrs. Y. Take it away, sir, I don't want wine. Oh, sir, you need not sit there looking so fierce. (To *YOUNGHUSBAND*)—was certain we should have a disagreement before the day was out; you contradicted me about my silver thimble—you insisted that aunt Sarah gave it me.

Young. So she did.

Mrs. Y. She didn't—'twas uncle Tolliday gave it me.

Young. 'Twas aunt Sarah.

Mrs. Y. Uncle Tolliday.

Young. You're a provoking woman.

Mrs. Y. You're a hideous man.

Young. I'm going home.

Mrs. Y. I am not. I shall never go nome any more.

Young. That wont break my heart.

Mrs. Y. Your heart! you never had one.

Young. I had once.

Mrs. Y. Never.

Young. You drive me to madness! I shall go home; and I can only tell you, madam, since you threaten me, that when you arrive there, you will receive no welcome from me.

Mrs. Y. Do you mean that?

Young. I do.

Mrs. Y. Then I'll go to my aunt Sarah;—he shall never see me again, an aggravating creature. How I could ever marry him, I can't think! It was uncle Tolliday that gave me the silver thimble—I know it was; but he *will* contradict me. He does it on purpose to vex me—and oppose me—and worry me—and break my heart; but I'll go this moment to my aunt's, and I'll never—never set foot in his house again.

[*Exit, L.*

Mrs. Dove. Dear, dear! what wretched lives some people do lead, don't they, love?

Dove. Yes, dear.

Mrs. Dis. (To *DISMAL*.) Just like you brutes of men—it's quite heart-breaking to see how we poor creatures are treated!

Dis. What is it to you; nobody ill-treats you!

Mrs. Dis. You do; I've been sitting here for this hour and you have never spoken a word to me.

Dis. I had nothing to say.

Mrs. Dis. And though you know how fond I am of the wing of a fowl, you would send me a leg at dinner.

Dis. You women always want the wing.

Mrs. Dis. I'm a wretched woman.

Mrs. Dove. My dear Henry, can't you console poor Mrs. Dismal?

Dove. Oh yes, love! have a apricot, ma'am?

Mrs. Dove. An apricot—Henry, dear, you mis-apply your indefinite article.

Dove. Do I?—console the lady yourself, love.

Mrs. Dis. The fact is—I had no business to marry you.

Dis. Now you speak the truth, we both ought to have known better; when people have lived single for fifty years, they should learn to look on matrimony as a misery they have luckily escaped.

Mrs. Dis. You need not allude to my age, sir, before people.

Dis. What does it matter? who cares how old you are? you're fifty odd—so am I; and we have been married a year and a half—more fool I—more fool you.

Mrs. Dis. (Crosses L.) I'm going home.

Dis. Well, go.

Mrs. Dis. Don't you intend to come with me?

Dis. No.

Mrs. Dis. You're an unkind man, and if we never meet again—I sha'n't be sorry.

Dis. Then the gratification will be mutual.

Mrs. Dis. Indeed! I shall take you at your word, sir—
(Going)—but, remember, all my property is settled on myself.

[Exit L.]

Dis. Serves me right—after living a bachelor fifty years, I had no right to alter my situation, but I'll apply for a divorce—I will—'twill be granted too; I've an excellent plea—mutual insanity.

[Exit R.]

Dove. Well—now all the people have gone, I've something to say—and something that I mean, too; I wont be taken up, as I always am, before people.

Mrs. Dove. What do you mean, Henry, by being taken up?

Dove. Why—altering my pronunciation every minute, as you do.

Mrs. Dove. How can I calmly sit and hear my husband commit himself in every syllable that he utters? respect for you and for myself, renders it necessary that I should correct you.

Dove. Well, I don't like it—and I warn you not to result me again.

Mrs. Dove. Insult you.

Dove. Well, insult me again—you know how violent I am when I'm exaggerated.

Mrs. Dove. When you're exasperated.

Dove. Well, what's it matter! you perfectly compromise my meaning.

Mrs. Dove. Henry—Henry—I will not hear you make use of such language. Had I been aware that you were so illiterate—I would have broken my heart ere I would have married you—

Dove. Yes—you never used to find fault with my language when we used to sit under the apple-tree of an evening.

Mrs. Dove. That I should not have seen the absurdity of uniting myself with one so opposite to me!

Dove. Opposite to you!—you never would let me be opposite to you; you was never easy but when I was by your side; you know you wasn't!

Mrs. Dove. But love is blind—

Dove. Yes, and deaf too, if I may judge from my own situation; just as if you couldn't have found out my pronunciation then as well as now. I know'd there was a great contract between us.

Mrs. Dove. Contrast! besides, you are so stupid; you could not, during dinner, hear a bell or a knock at the door, but you must be running to answer it. I sat on thorns for you.

Dove. Well, then, that was werry kind of you. I wouldn't do such a thing for my father; but don't call me stupid—if you talk of bad language, what's that, I wonder? Good bye!—you wont see me again, in a hurry.

Mrs. Dove. Where are you going?

Dove. I don't know where I am going, nor I don't care; you've wounded me in a tender pint.

Mrs. Dove. Point! —

Dove. Point!—and I don't care if I never see you again.

Mrs. Dove. (Taking his hand.) Henry!

Dove. Let go my hand, Martha; I mean what I say; and don't follow me, because I wont be follow'd.

Mrs. Dove. You cannot intend to be so base?

Dove. I do—you've put me in a passion, and when I am in a passion I'm *dissolute*. [Exit, *sc.*]

Mrs. Dove. Resolute!—(Calling after him)—Cruel Henry! I shall faint—Help! Henry!—Water!—oh! oh!

[She faints in a chair, and the drop falls.

ACT III:

SCENE I.—A meanly furnished room; a door in the flat, & ; in the second entrance L. a door bolted; the window shutters of the room are put up. Table and chairs, two candles burning. A knock heard at L. D.; after a pause, CODDLE peeps out of the door in flat.

Cod. Who can that be? I told the woman of the house on no account to admit a soul, or to tell any one who had taken her rooms; but if she should be obliged to confess, to give out that a half-crazy gentleman occupies them, who will not allow a creature to approach him but herself. I think I am safe here, nobody knows me; I've changed my name, I have paid a month's rent in advance, have closed and fastened the shutters and door, and intend to live in future by candle-light; so here I am alone—(*sitting in a chair*)—with two wives claiming me, yet alone, that's something. What a night I have passed! One minute trembling with apprehension, the next with cold; the loose windows rattling all night like the chains of a sleepless felon—nothing but draughts all over the room, and a corner house too, its edges worn away by the wind constantly whistling round it—ugh!—(*Shuddering—a knocking heard L. D.*)—It must have been the landlady that knocked; she thought I was asleep, no doubt, so wouldn't disturb me; how cold I am—there is a terrible wind somewhere. This is the most miserable place I ever was in in my life; where can that rush of air come from? I must find out, here's my tow—(*going to table*)—with this and a skewer, I can stop every crevice.

[*He goes round the room with a lighted candle; he holds it before a crevice in the flat; the flame of the candle waves.*

Ah, here's the place—a thorough draught, enough to kill me.—*The candle goes out.*)—It has blown the candle out; what a horrid place!

[*He hammers some tow into the crevice; while thus employed, a knocking is again heard at the L. D. CODDLE starts, the hammer falls from his hand.*

Who's there? 'tis the foot step of a man, it is not the

landlady;—(*He creeps to the L. D. and listens*)—officers of justice, perhaps, who have dogged me here,—hush!

[Listens again—a loud knock makes him start away from the door.

Shall I answer? I will—I must—this suspense will drive me mad—who—who's there?

Lynx. (Without.) My dear fellow, open the door.

Cod. Oh, it's my excellent friend, Lynx.

[He runs to the door and unbolts it. Come in, come in; quick, quick.

[LYNX enters; CODDLE immediately closes the door again and bolts it.

Now what's the matter? how did you find me out? what brought you here? any of the police after me? any warrant granted? Speak, speak.

Lynx. No, no, calm your fears.

Cod. Was it you that knocked at the door, a few minutes ago?

Lynx. Yes, yes, and I thought you were dead, as I could get no reply; you are as difficult to come at as a grand sultan.

Cod. I am a grand sultan, I rejoice in a plurality of wives. Oh, that Turkey, what a blessed country! where bigamy is a virtue, and a man's consequences is rated not by the number of voices he can command in a parliament, but by the number of wives he can command at home. But tell me, how did you discover my retreat?

Lynx. You certainly could not expect to remain here unknown.

Cod. Why?

Lynx. The house not only belongs to an inspector of the police, but a Bow-street officer occupies the floor above you.

Cod. Oh! I am a doomed man. (*Falling into his chair.*)

Lynx. The woman of the house gave me your whole history, when I called a quarter of an hour ago. I expect two or three of our friends here in a moment. Dismal, I have left at the door.

Cod. Which do you think the easiest method of quitting life?

Lynx. Quitting life!

Cod. Aye, of committing suicide?—hanging, poisoning, suffocation, drowning, or the pistol? For to one of these escapes from my terrors, I am determined to apply;

Lynx. Then you have not seen your wife?

Cod. Which?

Lynx. Your second?

Cod. Not since we parted at your house yesterday. I can never face her again. How is Mrs. Lynx?

Lynx. She has left me.

Cod. Left you!

Lynx. I am not in search of her, for this morning I have received intelligence that leaves me at liberty to confess more respecting that girl than I have hitherto dared to tell.

Cod. That girl! my adopted daughter, you mean?

Lynx. I do; to this alone is my wife indebted for my seeking her. I would rather have died, than have been the first to advance one step towards a reconciliation, after her deliberate attempt yesterday at publicly exposing me.

[A knock heard again at L. D.

Cod. There's somebody else, who can it be?

Lynx. 'Tis no doubt, Dismal, our brother in misfortune.

Cod. Misfortune!

Lynx. He and his wife have also separated; indeed, I hear that of the whole party of married people that sat down to my table yesterday, not one couple are now living together.

Cod. They found my example so very pleasant, I suppose, they could not resist following it. (Knocking again.)

Young. (Withouts) Open the door, we wish to see you.

[LYNX unbolts the door; YOUNGHUSBAND and DISMAL enter.

Young. (To CODDLE.) Ah, my friend, we have found you out at last.

Dis. Mr. Dove is below, and wants to see you.

Cod. He sha'n't come in, I wont have any more visitors. I came here to conceal myself, and here is my whole circle of acquaintance around me already; well, sit down, sit down, as you are here. (They all sit.) What poor unhappy wretches we all are!

Young. For my own part, I freely confess, that I never was more miserable in all my days, and really begin to think that a wife is an indispensable comfort.

Cod. Where you've but one. 'Tis a comfort so peculiarly singular, that once pluralized, it is destroyed.

Dis. I had no idea that a restless night, by myself, could have made me think so favourably of Mrs. Dismal.

Lynx. Ah, my friends—absence, like death, leads us to dwell on the better qualities of those that are away.

Cod. And the heart that can then but refer to faults, is one of which we ought to be ashamed. If the second Mrs. Coddle had but consulted my comforts a little more than she did, and not look'd for raptures and passions in one, who had them not in his nature—she would have been a divinity.

Young. My wife's great fault is her perpetual proneness for contradiction; were she to qualify her opposition, by presuming that I mistake, or by merely thinking that I am wrong, I

should be satisfied ; but her flat contradictions on every subject are unbearable, and I wont put up with it ; she sometimes makes me quite furious, zounds !

Dis. My wife's great defect is her want of cheerfulness ; and expecting me every moment to be petting her like a Dutch pug. I can't fondle, and be continually my dearing ; my amiable moments are periodical.

Cod. We are all wretched creatures ; and I'm the most wretched among you ; you may be reconciled some day or other, but for me—I am without hope.

[*A knocking at the door, L.*

Hush !—who's there ? (*Going to the door.*)

Dove. (Without.) It's me.

Cod. Who ?

Dove. Mr. H. Dove.

Cod. You can't come in.

Dove. I want to speak to Mr. Coddle, on a *pint* of vast *pro-*
minence to him.

Dis. I forgot to tell you, he was asking for you when I came up ; he says that he has something to relate respecting your first wife.

Cod. What can it be ? Shall I let him in ?

Lynx. Yes, yes !

[*CODDLE opens the door ; Dove enters ; CODDLE closes the door again and bolts it.*

Dove. Ha ! how d'y'e do, gentlemen all ? We meet, again, under very *conspicuous* circumstances.

Cod. Sit down, sir.

[*Placing a chair, and going to his seat.*

Dove. We're all bachelors again, I hear ! I an't seen Mrs. Dove since yesterday ; she worked upon my feelings, and *aspirated* me to that degree, that I went and got *cummy fo* ; and now I am afraid to go home.

Cod. Well, sir ! this information —

Dove. Yes, sir,—but first allow me to collect my loose memorandums ; my head's a little *circumfused*.

Lynx. Proceed, sir, I beg ; consider Mr. Coddle's anxiety.

Dove. Well then—you must know—yesterday—after you had all gone, Mrs. D. exaggerated me to such a pitch, that I flew out of the house—never intending to be united again.

Cod. Well ?

Dove. As I was a rushing through the streets—resolved to do as I liked—and talk as I liked, and to remove every *obelisk* that stood in my way of so doing, who should I run against but a lady in black—

Cod. (Starting up) Ah !

Lynx. Sit still, and hear him out.

Dove. Bless me, says I, why, Ma'am, I know you; pray an't we united by ties of *iniquity*? She looked at me—I looked at her, and she became *mutilated* to the spot—

Cod. Go on, go on.

Dove. Aunt, says I—

Cod. Aunt!

Dove. Aunt, says I—an't you afraid of being *exercised* and taken before the *conjugal* authorities?

Cod. For what? tell me for what?

All. Hush, hush! Silence.

Lynx. Proceed, Mr. Dove. *

Dove. Henry, says she, I am here on a matter that demands me to be very *circumflex*, and I beg you will not make known to any one that you have met me. Aunt, says I—I—owe you a grudge; do you remember how you used to use me, when I cleaned the boots in that family where you was cook?—

Cod. Lord! cook! Go on.

Dove. But to *alleviate* a long story, suffice it to say—that I found out she calls herself—

Cod. Mrs. Samuel Coddle!

Dove. Yes; she went out to the West Indies, in a doctor's family, on account of some unlawful *willanies*. She went to Antigua—

Cod. True.

Dove. And changed her name—

Cod. Changed her name! To what—to what?

Dove. To—I forget—Bel—

Cod. Belvidera Montemar?

Dove. That's it.

Cod. Then her real name was— —

Dove. Jane Hobbs.

Cod. Huzza, huzzal!—an illegal marriage! I'm free—it can be put aside, it can be put aside! Tol de rol lol. (*Dancing*). You hear, she was obliged to leave the country; she imposed upon me; she's left me; she's here but to annoy me—but I'm free. *Lynx*, unbolt the door and let me out. (*LYNX unbolts 2nd opens the door*) Mr. Dove, let me collar you; you shall never leave me till I have seen and satisfied the lawful Mrs. Coddle. You are my witness, and must come to your aunt and then to my wife; follow us, my dear friends—follow us; seek your wives and be reconciled; I'll set you the example. Don't attempt to get away from me; (*to Dove*) you are my best friend, and I shall never quit my hold of you. I would'n't part with you for a million of money. My dear friend, my preserver, my every thing on earth to me—come with me to your aunt, to Belvidera—never mind hat, coat, any thing. My dear, my only Mrs. Coddle, open your arms, and receive your husband and his friend.

[*Rushing out, L.D., and dragging Dove with him by the collar.*

Lyn. (Calling after him). Coddle, my dear fellow, where are you running? let us follow him, my friends, and assist each other in search of our wives, and do our best to gain mutual forgiveness.

[Exit LYNX.

Dis. I won't—I've been used very ill—I walked before my house for an hour this morning, and though Mrs. D. was seated at the window, she wouldn't turn her head to notice me.

Young. Where my wife can be I am at a loss to guess. Not at her aunt's; I have been there, and they have not seen her. I am getting quite distracted.

Dis. So am I.

Young. Then give me your arm; if you won't go home to your wife, you must and shall help me to regain mine. It is a man's duty, sir, to advance the first step towards a reconciliation.

Dis. I have advanced.

Young. You have not.

Dis. Didn't I walk by the house?

Young. No.

Dis. I did, and I won't go again.

Young. You shall. If you don't know your duty, I'll teach it you. Come, sir, come.

[Exit YOUNGHUSBAND dragging off DISMAL, L. D.

SCENE II.—*A Room at a Boarding House.*

Enter MRS. LYNX, followed by MRS. CODDLE, MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND, MRS. DISMAL, and MRS. DOVE.

Mrs. Cod. The unhappy creature, Mrs. Belvidera Coddle, is lodging here, you tell me. (To MRS. DISMAL.)

Mrs. Dis. Yes, 'twas at the door of this house that I saw Mr. Lynx talking to her yesterday.

Mrs. Cod. As she is not within, I shall look in again. I am resolved to see her, for the more I reflect, the more I am incensed against my husband. Oh! I am a wretched woman.

Mrs. Ly. Indeed, I am.

Mrs. Dove. So am I

Mrs. Dis. So am I.

Mrs. Y. I'm completely miserable—miserable.

Mrs. Cod. I went home, but Coddle never came near the house; he has absconded, no doubt; I did not close my eyes all night.

Mrs. Dove. I have been in a state of perfect distraction since my unhappy disagreement with Henry—where can he have gone?

Mrs. Y. I would not go to my aunt—I changed my mind,

called on Mrs. Dismal, and sat up with her, I am determined not to return home till Frederick fetches me; it was Uncle Tolloddy that gave me the thimble.

Mrs. Dis. If you had not come to me, Mrs. Y., I should have died before morning; as it is, Mr. B.'s cruel indifference has worn me to a shade.

Mrs. Cod. Indifference! I am sure the apathy of my husband was never equalled; I have flirted with a dozen young men in one evening to excite him to a little harmless jealousy, but in vain, and I really think, he would neither have stirred, nor cared, had I eloped with three captains at once. And now to discover that he has another wife! Oh, if I could see him again—I think I should assassinate him! a monster! a—oh! (Sobbing).

Mrs. Dis. Just like my Dismal; when we go into company, he always gets as far away from me as he can—never notices me—never smiles at me—never looks as if he loved me. I—I am a very ill-used woman. (Sobbing.)

Mrs. Y. (Sobbing.) Don't weep, Mrs. Dismal; don't weep; I wont, if—if—I break my heart. Y. sha'n't say that I ever dropped a tear at his absence—an aggravating creature; though I could be comfortable with him, if he would not contradict me in every thing I say—and do—and—and—oh! (Crying.)

Mrs. Dove. (Sobbing.) Oh, Henry!—once reconciled, I will never correct you again; you may select your own words from any dictionary you may think proper.

Mrs. Ly. (Sobbing.) My wretched fate is fixed; I have suffered beyond the bounds of endurance, and can suffer no more.

Mrs. Cod. My friends!—ladies!—bless me, we are all in tears! this must not be; what would our husbands say if they knew of our weakness? No, no—we must not break our hearts for such creatures: we must rally and laugh. Ha! ha! ha! laugh, ladies, laugh! and make your arrangements for the future with resolution and spirit. You, Mrs. Lynx, will, I presume for the present lodge here. I shall now step to my friends and return in half an hour. Mrs. Dove, you are a sensible and well-educated woman; pray accompany me, and give me your advice! we may hear of Mr. Dove while we are gone. Mrs. Y., you, of course, will stay with Mrs. Dismal for the present. Good bye, my dears—good bye! Now, pray, don't fret; be women—be women—don't weep about a man. What are men?—mere self-elected law makers. Don't despair, ladies; the time is fast coming when we shall have voices in the legislation of the country, and then let them look to their questions. The wrongs done to our sex for centuries, shall be well revenged in the first session. [Exit with Mrs. Dove, L.

Mrs. Y. Good bye, Mrs. Lynx; if you wish to see us, we are only next door to you, you know. And pray, if you hear anything of our husbands, apprise us immediately, and we

will do the same for you. (*Taking Mrs. DISMAL's arm.*) Now if Mr. Dismal passes the house again, I *will* call him in.

Mrs. Dis. No, no; you shall not.

Mrs. Y. I *will*.

Mrs. Dis. I won't hear of it.

Mrs. Y. I'm not used to contradict, but you must. Though I am wretched, if I can assist in restoring happiness to others, Mrs. Frederick Younghusband is not the woman to be idle in such a matter. So come, dear D., smile and look pleasant!

[*Exit with Mrs. DISMAL, L. D.*

Mrs. Lynx. (Alone.) Now what course shall I take?—that my husband is guilty, I have abundant of proof—and that I can never, never live with him again, is equally sure. I have sought a refuge here, in a miserable lodging-house; for where had I to go? Where could an outraged and a homeless wife seek for shelter? with friends—with relations? No, no; I could not endure that bitter humiliation. If I am to be wretched, it shall be unseen and alone; I'll have no cold and affected sympathy—no pity from my kindred. Pity! there is no such feeling! 'tis disguised triumph, and we know it too; else why does the soul rise up within us and spurn it? (*Looking off, R. F. E.*) Ah, he here! the writer of the letter I received yesterday? then he has traced me to this house. What shall I do? he must not see me. Hark! (*listens*) he is making enquiries concerning me; how shall I avoid him? To retaliate upon my husband, I affected to encourage that man, and he thus presumes upon it. But now, though I shall never return again to my home, I must avoid all that would make me cease to respect myself—I'll to my room.

[*Exit, R. F. E.*

Enter LYNX, L.

Lynx. I have been rightly informed, my wife is here. Now that I have no further occasion for secrecy, she shall know all; and if I can awake her to a sense of the mischiefs that will arise from a too watchful jealousy, I will henceforth pursue that line of conduct which must and shall ensure happiness. (*He is going R.*) What! who is that? (*Looking off*) he speaks to my wife—she repulses him—he follows her. Villain!—

[*LYNX rushes off, R.*

CODDLE heard without, L.

Cod. Come along, Dove, come along; my wife is here. Come, my best friend—my preserver.

Enter CODDLE, dragging DOVE; Dove's coat is torn, and striving in vain to release himself from the grasp of CODDLE.

Cod. **Huzza!** **Huzza!** you've told the truth, **Dove**—you've told the truth—Belvidera has retreated and left me master of the field. Be grateful, you villain, be grateful. She would have torn your eyes out, murdered you, had it not been for me.

Dove. But, Mr. Coddle, my coat is separating; let me go.

Cod. No, no, I must now introduce you to my wife. Where is she? *Mrs. Coddle!* (*Calling*) *Mrs. Coddle!* They told me she was here; where are you, my dear, where are you? She can't be in the house; then we'll run all over London but we'll find her. Come, *Dove*, my friend, my preserver, come.

Dove. Oh, Mr. Coddle, let me go, let me go.

Cod. No, no, I'll never part with my witness; come, you delightful fellow, come, you shall never leave me till I am restored to happiness.

[*Coddle*, during the foregoing exclamations, has dragged *Dove* round the stage, and goes off with him again, L.

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in the Boarding House; in the flat are two practicable doors.* *LYNX* heard within.

Lynx. (*Within*.) Villain! Villain! what do you here?

[*A noise as of a struggle; a scream heard.*

I am unarmed, or you should not leave this place alive; come, Emmeline, come with me.

Enter Lynx dragging out his wife; she is pale and agitated.

Mrs. Ly. Ah Lionel—is it, is it you? Oh, bless you, bless you. (*Taking his hands*—he places her in a chair.) I have brought this upon myself.

Lynx. But you are safe; and who has saved you?

Mrs. Ly. (*Falling on his neck*.) My husband!

Lynx. Stay you here, I will follow him and have revenge.

Mrs. Ly. (*Clinging to him*.) Nay, nay, I implore you, stay near me—about me—leave me not again.

Lynx. But I have now a clue to him, which I will not forsake till his heart's blood atones for my injuries.

Mrs. Ly. Do you know him, that you speak thus?

Lynx. I do, indeed.

Mrs. Ly. Who—and what is he.

Lynx. Who? listen, Emmeline; the deceiver of my sister, and the father of that girl, through whom we separated and thus meet again.

Mrs. Ly. The father!

Lynx. I dared not confess as much before. I was bound, sworn to secrecy by my sister; but her death now makes me free to tell you all.

Mrs. Ly. Forgive me—I—I am satisfied.

Lynx. You shall first know that you have good cause to be so ; that villain in early life wronged my sister ; she afterwards married ; had her previous intimacy with this man been known, ruin, in the noble sphere in which she moved, must have awaited her ; I kept her secret religiously, and, as you know, at the expense of my own peace ; I was as a father to the girl ; and though she left the asylum in which I placed her, yet 'twas for an honourable and a happy marriage.

Mrs. Ly. No more, no more, dear Lionel ; I have been a weak and foolish woman, but never will I doubt you again.

Lynx. And never more, dear Emmeline, will I give you cause ; on the conduct of the husband chiefly rests the virtue of the wife, and I here renounce all my follies for ever. But for that villain—

Mrs. Ly. Nay, nay, be satisfied, be at peace ; and let mutual confidence henceforth secure to us that happiness to which we have so long been strangers.

Lynx. It shall Emmeline, it shall. (*They embrace.*)

Enter Mr. and Mrs. YOUNGHUSBAND and Mr. and Mrs. DISMAL, arm in arm, and laughing ; Mrs. DOVE following.

Mrs. Y. What ! Mr. and Mrs. Lynx, and embracing too ! then you have explained and made it up, as we have done. Well, this is delightful ! Mr. and Mrs. Dismal are friends ; I saw him watching his house ; I rushed out—dragged him in.—Y., who was with him, followed ; we pouted a little—coquettled a little—cried a little—and then rushed into each other's arms ; didn't we, Frederick ?

Young. No, I—

Mrs. Y. Hush ! remember, dear ; you have promised never to contradict me again.

Mrs. Dis. And my George has vowed to be as kind, and as attentive in future, as—

Dis. As I can.

Mrs. Y. There is poor Mrs. Dove in an agony about her Henry. She left Mrs. Coddle—came to us—was told that her husband was in this house—and he is still no where to be found.

Lynx. We heard both him and Mr. Coddle here not long since.

(*Dove, without.*)

Dove. Martha !

Mrs. Dove. Ah ! I hear his welcome voice.

Enter Dove, his clothes torn to ribbands.

Dove. Martha ! are you here ? Oh, look at me

Mrs. Dove. Henry ! look at me, and forgive me.

Dove. Forgive you, Martha ! yes, that I will, after what I've

suffered since our abduction. This is all Mr. Coddle's doings; I was his witness, and he wouldn't let me leave him till I had seen aunt Hobbs and Mrs. Coddle, in his presence. We have seen 'em; aunt Hobbs is gone off again; and Mr. and Mrs. Coddle are coming here with all their differences *re-united*.

Mrs. Dove. Your aunt Hobbs!

Dove. Don't ask questions now, dear; when we are alone I'll *liquidate* every thing.

Mrs. Dove. Elucidate!

Dove. Now, you are going to begin again, love!

Mrs. Dove. No, Henry, I forgot myself; I never shall correct you more, dear.

Enter CODDLE, capering, dressed in a suit of Nankeen; MRS. CODDLE on his arm.

Cod. Here we are! here we are! Belvidera has retreated in confusion; and the conquering hero, with his only lawful wife, stands before you in all the conscious pride of innocence, and a complete suit of Nankeen.

All. Nankeen.

Cod. Yes; no liping—no, Mrs. Coddle has heard all—and has forgiven all; she is now convinced how I was duped by my first wife; has had proof of her leaving me—of her plundering me—of her coming here merely to make a property of me—of the illegality of the marriage; and here we are united and happy again; and there stands my friend and preserver, of whom I shall ever think with gratitude. (*Pointing to Dove.*)

Dove. Then allow me to observe, while you were pillaging your wardrobe, your gratitude might have jogged your memory a little, respecting the condition of your preserver's clothes; this is quite the result of your own exuberance.

Mrs. Dove. My dear Henry—

Cod. Hush, Mrs. Dove; allow your husband to select his own words at pleasure—yield a little to each other, 'tis the best and only way to secure domestic peace. I shall yield everything. Look at me; I that three days ago was all flannel and under-waistcoats, now intend to defy air, draughts, open-windows, corner-houses, everything; and I and Mrs. Coddle are going in search of the North Pole. Lynx, my boy, have you cleared up your mystery and satisfied your wife?—that's right, now let us forgive and forget; forget all but those qualities that first induced us to marry. Mrs. Sam., what did you have me for?

Mrs. Cod. Because I could discover, through all your eccentricities, a natural goodness of heart.

Cod. Then whenever you are inclined to be angry with me, always think of that, and I, in return, will ever remember the affection that first led me to seek you. Lynx, what did you marry for?

Lynx. I freely confess it was for love.

Cod. And you, Mrs. Lynx, married him from the same impulse?

Mrs. Ly. Yes, sir.

Cod. And you, Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband, married—

Young. For the same reason, as our friends Mr. and Mrs. Lynx married.

Mrs. Y. For the same reason precisely.

Cod. And you, Mr. Dismal?

Dis. Because I was tired of living alone.

Cod. And Mrs. D. was weary of the same life, no doubt?

Mrs. Dis. I confess my weakness.

Cod. And you, Mr. and Mrs. Dove, married—because—

Mrs. Dove. Being a widow, and accustomed to a sharer in my joys and sorrows—

Dove. You took me into partnership at my master's dissolution.

Cod. Well, then, whenever a disagreement breaks out among you in future, recall the memory of those inducements which first led you to think of each other, and you will find it to be a wonderful help to the restoration of peace. Do you all agree to this?

All. Yes, yes.

Cod. Then follow my example, and ratify the agreement by a hearty conjugal embrace; I will give the word of command. Make ready!

[As CODDLE puts his arm round his wife's waist, each of the husbands do the same to their wives.]

Present!

[CODDLE takes his wife's chin between his fingers and thumb, and prepares to kiss her, all the husbands do the same.]

Fire!

[They all kiss and embrace at the same moment.]

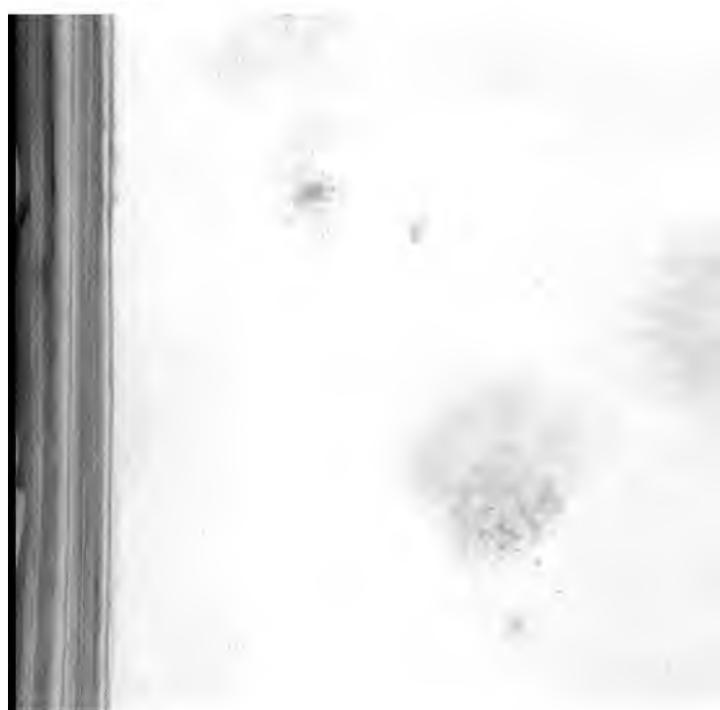
Cod. There, this is the way that all matrimonial quarrels should end—and if you are of the same opinion (*to the audience*) then, indeed, will our conjugal joy be complete, and our light lesson not have been read in vain. You have seen the result of perpetual jealousy, in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Lynx; of continual disputes and contradiction in that of Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband; of a want of cheerfulness in Mr. and Mrs. Dismal; of the impolicy of public correction in the instance of Mrs. Dove; and of the necessity of assimilating habits and tempers in the singular case of Mr. and Mrs. Coddle; and though these may not be one half the causes of quarrel between man and wife—yet, even their exposure may serve as beacon lights, to avoid the rocks of altercation when sailing on the sea of matrimony. So think of us, all ye anticipating and smiling

single people; for you must, or ought, all to be married, as the sooner the better—and remember us ye already paired; and let our example prove to you, that, to mutual forbearance, mutual confidence, mutual habits, mutual everything, must we owe mutual happiness. And where can the best of happiness be found, but in a loyal and affectionate Married Life?

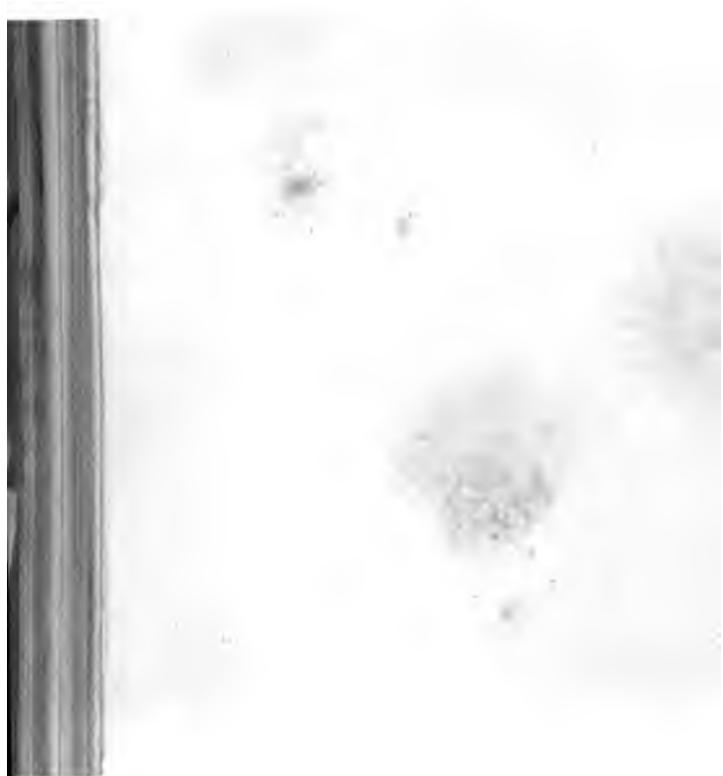
END.

Disposition of the Characters.

Mr. L. Mr. L. Mr. Y. Mrs. Y. Mr. C. Mrs. C. Mr. D. Mrs. D. Mr. Do. Mrs. Do.











3 2044 022 689 913

11432.60

Harvard College Library



GIFT OF

FRANK EUGENE CHASE

(Class of 1876)

OF BOSTON

